

ESTABLISHED 1844.

NEW SERIES. VOL. LII.

1890.

No. 1.

THE
ECLECTIC
MAGAZINE
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE.



JULY.

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NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET

AMERICAN NEWS CO. AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.00.

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New Series. }
Vol. LII., No. 1.

JULY, 1890.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.

FASTING AND ITS PHYSIOLOGY.

BY DR. ROBSON ROOSE.

Succi's fast, an experiment by no means novel, but of a very dangerous character, has excited an amount of interest out of all proportion to any scientific value it may possess. Ten years ago a similar feat was performed in America, and Dr. Tanner must have been fully gratified with the notoriety he achieved. He is said, however, to have died some twelve months after his prolonged fast, and doubtless from its effects, for had he not been originally a strong and healthy man he would not have been able to persevere with the experiment. His success was not sufficient to render his experiment a favorite one; the inducement in some form or other must be enormous to cause a sane man to endure such great and prolonged suffering.

The human body in some respects resembles a steam-engine; it performs work and requires fuel in the shape of food,

which, when converted into tissue, furnishes the motor power, the quantity of food required varying with the work done. We may assume that a ploughman requires more food than a tailor, just as a locomotive burns more fuel than a small engine. When very little work of any kind is done a very little food goes a long way; if food be withheld altogether the machine does not stop, for the body itself can be used to supply the fuel, without the necessity for immediate restoration by means of food. The body, therefore, differs from an engine in one very essential point; the latter cannot consume as fuel the materials of which it is composed, but all its power is derived from the coal or coke in the furnace, and is in direct proportion to the amount consumed. When the supply of fuel is exhausted the machine stops. The animal organism, on the contrary, consumes its own body; it burns its tis-

sues, and not its food; but the latter is required to make good the loss. Long after the food has been transformed into the solids and liquids of the living body the animal organism can go on working and manifesting all its ordinary powers. There is, however, a limit to this consumption of the tissues; the man who takes no food resembles a spendthrift who lives upon his capital—when the latter is exhausted the end comes. Meanwhile, in the case of the fasting man, the gradual destruction of his tissues is attended by very marked changes.

The symptoms of fasting have been very carefully studied by means of experiments upon animals, and the information thus obtained has enabled us better to comprehend the phenomena displayed by human beings when deprived of food. The following were the principal symptoms noticed by M. Chossat, a French investigator. The animals remain calm during the first half or two-thirds of the period, they then become more or less agitated, and this state continues so long as their temperature remains fairly high. Some hours before death the temperature rapidly falls, and the animal becomes still and remains in any position in which it is placed. As the coldness becomes more marked the weakness increases, the breathing becomes slower, and insensibility gradually passes into death. One important fact must not be overlooked, inasmuch as it illustrates the risks to which Succi and others expose themselves. Chossat found that sudden death was not uncommon in starving animals long before the ordinary time, and that the slightest shock was sufficient to destroy life at once. A pigeon kept fasting for a long time falls down and dies when its claws are clipped; whereas it would have lived for several days if not interfered with. This sudden death occurs from what is termed "syncope"—the heart's action is at once arrested when a sensitive nerve is painfully excited. A very slight smart of pain is quite sufficient to cause immediate death in animals thus reduced to a condition of great debility. There is no reason why the same accident should not occur in the human subject, and if Succi were thus suddenly to expire it would be a matter of remorse for those who encouraged him in his attempt.

The loss of weight in fasting animals

was carefully determined by Chossat, and he found that it amounted on the average to 40 per cent., but there was a considerable difference between the extremes, and this seemed to depend upon the amount of fat previously accumulated in the body, those animals in which the fat had been most abundant losing the most weight but living the longest. The above-mentioned proportion may, however, be exceeded, and the animal may yet survive. Some years ago a fat pig was buried in its sty for 160 days under 30 ft. of the chalk of a cliff at Dover; it was dug out alive at the end of that time, reduced in weight from 160 lb. to 40 lb., or no less than 75 per cent.

The most remarkable facts connected with the loss of weight are that the fat is almost completely used up, no less than 93 per cent. being removed; the heart loses 44, the muscles in general 42, the bones 17, while the nervous system loses barely 2 per cent. It is evident, therefore, that death occurs when the stock of combustible material is consumed, and that every other tissue gives up its components so as to save the nervous system as much as possible.

The immediate cause of death from fasting is, in reality, the reduction of the bodily temperature, which must ensue when all the available combustible material is used up. At first the fall is very gradual, but afterward the decline is more rapid until the reduction amounts to nearly 30 degrees below the normal point, and death then takes place. Chossat noticed that if while in the state of torpor preceding death the animal was artificially warmed and its temperature raised, some amount of consciousness and muscular power was gradually restored, and if food were then cautiously administered some of the animals experimented upon escaped from impending death. Young animals kept without food died sooner than older ones, and, contrary to what we should expect, no very decided difference was made in the duration of life either by withdrawing or permitting the supply of water.

The possible duration of life, when all food, save water, is abstained from, is the question which experiments like those of Dr. Tanner and Succi have at least partially solved. Admitting the reality of the former's fast, it would follow that life can be sustained for forty days on water

alone. There are, however, other cases which show that this period may be considerably exceeded. In 1831, a murderer at Toulouse, in order to escape public execution, committed suicide by abstaining from food for sixty-three days. At first, efforts were made to feed him by force, but his violence was so great that these were abandoned, and only ineffectual persuasion was resorted to. During the sixty-three days he consumed between eight and ten pints of water, on some days taking only a few drops. In the case of the Corsican prisoner, Viterbi, who committed suicide by starvation, life was prolonged for twenty-five days only. It is stated that he took a little water from time to time. Some years ago the notorious poisoner, William Palmer, when under sentence of death in Stafford Jail, refused food for some days, in the hope of cheating the hangman. On being told, however, that he would be forcibly fed if he persisted in this course he at once abandoned it.

Cases of voluntary abstinence for long periods are not unfrequently met with in medical practice. In one, recorded a few years ago, a lady, aged sixty, much distressed by some family trouble, suddenly refused food. She adhered to her determination, and died on the forty-ninth or fiftieth day, having taken nothing but cold water, with the exception of two teaspoonfuls of brandy on one occasion. There were no grounds for suspecting any deception. In another case, also that of a lady, aged eighty, life was prolonged for thirty-three days under conditions of total abstinence from food, a few spoonfuls of water daily excepted. The authenticity of the fast was perfectly assured; she kept quiet in bed, talked but little, and took little notice of those about her. At the end of the first week delirium came on, but ceased after a few days. There was no craving for food, and, inasmuch as there was no physical exertion, the wear and tear of the tissues was reduced to a minimum.

The case of the Welsh fasting girl, Sarah Jacobs, which excited a painful interest twenty years ago, was of a very different character. The girl was an impostor, and, aided by her parents and others, had pretended to abstain from food for many weeks, but had not lost flesh. In order to clear up the mystery, she was placed under systematic inspec-

tion, and she died eight days afterward from acute starvation. During the greater part of this time she was cheerful, and exhibited nothing extraordinary. Later on it was found that she could not be kept warm, and she gradually sank into a torpid state which continued till death. It was a terrible experiment, and one which was utterly unjustifiable. The girl, who was only twelve and a half years old, should have been taken from her friends and treated in a hospital. There was no emaciation visible after death, and indeed, more than the average amount of fat was present. The rapidity with which death ensued was due to the want of water. Nearly ten years have elapsed since Dr. Tanner's prolonged fast, which was begun in New York, June 28th, 1880. He was an eccentric man of respectable character, and strong self-will, who endeavored to make amends for an assumedly unsuccessful medical career by promulgating various startling theories on the subjects of electricity and fasting. During the first nine days, he swallowed only a quarter of a pint of water, which, however, he used freely to rinse his mouth and bathe his feet. He found, however, that further abstinence from fluid was impossible; on the eleventh day he began to take water freely, swallowing about five quarts during the next four days, and gaining in bodily weight about 4½ lb. It was only natural that this change should excite considerable doubt as to the reality of his fast. He used to go out daily, taking rides and drives, but spent most of his time curled up in his bed. He was reported to be in very poor condition three days before the expiration of the term; but he accomplished his task, and, according to his own account, without pain or severe distress. He was never delirious. His experiment was unfavorably regarded by the orthodox physicians of New York, and they declined to witness it. He therefore placed himself under the care of the so-called "eclectics," who undertook the task of watching him. One remarkable feature connected with his fast was that he did not attempt to husband his resources by reducing the action of his lungs and heart to a minimum.

There is no doubt that some of the conditions under which Dr. Tanner was placed were decidedly unfavorable, and there are various circumstances which must exert a

modifying influence, and either increase or diminish the period during which life can be sustained in the absence of food. Other things being equal, a stout person has a chance of living longer than a thin one, inasmuch as he possesses a larger store of combustible material which will serve him as fuel. Exposure to cold in conjunction with starvation always accelerates death, while a moderately high temperature aids in prolonging life. The presence of moisture in the atmosphere has a similarly favorable effect, inasmuch as it diminishes the exhalation of fluid from the body. It is probably owing to warmth and moisture that persons buried in mines or confined in some similar manner have had their lives preserved beyond the ordinary period. Dr. Tanner's success was, no doubt, favored by the summer heat of New York. In the case of some miners, four men and a boy, who were imprisoned in a portion of a mine for eight days without food, but within reach of water, all were rescued alive and well. The warmth and dampness of the compressed air were, doubtless, favorable circumstances. In another case, recorded by Foderé, some workmen were extricated alive after fourteen days' confinement in a damp vault, in which they had been buried under a ruin. Dr. Sloan has given an account of a still more remarkable instance in which a healthy man, aged sixty-five, was found alive after having been shut up in a coal-mine for twenty-three days, during the first ten of which he was able to get at a little water. He was, however, much exhausted, and died three days afterward, although very carefully treated. In morbid states of the nervous system, life may be prolonged in the most extraordinary manner in the absence of food. In a remarkable case, recorded by Dr. Willan, of a young gentleman who starved himself under the influence of a religious delusion, life was prolonged for sixty days, during the whole of which time nothing but a little orange juice was taken.

Somewhat analogous to the cases just mentioned are those in which all food is abstained from while the person is in a state of trance or partially suspended animation. This state may be prolonged for many days or even for weeks, provided that the body be kept sufficiently warm. The most remarkable instances of this

character have been furnished by certain Indian fakirs, who are able to reduce themselves to a state resembling profound collapse, in which all vital operations are brought almost to a standstill. In one case, the man was buried in an underground cell for six weeks, and carefully watched; in another, the man was buried for ten days in a grave lined with masonry, and covered with large slabs of stone. When the bodies were disinterred they resembled corpses and no pulsation could be detected at the heart or in the arteries. Vitality was restored by warmth and friction. It is probable that the fakirs, before submitting to the ordeal, stupefied themselves with *bhang* (Indian hemp), the effects of which would last for some time, and the warmth of the atmosphere and soil would prevent any serious loss of heat, such as would soon occur in a colder climate, when the processes by which it is generated are made to cease.

The most prominent symptoms of starvation, as noticed in the human subject, are due first, to the special sensations produced by the absence of food and fluid, and, secondly, to the decline in the physical and mental power. At first there is great uneasiness or severe pain in the region of the stomach; this is relieved by pressure, and subsides after a day or two, but is followed by a feeling of weakness and sinking in the same region, accompanied by intolerable thirst, which, if water be withheld, becomes the chief source of distress. The skin over the whole body is withered or shrivelled, and has lost its elasticity; the countenance becomes pale and cadaverous; the sufferer has a wild look; he loses flesh and strength more or less rapidly; he totters in walking and becomes less and less capable of exertion. The mental power likewise fails; at first there is usually a state of torpidity, which may advance to imbecility; in some cases delirium comes on before death, in others the patient is attacked by convulsions which speedily bring the scene to a close. After death the state of the body, as regards wasting, resembles that of animals: the fat has almost entirely disappeared, the blood is reduced to three-fourths of its normal amount, and the muscles are extensively wasted; the brain and nerves alone have suffered slight decrease in weight. If a little water has been procurable, the quantity of blood

may be comparatively normal, though the quality is seriously changed.

If we compare this general description with that presented by Signor Succi after three parts of his fast had been completed it may appear not a little exaggerated. Succi was pale, thin, and wasted, but the change was nothing like so great as one would expect. Many a patient, convalescent from typhoid fever, has an aspect of greater emaciation and weakness, and certainly could not write a few words with the same degree of firmness. The temperature of Succi's apartment was decidedly high, and the air charged with moisture, both of which conditions are favorable. He appeared to take no exercise beyond that involved in passing from his bed to his chair, and in sitting up for several hours daily. Besides water (pure and mineral), of which he took about a pint daily, he swallowed a few drops of a so-called "elixir," the composition of which was kept a secret. If it did not contain morphine its effects were probably similar to those of that drug. It was said to allay pain and discomfort in the stomach.

Various tests were adopted in order to measure the changes that took place in Succi's bodily system, as the result of his prolonged fast. The loss of weight is, of course, easily ascertained. At the beginning of the experiment Succi's weight was about 126½ lb. His decrease in thirty days amounted to 28 lb. 13 oz., or just 2 oz. more than he lost during his last fast, of thirty days, at Brussels. A loss beyond one-fourth of the bodily weight is scarcely compatible with life, but this limit may be reached. He had not, however, the advantage of a large proportion of fat when he began his fast; it has been estimated that a very fat man has about 33 lb. of fat at his disposal, and that this quantity would last him for fifty days. Dr. Tanner, during his fast, is said to have lost 32 lb. only. In a prolonged fast, such as we are now considering, the daily loss becomes comparatively very slight during the last three weeks. Succi, for instance, on the thirtieth day, lost only 6 oz., whereas, under normal circumstances, a healthy adult loses 2 lb. of solid matters daily.

Besides losing flesh, a fasting man loses to some extent the power of generating heat, and his temperature therefore falls.

The normal temperature of the body is about 98½, and its source is the food taken into the stomach and the oxygen of the air absorbed by the lungs during respiration. Succi's temperature on the thirtieth day, for example, was about two degrees below the normal, a difference not to be wondered at when we remember that he lost only 6 oz. in weight in the twenty-four hours, and that all his disposable stock of fat had probably been consumed. Small as the loss may appear to be, the accompanying temperature, if discovered in a sick person, would be regarded as that of collapse; and if the thermometer marked only 95 there would certainly be extreme danger.

A marked proof of the diminution in bulk is afforded by the instrument called the spirometer, which enables us to measure the capacity of the lungs. This latter, in Succi's case, if we again take the thirtieth day, was reported to be 1,450 cubic centimetres, or 88 cubic inches. These numbers represent the volume of air expelled from the chest by the deepest expiration following the deepest inspiration. The instrument itself consists of a tube, furnished at one end with a mouth-piece, and at the other connected with a gasometer of registered and graduated capacity, into which the person breathes. Now, in health, an adult 5 ft. 8 in. in height, after taking a deep breath, can expel from his chest about 238 cubic inches of air. Succi's chest capacity was at first 2,000 cubic centimetres, and it had, therefore, been much reduced; but a portion of the difference was doubtless due to the lessening of his muscular power.

Succi's loss of strength, as shown by the dynamometer, was comparatively small. This instrument consists of a ring of steel, to the inner face of which is attached a brass semicircular dial, graduated with two rows of figures representing pounds or kilogrammes. When the steel ring is compressed by the hand, its short diameter is lessened and, by means of rack-work, an index moves to and fro on the scale. The power of the muscles of the hand and arm vary with the strength of the person experimented upon, and the dynamometer enables us accurately to ascertain the variations. It must be admitted that persons using the dynamometer daily become more expert in concen-

trating their strength upon the spring, and a little allowance must be made on this account. Succi's amount of strength, as recorded by the dynamometer, was some-

what exaggerated, but when all allowance is made for increased expertness, the change was very small indeed.—*New Review*.

TENNYSON: AND AFTER?

THE present age is commonly glorified as an age of science and invention; though we must say, in justice to our own modesty, that such laudations are often coupled with the expression of confident hope that our immediate posterity will far surpass us. And the hope seems reasonable. It is true that genius cannot be commanded, and we still do not know how long aerial navigation may have to wait for its Stephenson. But the ideas put forth by the great discoverers and inventors of the early part of this century are so far from being yet worked out that our children and grandchildren will have their hands full in any case; unless, indeed, some revolution in social economy should bring about a relatively stationary condition of invention and industry by destroying our existing motives of enterprise. Either way, it is quite possible that the English-speaking world of the twentieth century will look back to these present days chiefly as the golden days of modern English poetry. Their engineers will be a degenerate offspring if they do not leave our greatest works far behind. But who shall say what their poets will be? Those of us who know anything of the history of English letters know that in the century succeeding the French Revolution our poetry has flowered with a new life unmatched in volume and splendor, not only in our own tongue but in any other, since our own happier Revolution was accomplished a full century earlier. Not every one of those who know this has reflected on the exceptional and almost accidental character of golden ages in literature. They have generally been short, and, so far as one can judge, they are a delicate product of complex and precarious conditions. No criticism has yet explained why they should occur at all, or why, since they do occur, there should be so few of them. And how should we expect a full explanation? Can the gardener or the forester always tell us why this tree makes a vigorous shoot, and its neighbor,

planted in what seem the like soil and shelter, shows but a puny one? Perhaps there was something amiss with the plant. Perhaps there was a subtle difference of soil within a few square yards. Perhaps a stray donkey has been munching the "leader." (Suspect us not of allegories, good critics of criticism and reviewers of reviews: we know as well as you do that the *Quarterly Review* did not kill Keats.) However, no tree is always growing its best, nor yet any literature. Golden ages are rare, so rare that English and French are the only modern languages which can count more than one of them beyond dispute. When we reckon up our poetical wealth of the past century, can we pass on to posterity the same sort of prophetic compliments that we use in matters of natural science and industry; or rather, can we do it with the same assurance that we are not speaking foolishness? There is no obvious reason why the twentieth century should produce better English or French poets than the nineteenth—or as good. France, indeed, may be content. Victor Hugo must long stand alone. It would be a world of miracles if a successor were lightly found to the one modern poet who could look *Æschylus* and *Dante* in the face.

But our concern is with our own speech and our own poets. Let us think what gifts we have had in these last generations, what a company of singers were those whom our grandfathers saw and heard. (It is true that many had no ears to hear; but they had the courage to say so.) Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley; Blake,* the morning star of their sun; Byron, a strong man whose force has been as strangely judged and misjudged as he strangely used and abused it; Keats, whose full power was never to be known; these were only the greatest. Among

* The total omission of Blake from the *Golden Treasury* is one of the few grave blots on Mr. Palgrave's generally excellent discretion.

them, or close upon them, came others who in any other time would have taken an unquestioned place in the first rank. Such were Southey, an admirable man of letters and a laudable if not a great poet; Walter Scott, famous as a poet long before "Waverley" was heard of; Landor, whose distinction in verse is eclipsed by his own consummate mastery of prose; Henry Taylor, early wise beyond his years, and genial to the last in the wisdom of his many days. Landor lived to receive the homage of Mr. Swinburne; it seems only the other day that Sir Henry Taylor, "twin-born with our nigh departing age," received the last honors from the same hand. He leaves a living memory with many who are still young. It was with these as with the mighty men of David, when it would be told of a man that he lifted up his spear against three hundred and slew them, and yet he attained not unto the first three. Campbell and Rogers passed for great men in their day, and were familiar to our fathers; but Campbell lives only by his patriotic lyrics, and Rogers can barely be said to live at all. As for Crabbe, it is a question, in spite of his undoubted merit, whether he will not be remembered for Fitzgerald's sake more than for his own. In a younger generation there was Matthew Arnold, whose prose will always be consulted by scholars, and whose verse is secure, unless we mistake, of a larger if not a longer renown. George Eliot, though not of those who are born poets, must not be forgotten. Not the least sign of the greatness of the time is that Mrs. Browning's name stands only as one among equals. Last of all, her husband has followed her, so honored in his life and in his death, after long and strenuous patience, as few of our poets have been. If any one still doubts that Robert Browning's best work, diverse from that of all his peers, has its place lower than none, we shall not argue with him here. Dante Rossetti, painter and poet, was a splendid apparition coming as if from the air of some other planet. He set the Pharisees of art-criticism picking up stones to cast at him—which the shrewder sort, having thought better of it, kept in hand to build his sepulchre. We need hardly speak of the lesser verse-writers who are gone. Some were content to aim at what they could achieve; some aimed at greatness and failed.

Some, like Keble, have flourished by appealing to a large class of readers on grounds independent of their literary merit. Apart from such exceptional cases, most of them have become, or are fast becoming, little more than names.

"Many names and flames
Pass and flash and fall,
Night-begotten names,
And the night reclaims,
As she bare them, all."

One day some future editor of the *Golden Treasury* will have to pick out their gems; and a century hence, perhaps, the reader who lights on their occasional felicities will wonder that they remained minor poets.

Lord Tennyson is still with us. It would be as impertinent as ill-omened to say any word of one's own motion, save to wish that he may stay with us as long as possible. But he has himself spoken in words which, if words have any meaning, are in the nature of a solemn farewell. This, like other farewells of other illustrious persons of the same generation, may turn out to be premature. Let us hope it may be so, for in the work of Lord Tennyson's very latest period we find no abatement of his singular felicity, and gain rather than loss of strength. Meanwhile the question is almost forced upon us whether there is to be found among our younger poets any worthy successor to his crown. We assume that the laureateship, if preserved at all, must continue to be the titular symbol of a real and just poetical primacy; real in the sense of being in fact accepted by the republic of English letters, just in the sense of being confirmed by the weight of opinion among specially competent judges. The problem is a delicate one, and it might seem the readiest way to cut the knot by treating the laureateship as an idle thing, and its bestowal or abolition as a matter touching, perhaps, the dignity of the Crown, but not materially concerning English literature. Certainly, if there were no such office in being, we should not at this time of day be likely to make it. But the office is there, and it has been dignified by worthy holders for three generations. The Pyes and the Blackmores are too completely forgotten to cast any discredit upon it. Three such names as Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson would have outweighed even a worse

past; and if the choice of the Crown continues to be so exercised as to represent the best judgment of the nation, no one can say that the post is not a truly honorable one. General assertions that it is inexpedient for the State to meddle with affairs of poetry and art will meet with the same amount of consideration in this case as all general objections urged by way of deduction from universal axioms of policy have commonly met with in this country, that is, next to none. Like other and greater British institutions, this one will be judged by results. An infelicitous appointment might gravely weaken it; an excellent one would secure it for a further term in general esteem, and (what is more) would maintain one of the many golden cords, not less real because not reducible to any measure of economic value, by which the English-speaking world is bound together. It may seem fanciful to connect the standing of our name and flag at the antipodes fifty or sixty years hence with the choice of Lord Tennyson's successor. Yet such things are often of wider significance than they appear to be. Nothing is to be deemed a trifle which has any bearing on the imperial and representative character of the English monarchy.

It is therefore not of merely academical interest to consider what are the qualifications of a Laureate, and whether any one besides Lord Tennyson at this moment possesses them in an eminent or sufficient degree. To begin with, he must be a British subject. For that reason we have not entered, and shall not enter, on the merits of living American poets. If there could be a Laureate of the United States, we have no doubt who it ought to be; but we shall not mention his name. Then the Laureate should be not only a poet of real distinction, but a scholar and a man of letters; and moreover his poetry should have a certain catholic extension. The poetry of any particular section or school, however intense in power within its limits, must yield to that which belongs to the world. We may explain our meaning by imaginary examples from the past. In default of Lord Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor would have been a very possible Poet Laureate. Rossetti was a poet of far higher power, and yet one cannot well conceive him in the place. His lyric intensity was too remote from the common ground of English feeling. He was too

much out of sympathy with too many sides of the world to be a typical English poet. Not that this ground of exception would be decisive unless the competing merits were otherwise approximately on the same level. If we may for illustration's sake suppose Rogers and Rossetti to have been contemporaries, and further suppose that Rossetti could have been appreciated by the critics who applauded Rogers, much stronger reasons would have been required to cause Rogers to be preferred. Again, there may be good, or even great, poets who notoriously hold, as citizens, opinions making it impossible for them to accept with loyalty or self-respect the personal relation to the Crown which is involved in the office of Laureate. There are members of the Society of Friends who have seen as much of war as many soldiers, and have freely exposed themselves to all its dangers in works of humanity and charity, but who could not conscientiously bear the Queen's commission. Such things are to be regretted, but we have to reckon with them.

One of our foremost living poets appears to have wholly excluded himself, in the manner just mentioned, from the field of choice. Ten or twelve years ago we should have named Mr. William Morris as one of the two or three between whom the choice must finally be made. The poet of *Jason*, of the *Earthly Paradise*, and above all, of *Sigurd the Volsung*, would be a formidable competitor for any one save Lord Tennyson himself. But Mr. William Morris has renounced his calling. For several years he has given us no poem of universal interest. He has deprived us of a good poet, and given us in exchange a preacher of Socialist homilies, not even particularly good of their kind. His readings of *Sagas*, which he could once turn to such noble purpose, have now run to a kind of bastard archaistic prose, which may, for aught we know, be like the Icelandic of some period, but which is certainly not like any known English, ancient or modern. If we look at the matter purely in the interest of English letters, Mr. Morris must be pronounced, we fear, to have become a sad example of the general truth that the poet who takes to preaching is lost. Wordsworth nearly ruined himself by it; Victor Hugo brought himself into many perils with it; Lord Tennyson himself, for all

his taste and tact, has not gone unscathed when he has ventured that way. Mr. William Morris, we repeat, has sacrificed his art. No doubt he is of opinion that his present gods are worth the sacrifice. In this opinion, however, he is assuredly not supported by the majority of his readers, who will not be consoled for Medea and Gudrun, Sigurd and Brynhild, by John Ball or the "Kindreds of the Mark." Anyhow, it cannot be believed that Mr. Morris, conceiving his vocation as he now does, could or would accept the Laureateship if it were offered him.

The next name which must occur to most of us is Mr. Swinburne's, and before we go further it is natural to ask whether any like objection applies. We do not know, be it understood, whether Mr. Swinburne would or would not choose to be Poet Laureate; and if we had any means of knowing we should have refrained from using them. The question is whether it is obviously impossible, for any external reason derived from Mr. Swinburne's published opinions, that the post should be offered to him or accepted by him. Opinions, we say, for we think it needless to go back on the artistic and ethical controversy raised by the first series of *Poems and Ballads* nearly twenty-five years ago. We think ourselves that a certain proportion of the criticism which raged around that volume was justified. But it would seem that Mr. Swinburne came to think so too. Whether from artistic or moral conviction, he has published nothing since which has given similar cause of offence; and it is enough to say now that the only person who was ultimately the worse for all the trouble was Mr. Swinburne's original publisher. When we come to *Songs before Sunrise*, published in 1870, there is more serious matter for reflection. Mr. Swinburne, as all his readers know, sat at Mazzini's feet, and in *Songs before Sunrise* he put forth his full power to glorify the Republican faith in which alone Mazzini could see salvation for Italy. Not that there was anything in the years between the peace of Villafranca and the war of 1870 to prevent a loyal British subject from holding with Mazzini that the Italian monarchy was incompetent to accomplish the freedom and unity of Italy. Those who thought so were in fact mistaken, but not so badly mistaken as the respect-

able and well-informed people on the other side who went on prophesying that Cavour's work must go to pieces. As for that monstrous compound of lies and crimes, the second Napoleonic empire, many good Englishmen who were neither republicans nor radicals cursed its founder and all his works no less heartily, though less eloquently, than Mr. Swinburne. But Mr. Swinburne did carry his republicanism, in theory and set terms at any rate, far beyond the bounds of Italy, nay, farther than Mazzini himself carried it. For the singer of *Songs before Sunrise* the English monarchy was only a little more tolerable than other monarchies and empires. He can hardly have thought of himself as a possible Laureate of the future when he wrote—

"I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings;
I keep no time of song with gold-perched
singers
And chirp of linnets on the wrists of
kings."

Even when, eight years later, Mr. Swinburne arose and smote some Russian scribbler who had insulted the Queen*—let us hope that he and his master saw Mr. Swinburne's lines, and knew English enough to feel the lash—the retort came as from "an Englishman who was also a republican." It came, indeed, all the more effectively. But other poets before Mr. Swinburne have left republican days behind them. Did not Southey celebrate the French Revolution before he undertook the more orthodox but infinitely more difficult task of celebrating George III.? He earned for his pains the mockery first of the *Anti-Jacobin* and then of Byron; and whether his revolutionary dactyls or his royalist hexameters were worse, it is certain that neither of them were good. It is only justice, therefore, to look to Mr. Swinburne's later work if we would see how it stands with him now. His republicanism was always of the kind that would not hear of paltering with enemies of England for the sake of any form of government whatever; and that is more than can be said of the school crudely summed up by the *Anti-Jacobin* as "Coleridge and Southey, Lloyd and Lamb and Co." But the witness of Mr. Swinburne's recent poems goes to show that

* "The White Czar." in *Poems and Ballads*, Second Series.

his riper judgment accepts the modern form of English monarchy as being not less republican than most nominal republics. In 1882 the attempt of an insane creature on the Queen's life called forth from Mr. Swinburne a sonnet in which manliness and loyalty were happily combined, and the reservation of republican principles was dropped.* In *The Commonweal* he has proclaimed what is after all the root of the matter and the justification of an Englishman's pride in the British Empire, that throughout modern history the power of England has in the main been on the side of freedom and justice.

" Heard not of others, or misheard
Of many a land for many a year,
The watchword Freedom fails not here
Of hearts that witness if the word
Find faith in England's ear.

* * * * *
No state so proud, no pride so just, —
The sun, through clouds at sunrise curled
Or clouds across the sunset whirled,
Hath sight of, nor has man such trust
As thine in all the world."

And when, in the more vehement and ample measure of "The Armada," Mr. Swinburne salutes—

" England, mother born of seamen, daughter
fostered of the sea,
Mother more beloved than all who bear not
all their children free"—

we know that the sophistries of cosmopolitan anarchy and of domestic sedition are not like to find favor or mercy with him. On the main political issue of the day Mr. Swinburne has declared himself, in writings as yet uncollected, a vigorous Unionist, herein agreeing with Mr. Karl Blind, who long ago sought safety on English ground as a proscribed Continental Republican of the old school.

We are free then to consider Mr. Swinburne on his poetical merits. To give detailed proofs and instances would require a long critical essay; the results, derived from many years' knowledge of Mr. Swinburne's work and repeated verification of our impressions, must be taken for what they may be worth. Ever since the fresh notes of *Atalanta in Calydon* broke upon us, now five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Swinburne has been recognized as unsurpassed in the art of handling English verse. The worst that any one could

plausibly say of his workmanship would be that which was said to Rossini in his old age, "*Vous vous écoutez trop.*" Or it might more fairly be put thus: Mr. Swinburne is so much a singer by nature that the singer is apt to obscure the poet. His unlimited command of sonorous metrical combinations has at times run away with him into excessive length, and many of his verses are very like one another. But scarcely another English poet can be named who has written so few faulty or unmelodious lines, and surely none who has more enriched and enlarged our resources of lyrical metre, or more nobly maintained the dignity of our dramatic blank verse. Nothing can be more exquisite than Lord Tennyson's blank verse at its best; but we confess that in Mr. Swinburne's best, in *Erechtheus*, or in *Bothwell*, for example, we find a yet higher mood of harmony. English dramatic poetry has touched no such heights since the days of Shakespeare's fellows and immediate successors. When Mr. Swinburne thinks fit to condense his power, he can be as weighty and nervous as any one. His homage to Michael Angelo in "Tiresias"* is perhaps little known to our younger readers, and we cannot forbear from quoting it. We must explain that the poet's vision is of Italy sleeping as one dead, and Dante, Michael Angelo, and Mazzini visiting her in turn:—

" And I beheld again, and lo the grave,
And the bright body laid therein as dead,
And the same shadow across another head
That bowed down silent on that sleeping
slave
Who was the lady of empire from her birth
And light of all the kingdoms of the earth.

" Within the compass of the watcher's hand
All strengths of other men and divers
powers
Were held at ease and gathered up as
flowers;
His heart was as the heart of his whole land,
And at his feet as natural servants lay
Twilight and dawn and night and labor-
ing day.

" He was most awful of the sons of God.
Even now men seeing seemed at his lips
to see
The trumpet of the judgment that should
be,
And in his right hand terror for a rod,
And in the breath that made the moun-
tains bow
The horned fire of Moses on his brow.

* "Euonymos," in *Tristram of Lyonesse and other Poems*.

* In *Songs before Sunrise*.

"The strong wind of the coming of the Lord
 Had blown as flame upon him, and brought
 down
 On his bare head from heaven fire for a
 crown,
 And fire was girt upon him as a sword
 To smite and lighten, and on what ways
 he trod
 There fell from him the shadow of a
 God."

To say that these are fine stanzas would be true but wholly inadequate. It is not only that they are good, and exceedingly good; there is nothing better. They are not outdone by Shelley in his highest or Victor Hugo in his amplest flight. An equally noble and solemn tribute is given to Marlowe with yet more sustained utterance in the stanzas entitled "In the Bay;"* but these must be read as a whole. We had meant, indeed, almost to abstain from quotation. The reader who desires to find in a compact shape examples of Mr. Swinburne's varied powers in both matter and manner will perhaps most readily satisfy his curiosity or refresh his memory by turning to *Erechtheus*, a performance which is also for scholars as good a warrant as any of the poet's accomplished scholarship. We must not omit to mention that Mr. Swinburne has shown in prose a wide and deep knowledge of English poetry, and a critical appreciation which, though it may seem overstrained in expression, is never unweighed or undiscerning.

Does there remain any one who can fairly compete with Mr. Swinburne? First let us clear the ground. There are several living poets deserving of praise and honor in their kinds, who for divers reasons obviously "attain not to the first three." Critical discussion of them is not our business, but we call some of them to mind lest we seem to forget them, and for other causes which may appear. Mr. George Meredith is thought, by those who relish his verse, to be not less powerful in verse than in prose. "The Star Sirius" is one of the memorable sonnets of our time. But Mr. Meredith the poet troubles himself even less than Mr. Meredith the novelist to conciliate the indolent reader; and he must be content to know that his poems are the delight of a few. Mr. Aubrey de Vere maintains alone, now Sir Henry Taylor is gone, the pure traditions of Wordsworth in a generation that

dances more willingly to newer tunes. Lord Lytton, though not a man of letters by profession, would be a considerable poet if he had kept back all but his best. Mr. Coventry Patmore has survived all attempts to laugh him down. Sir Alfred Lyall's *Verses Written in India* make but a little book, and that little is not free from inequalities; but his work rings sound and true, and with a note all its own. At last our Indian empire has, by his hands and Sir Edwin Arnold's, brought its fitting tribute to English song. Mr. Andrew Lang has a vein of good metal as finely wrought as any man's, and often deeper than it seems. Mr. Austin Dobson has a skilled hand and complete knowledge of his instrument. Mrs. Browning has not left us without followers (we do not say nor mean imitators): Mrs. Augusta Webster, Miss Christina Rossetti, and, more lately, Madame Darmesteter, now of Paris (Miss Mary Robinson), and Mrs. Woods, of Oxford, have shown themselves capable of genuine and individual poetic expression. However, without offence to any of these or to others whom we might name, we may say that the required combination of intensity and volume is not to be found in this category. We may also say, on the other hand, that whoever aspires to be Laureate must be at least prepared to measure his work with the best of these.

A probable aspirant, so far as one can judge by public signs, is the other Mr. Morris, Mr. Lewis Morris. He is a public favorite beyond contradiction. *The Epic of Hades* has gone through twenty editions, and Mr. Lewis Morris's works are collected in a volume carefully got up to resemble the "Globe" edition of Lord Tennyson. Mr. Lewis Morris has celebrated of late years everything that ought to be celebrated; Jubilee, Armada tercentenary, the Queen's visit to Wales, and Lord Tennyson's birthday. His opinions are always and eminently respectable; his verse not unfrequently so. His view of things in general is precisely that which is dear to the half-educated middle classes, a facile optimism garnished with cheap philosophical phrases, and using the most awful names and ideas of religion as the counters of sentimental platitude. He is not troubled about the future of society, not he. Mr. Lewis Morris contemplates a factory (we may as well give the lines,

* *Poems and Ballads*, Second Series.

as they happen to be a very fair sample of the bulk):—

"In northern darkness, 'midst the wintry rain,
The great bell clangs thro' * the smoke-laden air;
And ere light comes the workers gather there,
Where the great engines throb, the swift wheels turn,
And the long, sickly gaslights flare and burn"—

not a very cheerful picture, is it, with perhaps a strike in the background, and the inevitable percentage of accidents and explosions, and Parliament pottering and tinkering at unworkable Employers' Liability Acts? At any rate, the poet might safely wish them electric light instead of the "long, sickly" gas-burners, and something better than the pot-house and the music-hall when the day's work is done? By no means.

"I see the countless toiling multitude;
And all I see is good."

We prefer the opinion of the German Emperor in this matter to the opinion of Mr. Lewis Morris. Truly we are no Socialists, for we hold the Socialist remedies worse, according to all human experience and all reasonable forecast of human judgment, than any disease in sight. But if we had to choose between Socialism and this fatuous contentment, we would rather be Socialists. However, great poets have ere now lapsed into common-place optimism, and we are to judge Mr. Lewis Morris by his poetic faculty, and not by his political or philosophic insight. What shall we say to Mr. Lewis Morris's poetry? It is a hard matter. We do not want to say anything uncivil to Mr. Lewis Morris himself, who doubtless is an excellent member of society, nor anything derogatory to the worthy persons who admire his work. Has not one reviewer called Mr. Lewis Morris daintily melodious, and another a glorious singer? Did not John Bright declare that *The Epic of Hades* interested him very much? Has not Dr. O. W. Holmes (most good-natured of men and poets) found it truly charming? Has not Mr. Gladstone perused *Gyca* with a sense of its high poetic power? All this and more is collected in the "Opinions of the

Press" by the judicious care of Mr. Lewis Morris's publishers. How can we decently lift up our voice against all these authorities? While we were pondering how to set about it, there came in a friend who, as luck would have it, had made a bet that he would read through *The Epic of Hades*. He won his bet; but no sooner, he told us, had he "added up the mortal amount," than there fell upon him an exposition of sleep. And he dreamt, and this was his dream.

He was in a conventicle of good people, in a hall decorated with calendars and prospectuses of innumerable well-meaning societies. The men were all in their Sunday coats, and the women in their Sunday gowns, and every one had before him a square green book; and all their eyes were cast upward as the eyes of those who seek edification. And they read in turns out of their sacred book, and the verses they read were like unto these:—

"I did not envy any goddess of all
The Olympian company her votaries."

"For knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
While duty is a path which all may tread."
[Here they all hummed approval.]

"I grieve that my father stays away,
Though his letters are always dear and kind."

[Here the women sighed.]

"Ay, and I have learnt besides,
What I scarce suspected before,
By what poor expedients my father has striven
To keep the wolf from his door."

[Here the men looked wise.]

"These in the soul do breed
Thoughts which, at last, shall lead
To some clear, firm assurance of a satisfying creed."

[Here they all joyfully beat time with their feet. The dreamer beat time likewise, and found it as daintily melodious as the cadence]

"Of a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block."

"And once again the unfailing miracle is done.
Another Westminster on the Pacific sea."

[Here some looked puzzled, and some looked at the maps on the wall.]

"And now again once more
A queen reigns o'er us as before."

[Here some said responsively: "Deep truth the poet said, Queen Anne did reign and she is dead."]

"Let all men know it, England shall be great!
We hold a vaster Empire than has been!"

* Lord Tennyson's orthography has been carefully studied by Mr. Lewis Morris.

Nigh half the race of man is subject to our
queen!
Nigh half the wide, wide earth is ours in
fee!"

[Here a man sitting apart in the shade said
under his breath, "Thou fool, this night thy life
shall be required of thee," but nobody seemed to
hear him.]

"And where her rule comes, all are free.
And therefore 'tis, O queen, that we,
Knit fast in bonds of temperate liberty,
Rejoice to-day, and make our solemn jubi-
lee!"

The reader expressed the double note of admiration by a resonant prolongation of the last syllable, which all the congregation took up. But in the mouth of the man sitting apart it became a strident whistle, and his whistle dominated all the rest; and fear fell upon the people, and they huddled together, shivering. And that man arose, and stood upright. He wore a Master of Arts gown, and a black hood lined with red; he was tall, somewhat dark, of a sad countenance, as one who pitied the follies of men. And he took up the book, and in the hearing of the congregation he scanned every one of those verses without sparing, and more also. Then his face changed, and he laughed a great and bitter laugh, and cried aloud: "*Behold now your god that ye made you, to feed him with faith of your vows.*" And that which seemed on him a Master's hood was to the dreamer's spiritual eye black wings edged with fire, for he was the same Angel that conversed with William Blake, and afterward became a Devil. And he opened his wings, and with the blast of their waving the walls fell down; and the congregation, and their books, and their Sunday hats, and the prospectuses and leaflets of all the societies went whirling into an infinite void; and the dreamer awoke.

While our friend was relating his dream we plucked up our courage, and concluded that we had best even speak out in plain waking terms that which was in our mind. At worst we may be wrong, as better men have been before us. This, then, is our opinion concerning Mr. Lewis Morris as a poet. The sum of his natural gifts is fluency, with which he is blessed or afflicted out of all proportion to anything worth saying that he has to say, and likewise in excess, though not so greatly in excess, of his natural sense of artistic form. His deficiency in that sense, how-

ever, is disguised with such industry and ingenuity as may well deceive uncritical readers. The substitute is not a recondite one; it is neither more nor less than imitation of other people's form. Mr. Lewis Morris is an assiduous and fairly skilful imitator, chiefly of Lord Tennyson, and so long as the work is imitative the form is generally plausible. Artificial form, however, cannot be kept up without occasional lapses. Even in *The Epic of Hades*, which is the most passable of Mr. Lewis Morris's productions (and so far the popular choice is relatively sound), his attempts to vary the cadences of his Tennysonian pattern of blank verse have no sureness of ear or hand about them. They are mechanical and unmeaning, resulting now and then in such monstrosities as haunted our friend in his dream. When Mr. Lewis Morris is not imitating, his form is either merely trivial, or else—as in his bombastic "*Song of Empire*"—thoroughly bad. It is the close of that same ode that is garnished with the double note of admiration. We can hardly expect that point to be generally taken as conclusive; and yet we should not ourselves quarrel with any one who said that the poet who uses a double note of admiration, besides proving that he has no genuine ear for poetry, stamps his own work with a mark of ineradicable vulgarity. For the rest, any one minded to verify Mr. Lewis Morris's fashion of vulgarizing his models may compare Lord Tennyson's concentrated power in *The Higher Pantheism* with the diluted maunderings on the same theme which under the name of "*Evensong*" fill sixteen mortal pages of Mr. Lewis Morris's collected volume. Or, if he can stomach it, he may read "*Gwen*" with an eye on Lord Tennyson's "*Maud*." "*Gwen*" is merely the reduction of "*Maud*" to the level of the worst kind of British Philistine. It abounds with stuff of this kind:—

"Or when did a countess's coronet crown
A head with a brighter glory of hair?"

Certainly "*Never*" would be a safe answer, for, whatever the virtues of a coronet may be, we have not heard any one claim for it that it makes the hair grow. We quote these lines, however, not for their slovenly expression, but as a sample of the petty and vulgar sentiment of the whole poem. If any reader doubts the

fairness of the sample, we can only say again, go and inspect the bulk for yourself, and if after having done so you differ with us, you will be entitled to your opinion.

But worse remains behind. Mr. Lewis Morris has laid hands upon a greater than Lord Tennyson, even upon Goethe. He has read *Faust*, it seems, and thought "Meine Ruh ist hin" would serve him nicely for a model. His following of Goethe's unapproachable lyric is on this wise:—

"My heart is heavy,
My life runs low,
My young blood's pulses
Beat faint and slow.

* * * *

"Oh, love, it was cruel
To bring us to pain.
I will hide me away
From the cold world again.

"I can stay here no longer;
Whatever may come,
I will go to my father
And—die at home."

A very proper resolve for a well-conducted young woman; good young women of the British middle classes of course never think of anything so wicked as *an seinen Küssen vergehen*. Only they should "die at home" before and not after coming out with doggerel travesties of the great poems of the world.

As to Mr. Lewis Morris's general faculty of handling the shorter lyric measures:—

"Unto my rhymes, I said,
'Oh, blatant rhymes!
When you have racked my head
Some score of times,
Is't true that ye will fly
Far away into the sky,
Leaving me with this curse
Of hopelessly bad verse?'"

We cry you mercy, gentle reader; we were trying to quote from memory the first of some stanzas called "The Dialogue," and we filled in some of the words not quite correctly. In the book it stands thus:—

"Unto my soul, I said,
'Oh, vagrant soul!
When o'er my living head
A few years roll,
Is't true that thou shalt fly
Far away into the sky,
Leaving me in my place
Alone with my disgrace?'"

For the rest, Mr. Lewis Morris appears from *The Epic of Hades* to be a fair clas-

sical scholar; but his writing *Cædmon* for *Cædmon* in the "Song of Empire" argues that the happiness of being acquainted with the Saxon language, which Horace Walpole once disclaimed, is equally foreign to Mr. Lewis Morris. A poet is, of course, not bound either to be or not to be a mountaineer, but Mr. Lewis Morris is particularly anxious that we should know he is not, for he has written:—

"Oh, snows so pure! oh, peaks so high!
I lift to you a hopeless eye."

But perhaps the poem is really about something else. What the sense is, if not the literal one, we cannot make out. Mr. Lewis Morris adds that he—

"May not climb, for now the hours
Are spring's, and earth a maze of flowers."

Certainly he may not climb snow peaks in the spring, nor any other man who does not want to vary the descent by coming down in an avalanche. Only the "maze of flowers" seems to point to some more exquisite allegorical reason.

Well, we have already collected more examples than we had purposed. Once more, we know that no selection of passages is enough to found a final judgment upon. We invite our readers to judge for themselves from the full text. We would have nothing overlooked that can help to an impartial judgment. It might be useful to compare Mr. Lewis Morris's work as a whole with that of other poets who never aspired or could have aspired to sit in Lord Tennyson's seat. Longfellow (the more so as neither living nor an Englishman) will afford a fair standard. Hardly any student of poetry will put Longfellow in the first rank of English-speaking poets; hardly any would refuse him a respectable place in the second. Though he did very little, if anything, of the first order of merit, he did also very little that was bad; "Excelsior," we think, was his only unpardonable sin. And he did much that was good and pleasing. His matter was often slender, but his manner, though not brilliant, was seldom without a certain distinction. He wrote like a scholar and a gentleman, and, if his tones were lacking in strength, they still were true, and were his own. Many times he escaped mere commonplace by a hair's breadth, but on the whole he did escape it. Can so much be said, after due examination, of Mr. Lewis Morris?

Consider, again, some of the living Englishmen we have mentioned. Has Mr. Lewis Morris ever come near the melody of Mr. George Meredith's "Love in the Valley," or the fire and speed of his "Nuptials of Attila"? Has he touched the dramatic power of Sir Alfred Lyall's "Old Pindaree," or the grace of Lord Lytton's "Transformations"? Can he match the workmanship of Mr. Andrew Lang's ballades? Or can he sound elemental human feeling with Mrs. Woods? To every one of these questions our own answer is a firm negative. We will do honor to the best of our power to all excellence, greater and lesser, according to its kind. But we will not honor pretentious and factitious mediocrity; and that is all we can find in Mr. Lewis Morris at his best.

Another living poet who is believed to have a certain following, and to call no living man his master, is Mr. Alfred Austin. We must be excused from discussing Mr. Alfred Austin's claims at any great length. His principles consist in repudiating the whole history of English poetry since Byron, and his practice in imitating Byron, by no means to the exclusion of his faults, with considerable facility and creditable fidelity. One stanza from "The Human Tragedy" will serve as well as another. The subject is the defeat of the Garibaldians by the fire of the French chassepots at Mentana.

"And ever as in scattered rout they fled,
Back o'er the ground they late as victors trod,
The swift-pursuing steel hissed overhead,
And many a lip kissed the ensanguined sod,
And ah! full many a dying prayer was said,
As took the soul its farewell of the clod,
And deaf though heaven seemed grown to cries and plaints,
Wild vows were breathed to long-forgotten saints."

Here is one quality of Byron—at any rate, his characteristic inaccuracy, or, shall we say, coarseness of observation! There was a "storm of steel" a few stanzas before, so the "steel" is not a solitary lapse. Apparently Mr. Alfred Austin thinks either that chassepot bullets are made of steel, or that steel is a poetic synonym for lead. No doubt "lead hissed overhead" would have been intolerable in sound; but it is the business of a verse-writer to combine harmony of

sound with calling things by their right names. Then "hisséd" is as bad a word as can be to describe the sound of bullets in the air, and so long as bullets fly, hissing or otherwise, overhead, they do not produce much effect. And, when a man falls on his face, which is not always, his lip is not the feature most likely to touch the ground. But Byron is full of faults as bad as these, and yet lives! Very true. We might say that Byron's immense Continental reputation was partly due to Continental readers not perceiving faults of this kind. But it is enough to say that Mr. Alfred Austin is not Byron. He has also essayed dramatic and lyric verse, the former with rather less plausibility than the narrative form, the latter sometimes better and sometimes worse. We are willing to admit that he has never written, or could write, such bad verses as the worst of Mr. Lewis Morris's. Indeed, if we had to choose between the two, we would rather take Mr. Alfred Austin for a Laureate than Mr. Lewis Morris. For, although we do not think Mr. Alfred Austin's purpose a very wise one, or his power quite competent to the execution, the purpose is definite and sincere. The so-called classical architecture of the eighteenth century is an unsatisfactory thing; but, if we had the building of a mansion or a college, we should prefer an honest following of the eighteenth-century ideas, by an architect who had a congruous design of some sort, to a sham Gothic made up of mere stonemason's imitation of mediæval details. Mr. Alfred Austin does write like some sort of a man and not like an overgrown school-boy. Also Mr. Alfred Austin does not, in his later works, reprint the opinions of the press, or cite eminent persons to declare that they found his poems very interesting.

Fortunately the lovers of English poetry are not yet driven to choose between Mr. Alfred Austin and Mr. Lewis Morris. Next to Lord Tennyson, the primacy belongs to Mr. Swinburne. And on Mr. Swinburne the choice ought of right to fall when the time comes for the Crown to make the decision which ought to be the visible symbol of the best English judgment in matters of poetry. If it may not be so, for any personal or other reason, then let the name and office of Laureate be done away rather than sink below the level at which we and our fathers have

seen them maintained. Meanwhile our readers, whether they agree with our criticisms or not, will all join in repeating our wish that we may not yet have heard the last of the present Laureate's voice, the master's voice which so lately, in the lines "To Virgil," added a new and stately measure to English verse.*

As this paper is unsigned, the author thinks it right to say that he is not a poet or a professional critic, and that he has no motive whatever of private favor or affection, for good or for ill, toward any of the writers whose work has been principally discussed.—*Fortnightly Review*.

DANCING AS A FINE ART.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

WHAT induced man to dance in the first instance? When the woods were his habitation, and when dancing at the very best must have been an uncomfortable and awkward performance, what cause was sufficiently powerful to propel him to gyrations? Some say that love was the origin of dancing, and that as birds whistle, peacocks spread their tails, and turkeys strut, to show their respect for the fair, so man took to capering and gyrating to evince his pleasure at the sight of her, in the days before manners less unsophisticated and a sad experience taught him to restrain his buoyancy within reasonable bounds. There are or were specimens of these "love dances" to be found among the Society Islands—Captain Cook describes them to us—but their area seems to be limited to that small territory. The main objection, however, to the above view, is that dances, as we find them in their most primitive forms, are all collective, not individual. The solo-dancer, and even the pairing with special partners, are both quite recent, comparatively speaking! The dances of the most primitive cast are war dances and theatrical dances; such were found in a high state of perfection among the Australians at the time of their discovery, among the North American Indians, and most other kindred peoples.

The war dances have been correctly described by novelists who never saw them. Fancy cannot go far wrong in such a mat-

ter, and is corroborated by the evidence of travellers. The war dance of the Maories has been characterized by an eye-witness as a universal effort on the part of everybody assembled to make himself look as ugly as possible. The faces of the dancers were contorted, their tongues twisted up into their nostrils, their eyes rolling asunder or contracted into a diabolical squint. The theatrical dances are as widespread as these. Every savage loves to fight; and every savage has also, perhaps, a passion for the drama. The bull dances of the North American Indians, the kangaroo dances of the Australians, the dramatic dances of the Itelmes and the Arreois, are perhaps the best specimens of this form of dancing. In the first-named, the point at issue is for one of the dancers to disguise himself as a buffalo, and dance in the centre of crowds of his companions, much in the way of our Jack in the Green. The kangaroo dance leads to more general disguise—most of the dancers assume the figure and hide of the animal whose name the dance bears, and in this guise, like mummeters, they carry on their evolutions. We use the last word under protest—figures there are none in these primitive dances, steps are limited to a jump on the right foot, followed by one on the left, while the general aspect of the dance is that of a wild confusion which may vary, and, indeed, almost certainly does, from time to time.

The earliest description of dancing which we can make anything out of—for vague allusions are particularly useless in the present subject—is the account of the dance on the shield of Achilles. Youths and maidens danced in a ring there, holding one another by the hand. They spun

* The Italian form in the last couplet—

"I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began"—

has been called a conceit. If it be so, it is exactly analogous to Virgil's own use of Greek names, which he certainly would not have spared in celebrating a Greek poet.

round and round like a potter's wheel—the effect of this might be represented by loosening the top of a round table, and setting it twirling round. Evidently this primitive dance was nothing more nor less than the “jingering” of children at the present day, who keep up the tradition of this most ancient form of dance when they take one another's hands and caper round in a ring. The antiquity of the “jingering” dance must not be limited to the early days of the Greeks. In the time of Achilles it was a dance for kings' daughters to indulge in. But with our Aryan ancestors it constituted one of the ceremonies of religion—thus do things descend from unexpected altitudes, till they find refuge in the nurseries of children: in the Vedic times in India, which constitute the morning twilight of our existence as a race, the priest and people were used to assemble round the altar every morning to perform the accustomed sacrifice to the Dawn. They sang a hymn; and when the first streak of gray illumined the eastern sky, they began the religious dance, which consisted in them all joining hands and dancing in a ring round the altar, first in one direction, then in another. This form had survived till Homer's time, when it became secularized, and passed from grave-robed priests to youths and maidens.

The “jingering” had now a curious experience in its history. It became the dance of Bacchus, and attained a very unenviable repute as the dithyramb. The Greeks, who were perhaps the greatest dancers that the world has ever seen, soon rose above this most elementary form of dancing. They learned to divide dances into round and square, the word round being used in the signification already alluded to, and not by any means as equivalent to our “round.” Their square dances were military and spectacular; their round dances were the dances of pleasure and of revelry. The distinction is natural; for the former required some art, the latter nothing more than the capacity for motion. As the “round” dance, the dithyramb was danced round blazing altars to the sound of drums and cymbals. The tipsy priests, who presided over these rites of Bacchus, staggered sputtering and foaming, gashing themselves occasionally with knives to excite their companion dancers to greater en-

thusiasm and frenzy. The square dances of the Greeks were meanwhile proceeding at Sparta and other military centres, while the foreign and wanton dithyramb was utterly ruining the art of motion in less stern and conservative cities. The dances of the Spartans took place in the great square of the town, which was called on that account “the dancing-place,” nearly every Dorian city being built in such a form as to have a dancing-place in the centre of the surrounding streets and buildings. Youths and men, generally dressed in full armor, moved in regular and rhythmical figures to the music of flutes and lyres, clashing their weapons in time to the music, and occasionally joining in with a hymn or martial song to the melody of the instruments. So eminent was the dance in the social life of the Spartans, that the term “front-rank-dancer” was the highest encomium which could be bestowed on a citizen, and had the same impressive signification which “a man of means” possesses with us at the present day. Any action either of crime, cowardice, shabbiness, or ill behavior, was punished by degradation from the “first rank” to the ranks behind, and by the loss of the estimable term which the citizen beforehand bore. Occasionally youths and maidens, or maidens alone, took part in these Spartan dances; but, as a rule, they retained their character almost exclusively as military exercises and preparations for the evolutions of the field. The operations of the Spartans in battle differed in a very inappreciable degree from the orchestric figures which had become familiar to them in the public dances. The prelude to commencing their engagements was, with these greatest warriors of the world, the sacrifice of a victim to the Muses; after which, arrayed in their long scarlet cloaks, and crowned with garlands of flowers, which they each took in turn from the temporarily constructed altar as they passed, they struck up, with loud strong voices, a hymn to Apollo, their feet keeping time with the long and short notes of the music “in a manner marvelous to behold.” Still singing and carrying on their pompous dance of war, they marched in billows of red and white, the white from the flowers that crowned them, the red from the cloaks that wrapped them, into the midst of the enemy, driving irresistibly through and never being

known to turn or swerve from the mark assigned them.

The influence of the square military dances of Greece on the round dithyramb was observable in the dances of tragedy. By the time Æschylus and Sophocles were writing, and the great theatre of Bacchus had been built at Athens capable of accommodating thirty thousand spectators, the tipsy dance of the god, which had formerly swept in revelry round blazing altars, was chastened and improved into the sober spectacle of "square" evolutions round the altar by a chorus variously stated at fifty and fifteen. The figures trod by the chorus were so elaborate that chalk lines had to be drawn on the floor of the orchestra to guide the dancers in their evolutions. These lines had the appearance of complex mathematical figures of the very worst type—as if all the propositions of the third and fourth books of *Euclid* had been suddenly multiplied to tenfold their horrible proportions and cast in confusion on the ground. The study of the chalk angles, squares, circles, and rhomboids which they were to tread, must have been a very serious undertaking for the dancers; yet excessive practice brought their proficiency to such perfection, that, judging from contemporary accounts, a confusion scarcely ever, if at all, occurred.

The dances of the Roman pantomimes differed very considerably from those of Greek tragedy. They were not the intricate, artistic, and plastic representations of moving form which these were, but resembled far more closely the more gorgeous ballets of the present day. The "pantomime" itself answered almost exactly to the *ballet d'action*. The stage was provided with scenery, an orchestra with musicians, while places were apportioned on either side of the stage for singers, who, by the words of their melodies, should elucidate and explain the dumb show of the pantomimists which was going on in the centre of the boards. Troops of female dancers, arrayed in flowing and transparent attire, bands of young boys, *premières danseuses* and *danseurs*, who, in sparingness of costume entirely outvied the leading nymphs of the present day—such are the accounts that reach us of the dance in the Roman pantomimes. There was little art apparently, but much display; dancing passed off into a gorgeous

spectacle of dresses, scenery, beautiful poses, and dumb action. Paris and Bathyllus, the two leading dancers of the Imperial times, are celebrated more for their glowing portrayal of human passion in that most fascinating form of dumb motion, than for any mastery over steps and figures, such as constituted the main title to praise among the Greeks. The dances in the circus of Constantinople, at which the Empress Theodora figured in her younger days, playing the part of Leda to the gambols of a swan, which Gibbon very irreverently considers to have been a goose, were, from all accounts, but merely reiterations of the licentious displays in the Roman theatres, though scarcely carried to such extremes owing to the strict Christianity of the citizens.

One or two dances of the Greeks are deserving of mention before passing from this division of the subject:—the flower dance and the ball dance; both unique and both extremely elegant. In the flower dance, the dancers were separated into two lines, in the manner of our country dances; but instead of the figure flowing from the motions of the top and bottom couples, the two lines advanced and retreated from each other, holding flowers in their hands—roses, violets, and occasionally the herb parsley—which they scattered on the ground as they trod, or flung in mimic warfare from side to side. Perhaps the Battle of Flowers at Nice, reduced to artistic form, accompanied by tuneful music and carried on to the lively steps of a dance, would give some idea of the Greek "flower dance," a spectacle at once beautiful and symmetrical.

The ball dance has been immortalized by Homer. Who does not recall the enchanting picture of Nausicaa and her maidens dancing the ball dance and flinging a golden ball from one to the other, when Ulysses landed on the shore of Phœacia? The description of Homer, however, does not give us much insight into the details of the dance, which were as follows:—The leading maiden of the dance faced the rest, at a short distance, holding the ball in her hand. At the side of the dancer sat a musician, who played a melody on a lyre, with which the maidens kept step; so that they were never still throughout the dance, but in constant graceful motion from beginning to end. The leader then threw the ball to one in

the band before her. At short distances the hands only were allowed to be used in catching it, while the arms remained perfectly still. The ball thus received by the girl in the band, was flung back to the *Nausicaa* of the part, who immediately returned it to another. It was thus plied with dizzy swiftness between them, while meanwhile, like a great wheel whirling, or a company of soldiers wheeling, they conducted not only the steps but the figures of an intricate dance. At longer distances, the arms were allowed to be employed in catching the ball; and the motions of the Dorian girls, when engaged in this part of the ball play, are particularly commended. Their dress reached only to the knee, and their white arms were bare likewise; and they arched their body into a thousand graceful flexions to catch the bouncing ball. When men played the ball dance, it was usual to cast the ball high into the air; and, on its descent, to catch it off the ground, neither of the dancers—for there were generally two only in this game—losing the step of the dance for a moment in making the spring up into the air, but alighting on such a foot and with such a motion as should not ruffle the smoothness of the measure for an instant. The balls were made of scarlet or purple leather, and filled in the inside with flour or feathers, grass or wool, fig-seeds or sand. The employment of a golden ball was limited to the fancy of poetry, or when the imaginations of the poet were incorporated on the stage; in the play of *Nausicaa*, Sophocles, who acted the part of the maiden, employed a golden ball when executing the dance.

In the earlier days of the Middle Ages, when our next accounts of the art are forthcoming, we find dancing to have suffered from a lamentable collapse in the interim. The more primitive form of dance—the “jingering”—appears again as the almost universal form employed among the simple people of the time. The name has now changed, and it is called the roundelay. Taking our accounts from the eighth century, we find that the roundel or roundelay was danced by men and women holding one another by the hand, or linked arm-in arm. Standing in a ring in this position, they would dance round and round, first one way and then the other. The dance concluded by each man kissing

his partner, after which he would select another, and submit her to the same ordeal on the termination of the second roundelay.

An extraordinary survival of the ball dance deserves to be chronicled. Every Easter-day, in commemoration of the general joy at the Resurrection, there was a ball dance in the chancel of the mediæval cathedrals, which was conducted as follows: The congregation having gathered as close to the chancel entrance as they could conveniently come, in order to see the sport, the organ struck up a spirited secular melody which was to serve as the tune of the dance. The Dean stood with the ball in his hand, and, gathering his vestments tightly behind him, he threw it to one of the choristers; that chorister flung it to another, and so it was passed all round the choir. Even an archbishop, if he were there, did not disdain to bandy it. Meanwhile, the choir-boys were leaving their places in the stalls, and bounding and leaping all over the chancel, the elder clergy joining in with them and footing it to the sound of the organ.*

From this, and from other similar testimonies, we may gather that dancing was a very widespread practice in the Middle Ages. “Men and women may be seen dancing everywhere,” says a contemporary historian. “At every corner they are at it,” remarks another. And the story of the Doomed Dancers is but the testimony of tradition to the same fact: “I, Othbert, a sinner,” runs the legend, “have lived to tell the tale. It was the vigil of the Blessed Mary, and in a town of Saxony, where was a church of St. Magnus. The priest had just begun the mass; and I, with my comrades, fifteen young men and three young women, were dancing outside the church. We were laughing and screaming so loudly amid our pleasure that the noise we made was distinctly heard inside the building, and interrupted the service of the mass. The priest came out and told us to desist; and when we did not, he prayed God and St. Magnus that we might dance, as our punishment, for a year to come. A youth, whose sister was dancing with us, seized her by the arm to drag her away, but it came off in his hand, and we danced on.

* Rowbotham's *History of Music*, vol. iii., p. 337.

For a whole year we continued. No rain fell on us; cold nor heat, nor hunger nor thirst, nor fatigue affected us. Neither our shoes nor our clothes wore out, but still we went dancing on. We trod the earth down to our knees; next to our middles; and at last were dancing in a pit. So we continued till the whole year had expired."

The dances alluded to by contemporary chronicles of this epoch, were homely and simple, probably merely variations on the roundelay. As the above tale shows, the fun and liveliness of the motion were more in request among votaries of the dance than anything artistic either in figure or pose. Novelties in dancing and refinements in style seem to have come from Spain. We read of the *chica* being danced at fairs by professional *coryphées*, all of them probably of the "gypay" order. They are called *Ægyptia sive Bohemia* by the chroniclers: and if we were to discuss the question at minute length, we might speculate how far the improvements of European dancing were derived not so much from Spain, but through Spain from the Moors. The fandango was likewise footed at fairs; and from its voluptuous poses, the flashing eyes and heaving bosoms of its Spanish interpreters, the cracking castanets, and the whirl of limbs and muscles, must have been quite a revelation to the clowns, who were contented with kiss-in-the-ring hand-in-hand, *à la* Darby and Joan.

One dance *par excellence*, which undoubtedly came from the Moors, was, as its name imports, the morrice dance. The men who danced it had their faces stained with walnut juice to look like Moors. At first, perhaps, they were really so. They were dressed up in curiously slashed doublets of chamois leather, green caps with silver tassels, red ribbons, and white shoes; while all their dress was covered with little bells, that jingled and jangled as they danced. They had bells at their knees and round their ankles; bells at their wrists, and bells on the lappets of their doublets; streams of bells hung all over their body; and, to be proper morricers, they must have two hundred and fifty-two bells in all. These were arranged in twenty-one sets of twelve bells each, which were tuned in musical intervals with each other. Bells of certain tones hung down one side of the body, and bells of other

tones down the other side; and according as they danced, they might make melodious jingles. The following description of a morrice dance will give an excellent idea of the spectacle:—" . . . the bells were so disposed that all those of a tone were placed together. The bells on the lappets of the doublets were different from those round the hat and down the seams of the garments, and completed, in their entirety, the notes of the musical scale. . . . Robert and his jongleurs danced quickly forward into the arena, with all the jangling of their bells. When the applause had subsided, the soft, long-drawn notes of the violins were heard, which were stationed on the right-hand side. The morricers, who were a dozen in all, first danced in a long outspread line, arm in-arm, all down the arena. Arrived at the bottom, they broke into two lines, and, each wheeling round different ways, danced up again separately, though still in line with one another. Arrived at the top, one line danced backward down again, and the other, facing it, pursued, till, when more than half the ground was covered, the retreating line advanced in mimic opposition to its pursuer, which still came on. They met, and, breaking their ranks, threaded through each other, and, scarcely through, turned and re-threaded their files; when, quickly joining line again, the two lines danced backward away, till some distance had been placed between them. This manœuvre was frequently repeated; and all the while, above the low melody of the violins, rose the jingling and jangling of the bells. Suddenly the thin string accompaniment entirely ceased, and then were heard the prettiest chimings in the air, and ringing of peals in scales of bells, from the bells on the habits of Robert and his jongleurs. Standing in the centre of the arena, their bodies now this way and now that, they rang out their scales of music, until at last, all rearing erect, as if at the word of command, they made regular motions together with the stiffness and precision of clockwork. All threw out a wrist, all raised a foot, all bent forward, all bent backward, and the ear was aware that a beautiful melody, note by note, was proceeding from the morricers and their bells. To its conclusion they brought the air, amid a tempest of applause from the crowded spectators around. Then the

violins struck up, and they recommenced their amblings."

From Spain came the sarabande, or "Saracen dance," the chaconne, a more lively measure, but also accredited to the Saracens, the bolero, and the seguidilla. The bolero is a milder and slower form of the fandango, and the special peculiarity of the seguidilla is that poetry is mixed with the music, the dancers singing as they careered in its figures. Consequently, the pace is considerably slower, to admit of the performers taking breath sufficient. At the great festivals in the squares of Cordova and Granada these dances were executed by vast crowds of dancers, Spanish and Moorish intermixed; the city being illuminated, the streets strewn with flowers, and a concert of lutes, tambourines, and hautboys ringing out in the air the who's night through.

Of all the Spaniards, the Valencians were ever most famous for their skill in dancing. It was the pride of these people that they could execute steps and figures which, for neatness and elegance, defied the rivalry of all the rest of Spain. The Valencian "egg dance" may be taken as a type of numerous other intricate and almost impossible dances to which their boasts applied. A number of eggs were thickly strewn on the ground in all sorts of fancy patterns—in the pattern of crowns, crosses, six-barred gates, hoops, necklaces, and the tiniest rings. There was scarcely enough room in the interstices of the eggs for even the toes to go. To the amazement of the spectators, the dancers entered these precarious precincts, and, when the music struck up, began a timid and vacillating movement, as if at every turn they were afraid of breaking the little shells around them. The pace of the music increased, and the pace of the dancers likewise, till at last they were flashing about amid the eggs in a very tempest of steps and figures. Rarely, if ever, was an egg known to be broken.

The minuet was bred and nurtured among the old châteaux of Poitou. Its courtly movements and slow, deliberate pace speak conclusively of the antique gallantry which was ready at every step with a bow, and of the long, sweeping trains of the ladies, which forbade their fair wearers to indulge in any hastier motion. A certain variety of the minuet, named the pavana, brings this latter rea-

son into excellent relief. The treatment of the train, which retarded the pace of the minuet, passed in the pavana into a special feature of the dance, and, indeed, was the origin of the singular name. "Pavana" means "the peacock dance." At certain places in the measure, the gentlemen retreated to a considerable distance from their partners, leaving them in unimpeded possession of a great space around them. The ladies thereupon, having possession of the floor, swept their trains with certain mystic gyrations known only to themselves, and eventually sank into the pose of a studied and prolonged courtesy, the train assuming, during this statuesque moment of repose, the exact appearance of a peacock's tail.

The gavotte and the bourrée can be variously assigned to Spain and France for their origin; but the jig—homely appellation!—can be clearly traced to a most respectable antiquity. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the name was variously written *gigue*, *giga*, and *geig*, and signified simply "the fiddle dance," from the German *geige*, "a violin." We hear of these giges, or "fiddle dances," as early as the days of the wandering minstrels, the peculiarity of them being an entire license of step, so that the most untalented performer could join in. They became fashionable among the upper classes at the Watteau *fêtes* of Louis XV.'s time, but were naturally danced with considerably more elegance than their primitive form required. They still retained, however, their miscellaneous character, and far from any symmetry of motion being demanded, the *gigue* was not correctly executed unless several varieties of step were represented among the dancers. It was, in fact, "a medley."

We can scarcely over-estimate the influence of Lully, the *chef d'orchestre* of Louis XIV., on the art of dancing. His band, which was known as "the twenty-four violins," were required to furnish all the music for the *fêtes* and balls of the brilliant Court to which they were attached. The gavotte and bourrée have been ascribed to him, but probably without reason. The cotillon, however, has a more legitimate claim to such a paternity, and most likely was at least perfected in the brilliant ball-rooms of Versailles.

Despite these thousand and one varieties of the dance, the genuine "round

dance," to use the term at last in its modern signification, had no existence till some fifty or sixty years ago. Why this omission could have subsisted so long seems hard to see; unless it were that the giddiness resulting from the first experiments in the style deterred mankind from venturing further. The "round dance" of the Greeks and of the Middle Ages was, as we have seen, simply a ring dance, and not by any means an approach to the round dance of to-day. The dancing dervishes of Turkey, however, and likewise the frenzied performers in the Italian tarantella must be credited with discovering a great secret of art long ere sixty years ago, and practising it to the amazement of all beholders, who thought them mad or struck by divine vengeance. First essays in round dancing, accompanied as they are by overpowering giddiness, often lead the novice to the wild determination of spinning on and on until exhausted nature can do no more. The dancing dervishes are certainly affected with this fury. Once they begin to turn, their rotation increases with ever-advancing celerity, until at last they "sleep" like a top, though still spinning round. The Italian tarantella was said to have come into existence from the effects of the bite of a poisonous spider (whence it derives its name); the result of which was to cause the venom stricken patient to turn round and round in agony and frenzy. All dancers of the tarantella were vulgarly supposed to have been bitten by this spider, and all pursued the same principle of gyration in common with the dancing dervishes, namely, to spin round and round until they sank exhausted to the earth.

Such were the abortive and unconscious attempts which mankind made at the polka. When that dance first appeared fully fledged on the scene—it sprang on Europe like Minerva from the head of Jove, perfect and fully formed—the tendency of "round dancing" to go on when once begun and never stop, was made apparent in its history. It was danced in a Vienna ball-room by way of experiment, and in three months had made the tour of Europe. In London, Paris, Madrid, and Rome, everybody danced the polka. It is said that in these early days of the craze, the gravest personages were seen footing the dizzy dance, even judges and bishops not disdaining to test their powers there-

in, on the same principle that they might submit themselves to the experiment of "thought-reading" nowadays, or other similar craze. What was the home of the polka? Where had been its nursery before it made that sudden and sensational appearance in a Vienna ball-room sixty years ago? Some would derive it from the peasantry of Bohemia; but surely the name "polka," which is simply "polacca," points to Poland as the land of origin. Like many other things in the world, its origin is hidden in night. Nature is reluctant to reveal beginnings.

The polka seems to us a very slow dance. Our ancestors thought it fast enough—but this was before mankind had become accustomed to "round" dancing. The waltz, which was later in appearing, and was doubtless at its commencement an imitation of the polka, was danced exceedingly slowly in early life. Its original name was "Ländler," and it hails from the country districts of Austria. The "Ländler" went gravely and deliberately round. To its slow motion the speed of the polka seemed fury. The elder Strauss must be accredited with the acceleration of the waltz to its present speed. Finding the effect of his music gain greatly from increased pace, he forced the time and made the dancers follow him.

The original step of the waltz was the simple *chassé*, which, as is obvious, is identical with the step of the polka, except that the feet are brought more closely and more suddenly together. This was the *Valse à deux temps*. Improvement in waltz melodies, which mark the time far more rhythmically and forcibly than in the early times they did, brought the *Valse à trois temps* into being, wherein the steps are accommodated with greater precision to the beats of the music. The waxed floors of modern ball-rooms have produced within the memory of the youngest among us the glide waltz and the rock-away waltz, in both of which the feet slip or slide over the floor in a manner amazing to behold. Perhaps the contemporaneous introduction of roller-skating had something to do with this innovation, since the motion of the feet in both is the same. What destinies await the waltz in future time is impossible at present to divine. One thing, however, seems certain:—so popular and universally known

is this dance, compared to the dissemination of any other specific piece of human knowledge, that amid a distant posterity, when all our achievements have faded

from human memory, we shall still be known as the generation "in whose time the waltz was danced."—*National Review*.

THE SUNLIGHT LAY ACROSS MY BED.

PART II.—HEAVEN.

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

PARTLY I woke. It was still and dark; the sound of the carriages had died in the street; the woman who laughed was gone; the policeman's tread was heard no more. In the dark it seemed as if a great hand lay upon my heart and crushed it. I tried to breathe, and tossed from side to side; and then again I fell asleep and dreamed.

God took me to the edge of that world. It ended. I looked down. The gulf, it seemed to me, was fathomless; and then I saw two bridges crossing it and sloping upward.

I said to God, "Is there no other way by which men cross it?"

God said, "One; it rises far from here and slopes straight upward; it is seen only by those who climb it."

I asked God what the bridges' names were.

God said, "What matter for the names?"

I said, "Do they all lead into one Heaven?"

God said, "Some parts are higher and some parts lower; those who reach the higher may always go down to rest in the lower; but the lower may not have strength to climb to the higher; nevertheless the light is all one."

And over the bridge nearest me which was wider than the other, I saw countless footmarks go. I asked God why it had so many.

God said, "It slopes less deeply, and leads to the first Heaven."

And I saw that some of the footmarks were of feet returning. I asked God how it was.

He said, "No man who has once entered Heaven ever leaves it; but some, when they have gone halfway, turn back, because they are afraid there is no land beyond."

I said, "Has none ever returned?"

God said, "No; once in Heaven always in Heaven."

He took me over. And we came to one of the great doors—for Heaven has more doors than one—and it was open; and the posts rose up so high on either side I could not see the top, there was no cross bar.

And it seemed to me so wide that all Hell might have gone in through it.

I said to God, "Which is the larger, Heaven or Hell?"

God said, "Hell is as wide, but Heaven is higher. All Hell could be engulfed in Heaven but all Heaven could not be engulfed in Hell."

We entered. It was a great still land. The mountains rose on every hand, and there was a pale still light, and I saw it came from the rocks and stones. I asked God how it was.

And God said, "Because everything here gives light."

I looked and wondered, for I had thought Heaven would be different. And after a while it began to grow bright, as if the day were breaking, and I asked God if the sun were going to rise.

God said, "No; we are coming to where the people are."

And as we went further it grew brighter and brighter till it was burning day; and on the rock were flowers blossoming, and trees growing; and streams of water ran everywhere, and I heard birds singing; I asked God where they were.

God said, "It is the people calling to each other."

When we came nearer I saw them walking, and shining as they walked. I asked God how it was they wore no clothes.

God said, "Because all their bodies give the light; they dare not cover any part."

And I asked God what they were doing.

God said, "Making the plants grow by shining."

And I saw that some worked in great companies, and some alone, but most worked in twos, sometimes two men and sometimes two women, but generally one man and one woman, and I asked God how it was.

God said, "It makes the most perfect light when one man and woman shine together; many plants need only that for their growing. Nevertheless, there are more kinds of plants in Heaven than one, and they need many kinds of shining."

And I was ashamed because of my clothes when I saw the people walking.

And one from among them came running toward me, and when he came nearer it seemed to me that he and I had played together when we were little children, and that we had been born on the same day. And I told God what I felt; and God said, "All men feel so in Heaven when another comes toward them."

And he who ran toward me held my hand and said nothing, and led me through the bright lights. And when we came to a place among the trees he sang aloud and his companion answered, and when it came it was a woman, I think, and he showed me to her. She said, "He must have water;" and the man took some in his hands, and fed me (I had been afraid to drink of the water in Hell), and he said to her, "Gather fruit." And she gave it me to eat. They said, "We shone so long to make it ripe," and they laughed together when they saw me eat.

The man said, "He shall sleep now" (for I had not dared to sleep in Hell), and he laid my head on his companion's knee and spread her hair out over me. I slept, and all the while in my sleep I heard the birds calling across me. And when I woke it was like early morning, and dew was on everything.

And the woman put my hand in his and said, "Take him and show him our secret place; I will stay here and make the fruit ripen."

And he led me to a place among the rocks. The ground was very hard, and out of it were sprouting tiny plants, and there was a little stream running. He said, "This is a new garden we are making, the others do not know of it. We shine here every day, and the ground has

cracked with our shining, and this little stream is coming out. See, the flowers are growing."

And he climbed up on the rocks and picked from above two little flowers with dew on them and held them out to me. And I took one in each hand; my hands shone as I held them. He said, "Do not tell the others of our little garden; it is for them all when it is finished." And he went singing to his companion and I out into the great pathway.

And as I walked in the light I heard a loud sound of much singing. And when I came near I saw one with closed eyes, and the people were standing round; and the light on the closed eyes was brighter than anything I had seen in Heaven. I asked one what it was, and he said, "Our singing bird."

And I asked, "Why do the eyes shine so?"

He said, "They cannot see, and we have kissed them till they shone so. Now he sings to us, the more we kiss the more he sings." They all sang with him.

And when I went a little further I saw a crowd crossing with great laughter. When they came close I saw they carried one without hands or feet. And a light came from the maimed limbs so bright that I could not look at them.

And I said to one, "What is it?"

He answered, "This is our brother who once fell and lost his hands and feet, since then he cannot help himself; but we have touched the ruined stumps so often that now they shine brighter than anything in Heaven. We pass him on that he may shine on things that need much heat. No one is allowed to keep him long;" and they went on laughing.

I said to God, "This is a strange land. I had thought blindness and maimedness were great evils. Here men make them to a rejoicing."

God said, "Didst thou then think that love had need of eyes and hands?"

And I walked down the shining way with palms on either hand. I said to God, "Ever since I was a little child and sat alone and cried, I have dreamed of this land, and now I will not go away again. I will stay here and shine." And I began to take off my clothes; and when I looked down I saw my body gave no light. I said to God, "How is it?"

God said, "Is there no dark blood in thy heart; art thou bitter against none?"

I said, "Yes—;" and I thought, "Now is the time when I will tell God what I have been meaning to tell Him all along, some day, how badly my fellow-men have treated me. How they have misunderstood me. How I have intended to be magnanimous and generous to them, and they—" I began to tell God; and when I looked down all the flowers were withering under my breath. I was silent.

I saw that now and again as they worked the people stooped to pick up something; I asked God what it was.

Then God touched my eyes, and I saw that what they found were small stones; they had been too bright for me to see before; and I noticed that the light of the stones and the light on the people's foreheads were the same. And when one found a stone he passed it on to his fellow, and he to another, and he to another. And at times they gathered in great company about a stone, and raised a great shout so that the sky rang; then they worked on again.

I asked God what they did with the stones at last. Then God touched my eyes again to make them stronger; and I looked, and at my very feet on the earth was a mighty crown. The light streamed out.

God said, "Each stone they find is set here."

It was wrought according to a marvelous pattern; each part was different, yet the pattern ran through all.

I said to God, "How is it each man adds his stone, and though there is no outline that they follow, the design works out?"

God said, "Because in the light his forehead sheds each man sees faintly outlined that full crown."

And I said to God, "How is it that each stone when it is added is joined along its edges to its fellows?"

God said, "The stones are alive: they grow."

I said to God, "What does each man gain by his working?"

God says, "He sees his outline filled in stone."

I said, "But those stones which are last set overlay those which were first; and these will again be covered by those which come later."

God said, "They are covered, but not hid. The first shines through the last; and the light is the light of all."

I said to God, "When will this crown be ended?"

God said, "Look up!"

I looked; and I saw the mountain tower above me, but I could not see its summit.

God said no more.

And I looked at the crown: then a passion seized me. Like the longing of a mother for the child whom death has taken; like the yearning of a friend for the friend whom life has buried; like the hunger of dying eyes for a life that is slipping; like the thirst of a soul for love at its first spring waking, so, but fiercer, was the longing in me.

I cried to God, "I, too, will work here; I, too, will set stones in the wonderful pattern; it shall grow beneath my hand. And, if it be that, laboring here for years I should not find one stone, at least I will be with the men that labor on the hill-side. I shall hear their shout of joy when something is found, I shall join in their triumph, I shall shout among them; I shall see it grow." So great was my longing, as I looked at the crown, I thought a faint light fell from my forehead also.

God said, "Do you not hear the singing in the garden?"

I said, "No, I hear nothing, I see only the crown." And I was dumb with joy; I forgot all the flowers of the lower Heaven and the singing there. Then I ran forward. I threw my mantle on the earth, and bent to seize with both my hands one of the mighty tools which lay there. I could not lift it from the earth.

God said, "Take up your mantle, and follow me."

I followed; but I looked back and saw the crown burning, my crown that I had loved.

God led me on among the mountains. Higher and higher we mounted, and the road grew steeper. Not a tree or plant was on the bare rocks, and the stillness was unbroken. My breath came hard and quick, and the blood crept within my finger-tips. I said to God, "Is this still Heaven?"

God said, "Yes; it is the highest."

Still we climbed. I said to God, "I cannot breathe so high."

God said, "Because the air is pure."

The blood burst from my finger-tips.

At last we came out upon a solitary mountain top.

Not a living being moved there; but away off on a solitary peak I saw a lonely figure standing. Whether it were man or woman I could not tell; its breasts were the breasts of a woman, but its limbs were the mighty limbs of a man. I asked God which it might be.

God said, "In the first Heaven sex reigns; in the higher it is not noticed; but in the highest it does not exist."

And I saw the figure bend over its work.

I said to God, "Is it not terribly alone here?"

God said, "It is never alone."

I said, "What has it back for all its labor? I see nothing."

God said, "It has all things."

I said to God, "How came it there upon that solitary peak?"

God said, "By a bloody stair. Step by step it mounted from the lowest Hell, and day by day Hell grew farther and Heaven no nearer. It hung alone between two worlds. Hour by hour in that great struggle its limbs grew larger, till there fell from it rag by rag the garments which it started with. Drops fell from its eyes as it strained them, and the moisture from its forehead was blood; each step it climbed was wet with it. Then it came out here."

And I thought of the garden where men sang with their arms around each other; and the mountain-side where they worked in company. And I said to God, "What gains the man who climbs here?"

And God touched my eyes, and I saw stretched out below us Heaven and Hell.

God said, "From that lone height on which he stands all things are open. To him is clear the shining in the garden, he sees the flower leaves open and the streams break out; no shout is raised upon the mountain-side but he may hear it. He sees the crown grow and the light rise. All Hell is open to him. He sees the paths mount upward. To him Hell is the seed ground from which Heaven springs. He sees the sun ascending."

And I saw the figure bend over its work, and the light from its face fell on it.

And I said to God, "What is it doing there?"

God answered, "It is making music."

He touched my ears, and I heard it.

And after a long while I said to God, "Where did he learn it?"

God said, "That which he sees becomes light in him; it falls upon his work, and it is music."

I whispered to God, "This is Heaven."

And God asked me why I was crying. And I said, "For joy."

And the face turned from its work and looked on me. Then all about me it grew so bright I could not see things separately. Which was God, or the man, or I, I could not tell; we were all blended. I cried to God, "Where art thou?" but there was no answer, only music and light. And afterward, when it had grown so dark again that I could see things separately, I found that I was standing there wrapped tight in my little old, brown, earthly cloak, and God and the man were a long way off from each other and from me.

I did not dare say I would go up and make music beside the man. I knew I did not reach even to his knee, so large he was. But I thought I should stand there on my little peak and sing an accompaniment to the great music. I tried: my voice piped, and failed. I could not sing that tune. I was silent.

God pointed to me that I should go out of Heaven.

I cried to God, "Oh, let me stay here! I will interfere with no one."

God said "Go."

I said, "If indeed it be, as I know it is, that I am not great enough to sing upon the mountain, nor strong enough to labor on its side, nor bright enough to shine within the garden, then let me at least go down to the great gate; humbly I will kneel there, and as the saved pass in I will see the light and hear their singing."

God said, "It may not be;" and still He pointed.

I cried, "Then let me go down to Hell, and I will grasp the hands of men and women there; and slowly, holding fast by one another, we will work our way upward."

God said, "Whither?"

I said, "To the highest Heaven."

God pointed.

I threw myself upon the earth and wept: I cried, "Earth is so small, so

mean ! It is not meet a soul should see Heaven and be cast out again !"

God laid His hand on me, and said, "Go back to earth : that which you seek is there."

I woke : it was morning. The silence and darkness of the night were gone. I closed my eyes and turned me toward the wall : I would not look upon the dull gray world.

In the streets below men and women streamed past by thousands, I heard the feet beat on the pavement. Men on their way to business ; servants on errands ; boys hurrying to school ; weary professors pacing slowly the old street ; prostitutes, men and women, dragging their feet heavily upon the pavement after last night's debauch ; artists with quick, impatient footsteps ; tradesmen for orders ; children to seek for bread. I heard the stream beat by. At the alley's mouth, at the street corner, a broken barrel organ

played ; sometimes it quavered, then went on again.

I listened : my heart scarcely moved. I could not bear the long day before me ; I tried to sleep again, yet still I heard the feet upon the pavement. Then suddenly I heard them cry loud as they beat, "We are seeking !—we are seeking !—we are seeking !" and the broken barrel-organ at the corner sobbed, "The beautiful !—the beautiful !" My heart which had been dead, cried out with every throb, "Love !—Truth !" We three kept time together. I listened ; it was the music I had heard in Heaven that I could not sing.

And fully I woke.

Upon the faded quilt across my bed a long yellow streak of pale London sunlight was lying. It fell in through my narrow attic window.

I laughed. I rose.

I was glad the long day was before me.

—*New Review*.

RONALD LESTER.

I.

I AM about to write down the story of the woman I loved. She never for a moment loved me. I suppose she might have been a happy woman if she could have done so ; but that I cannot tell. Some natures seem to need sorrow, and to seek it ; and yet these natures are, I think, those that feel it most. It is a common saying that we desire what will make us happy. This I do not believe. We desire that which inherited instinct compels us to desire, that which has tended to procure the survival of the race, and not that which has secured its ease, its joy, its comfort. These things may indeed be part of the conditions which help it to exist ; they are as frequently the conditions which tend to its decay and destruction. It is certain that the conditions even of our own modern society require that there should be a large number of women whose instinct it is to sacrifice themselves, who cannot love the men who offer them a life of pure ease and indulgence ; and Dora Wyntree was one of those women.

I knew her first as a young and brilliant

girl, much loved and much admired. She stood on the sunny heights of life, and seemed, as she cast her bright eyes round her, to seek a path in which she could tread firmly and gladly, and to be sure of finding such a path. She did not desire ease, but I thought her destined to joyful work ; she could not live a life of selfishness, but she seemed assured of one full of happy love.

The first thing in which she dissatisfied her friends was her refusal of several suitable offers of marriage ; the second was her engagement to Ronald Lester. He was a quiet and grave young man, and he was poor. Though perfectly respectable he had no very desirable connections ; he was in a mercantile house, and could look forward to no brilliant prospects either of wealth or position ; he was liked and respected by every one who knew him, but he possessed no qualities which promised distinction in the future. Nevertheless he was one of those men who know how to attach others, especially women, to themselves. His few friends would have done almost anything that he asked them : his one sister, who had died unmarried, had been passionately devoted to him ; and

all those with whom he was at all intimate valued his society to a degree that seemed to me extravagant. Though I loved Dora myself, I never wondered that she preferred him. I have myself felt vaguely the charm of his personality. This personality pervaded all he did. His views on every subject were original, the direct result of his own conclusions and no reflection of other men's. Therefore, to a woman weary of the drifting commonplaces of society, his directness and simplicity of thought and speech must have been intensely refreshing. He also put his opinions into practice more than most men do. This in itself must make the life of any woman who lived with him no easy one; but a brave woman was likely to love him all the better for that. He seldom spoke of himself, but when he did it was without those little disguises which are common in society. He could afford to do without them. He seemed to have no thoughts that were mean or evil. His ideals were high, his impulses generous. And so, with a timidity unlike her frank pleasantness to others, she encouraged him and sought to know him better; and before she quite knew him, or was sure what she meant herself, she found herself pledged to a passionate devotion which life alone could end, which was, henceforth, all her life to her.

She had meant it to be, in any case, only a part of her life, to help her with other duties and ambitions; but Ronald, when he accepted her love, demanded also the absorption of her thoughts, her desires, her plans, her affections, her convictions, into his own. He gave her in return a passionate tenderness, admiration, and gratitude which were, I suppose, a sufficient reward for anything that she might sacrifice to him.

At any rate she was very happy, happier than I could have made her, though I should have loved her in a different way. But her life henceforth was not one of roses. They were engaged for five years. The first year Ronald spent in England, the next four were passed in Australia, where he accepted an appointment on which he hoped in time to be able to marry. I believe that, if he had followed a mode of life which was personally more distasteful to him, he might have remained in England and married sooner; but Dora was satisfied with all he did. I do not

wonder at it, because she saw straight into his heart, which was always open to her, and found there only a passionate love for herself and an intense determination to make no compromise with anything mean or ignoble.

Dora had belonged to an opulent family. She had been educated by a rich and childless uncle; but his death left her penniless and without many friends. Her worldly minded relatives had been alienated by her engagement to Ronald Lester—or they found it convenient to say so—and her uncle had left his fortune elsewhere. If she had married according to his wishes he would without doubt have provided for her sufficiently. As it was, he left her to realize the full consequences of her obstinacy, as he had considered it, and she was glad to accept the situation as governess which some one offered to her after his death. I had a home which she might have shared, and at the time there was a rumor that her engagement had been broken off. I therefore ventured to come forward and speak for myself.

She was angry at first, but when I told her of the rumor she forgave me. She looked at me with her large dark eyes and said softly, "But if it were broken off, I could not marry anybody else. Do you think one could feel—that sort of thing—twice over?"

"Many people do,—most people," I answered her.

"Not I; not after feeling it for *him*. If he were to die now I should feel the same always."

Five years after they were first engaged Dora came out to Australia to marry Ronald. I was myself there at the time. There was quite a little colony of us, for it included Winny Ranger, formerly Winny Brown, Dora Wyntree's cousin and school-friend. She was but a foolish little creature, selfish, simple and pretty; very affectionate, however, full of tender impulses and gratuities, which generally came to nothing except fresh appeals. She always said that she owed everything to Dora, that she would do anything for Dora, and I suppose she meant it. "Such a dear little thing! So full of feeling!" so her friends used to speak of Winny Brown; and her friends said the same of Winny Ranger, who was now a widow and rather poorly provided for, with one little baby-girl to look after.

Ronald Lester had never cared for his betrothed's cousin. The strong demands which he made on all those with whom he was intimate soon touched bottom in the selfishness of her nature. She could be gushingly affectionate, but not silently self-repressing. Yet he had always shown her a genial indulgence, and she had fancied herself a favorite with him. He admired her beauty, liked her caressing flattery, and showed her a sort of playful attention in those early days when he avoided Dora. Therefore Winny was astonished when the engagement was first announced. "Why, I thought he admired me!" she said. "He positively seemed to hate you. Are you sure there is not a mistake?" She became convinced, in time, that there was no mistake, and her own heart was not touched at all; though she would willingly have married Ronald, out of vain delight that so serious a man should become her captive.

Presently she fell in love, after her own light fashion, with that young scapegrace Fred Ranger. Her own people opposed the match; she had secret meetings, tried to run away with him, and got herself into much trouble and disgrace. Dora helped her out of her difficulties, persuaded her to a more discreet patience, used on her behalf a diplomacy which she never practised for herself; and so arranged everything that the marriage was permitted, a small portion was handed over to Winny, and an appointment was found for Fred, by Ronald's influence, in the same house which employed Ronald himself. Fred Ranger took his young wife out to Australia and died shortly afterward, leaving her only the small fortune which had been her own marriage portion.

As a widow she was as gay and as affectionate as ever, particularly kind to Ronald "for Dora's sake," and it was to her house that Dora went out to be married. I had tired of England long before, and had, somehow or other, drifted out to the same place. I had spent some time in travel, and had qualified myself for various journeys of exploration by attending some medical lectures and going, so far as I could without taking a degree, into hospital and medical work before I left England. The sort of knowledge thus obtained I had found useful to me in many ways. When I came across Ronald Les-

ter he invited me to stay with him, and a sort of curiosity that I had about him made me glad to do so. I wondered how, since he cared so much for Dora, he could contrive to live without her; but I soon became convinced that he was quite as much in love with her as ever. He was holding himself in hand with a sort of fiery patience which was strange to me; the thought of her seemed to possess his life, yet he never seemed to have supposed it possible to sacrifice other aims to secure her sooner. When once, however, the marriage was settled and she was coming out to him, his feeling for her seemed to leap out of the strong restraint he had put upon it.

"To think," he said, "that I have lived without her all these years, and known that she was in the same world, not another! If I had thought about it I suppose I could not have done it. Now I can dare to think. In another week she will be here, and then, nothing but death, nothing but death, can part us any more!" He rose, stretched himself with the air of a man breaking loose from a long restraint put upon himself; then he went out to the sunset, behind which, somewhere, she sailed toward him. It was strange to me to hear him speak so unreservedly, and he never did it again; but even then I noticed that he thought of his own loss, and not of what she had felt all these long and lonely years.

II.

If there was in the world any man on whose honor and faithfulness a woman might fully rely, I should have said that man was Ronald Lester. Little as I liked him in some ways, I could have trusted him as completely as—more completely than—myself. His nature seemed less open to indirect temptation; any breach of confidence seemed to be impossible to him. It remains then a terrible mystery to me that for such a man such a fate should have been held in reserve.

I had read of similar things before. I knew of the man who was so affected by a bullet in his brain that for half the months of his life he was a thief and a liar, the other half a good and honest fellow. I knew of the girl whom an attack of illness reduced to childishness, so that she began to live and learn again, forgetting her past; until a second and crueller

attack restored her strangely to her old self, to find that, in the years she had lost, all her life had altered, and her lover had long before married another woman. I knew of these things; but we do not expect such horrors to come into our own lives. Somehow we, and those we love, are (according to our expectations) to be exempt from the more terrible afflictions of our race. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord," we cry, "may these things come!" And suddenly they are with us, and of us, and are ourselves, and we awake to know the whole horror of that which was but a word and a name to us.

I am glad to think that Dora Wyntree had one happy evening after she landed in Australia. Ronald met her and took her to her cousin's, and when he came back to me at night he had the air of a man who has been in Paradise. "She is more beautiful than ever," he said to me. "If I had seen her often I could never have waited here."

They were to be married in a few days. If they had been married at once, I suppose, the circumstances that followed must have been different, but how different I cannot say. The morning after Dora's arrival Ronald met with a bad accident. He was thrown from the horse he was riding, his foot was entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged along a rough road for some distance before he could be rescued. He was taken up unconscious and carried to Mrs. Ranger's to be nursed. There was a young surgeon in the place who was called in to attend him. He pronounced the injury to the head serious, but was very hopeful of recovery, and congratulated us all on the fact that the patient could have the care of his future wife, evidently a born nurse.

I did not myself see Ronald for some days. He was quite unconscious at first and afterward was kept very quiet. Winny, however, gave good accounts of him. She had begun to sit with him a little in the daytime, while Dora rested, and she thought that he was coming round very nicely. So did the young doctor. I only saw Dora once or twice for a few minutes, and then she seemed to me anxious and tired.

A private engagement of my own called me away for some days, and when I returned—for a brief interval only—I was told that Mr. Lester was recovering rap-

idly and would soon be quite strong again. I was therefore surprised to get a note from Dora Wyntree asking if I would call and see her soon, as she wished to consult me on a point of importance. I was the only old friend who was near her, she wrote, and my medical knowledge might help her. I went at once to Mrs. Ranger's, and was received by Mrs. Ranger herself.

"Oh, he's doing beautifully," she said to me, "only he's very irritable sometimes. Convalescents are, you know. And somehow Dora does not manage him now; she who was always called such a good nurse. She misunderstands and vexes him. He gets on much better with me. I take things more lightly, you see. And so I am a great deal with him now. The marriage! Oh, we don't speak of that just yet. I will send Dora to you. I think her quite unreasonably anxious. Do tell her to take things easily."

When Dora came I could see that she was not taking things easily, though she took them quietly.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I want you to see him. You have known him a long time. You will tell me if he seems the same; or if the difference was there—before."

"What difference?" I asked her.

"I cannot tell you. No one else sees it. They seem even to like him better. But he seems to me different—from what I remember. And—" she said looking earnestly at me, and speaking with some hesitation, "I have found out that he does not like me to be in the room; though he tries to hide it from me. I distress him, though I don't know why; so I go away now, and leave him a great deal to Winny."

Her voice trembled as she spoke. I saw that a great fear was in her heart, a fear which she would not utter. She was facing it alone.

"I will see him," I said to her, "and give you my opinion."

My interview with Ronald was a strange one. The seriousness of the man seemed gone: he spoke lightly and oddly; but he seemed to be in easy and pleasant spirits, and Winny laughed a good deal at the clever things he said,—and some of them were really very clever. I spoke of Dora. A look of distress, even of perplexity, came over his face; but he struggled with the feeling, whatever it was, that op-

pressed him. "She worries herself," he said. "I wish you would tell her to take things easily,—like Winny."

I had seen enough. I went back to Dora. "I think it would be best for you to go away for a time," I told her.

"For his sake?"

"For the sake of both of you. His mind will recover its tone most quickly in that way, and without any effort. Effort is bad for him."

She sat down in a chair and looked at the table-cloth, but answered nothing.

"Do not take it too seriously," I said to her. "We must give him a little time, and it will be all right. This sort of thing is not unusual. He has had a bad accident and has not quite got over it."

"But the others?"

"The others see nothing; but you were right. I am glad you spoke to me. Now do as I tell you."

She did not rebel; and I cannot think even now that I made a mistake. She would have gone through worse trials, bitter humiliations, if she had remained with him. A lady, who was a friend of mine, and who lived at some distance, invited her to go to her for rest and change of air for a short time; and she went.

I did not see the parting. I suppose it was a strange one. On one side a hidden tragedy, on the other a light and casual farewell. And, Winny, as spectator, laughed and was very gay.

It was some weeks afterward, that I (who was again up country, engaged on my own enterprises) received another summons from Dora. She was still staying with the friend with whom I had placed her.

"It was foolish perhaps to ask you to come," she said, so soon as I saw her—for there was no one else present at the interview—"but I thought I should like you just to know—you have been a very good friend to me—and I did not feel that I could write it. They are to be married very soon."

"They? Who?"

"Ronald and Winny."

"The—scoundrel!"

"Oh, no," she urged piteously, "not Ronald! He cannot help it. You know that."

"Then Mrs. Ranger must be mad."

"No. She does not understand. I do

not think she could. She says that he is very fond of her; that he always preferred her—really; but he tried to like me, because I seemed good and could help him in what he wanted to do. But now he knows—this illness and the way she nursed him—and the way I nursed him—have shown him that—the other thing—would have made him very unhappy."

"And she believes all this?"

"Yes."

I was silent for a moment. Then I asked, "Has he no conscience left?"

"Oh, yes. But he cannot help it; and I,—I have made it easy to him."

There was the whole situation in a nutshell. He could no longer help it; and so she had made it easy to him.

But I protested against the situation. "This state of things is only temporary," I said, "he will probably, in time, become just what he once was. It is shocking that he should take an irretrievable step now. He could not do it if Mrs. Ranger had been true to you and herself."

"She believes him," said Dora simply, "and I think he is very urgent."

In this case he was, I believe, very urgent. He was not sure of himself, did not understand himself, and could not bear to wait. He wanted to escape at once from his serious past into a light and easy present which suited his altered temperament. Effort and endurance—once his second nature—had now become intolerable to him; and the presence of those who might expect him to be strong and endure, was for the time intolerable too.

He did not like to see me, but I made a point of visiting him once before his marriage, and of urging delay. I did not do it for Dora's sake; she had made me promise that I would not. It was on other grounds that I protested against the marriage; but I only made Lester very angry. He assured me that he was doing the wisest thing, the best for everybody. "I very nearly ruined my own happiness," he said, "and Dora's as well, by mistaking a sort of intellectual sympathy for personal love. She would have been miserable as my wife. She sees that now, and is glad to be free."

Still I urged delay.

"There is every reason against it," he said. "Winny wants looking after; and when she is my wife she can look after

Dora, and be a friend to her. That is what I want. Dora would be very lonely, you know, otherwise."

And so they were married; but the promised friendship was ineffectual. Winny had plenty to absorb her in other ways, and somehow Ronald's money did not now go so far as before. He was easy and extravagant, as was his wife. He became a brilliant talker, but rather a careless worker. He took everything pleasantly and lightly; he became very popular socially, a charming acquaintance for all, a real friend to none. Yet some people thought him improved, especially Winny. She said he was so clever, everybody told her so; but his temper was odd and capricious; home life did not suit him; it was almost necessary for them to visit a good deal, whether they could afford it or not.

Meanwhile Dora remained as a governess where she had gone as a friend. She had a hard life of it; the lady of the house fell into ill-health, the children were naughty, and there was far too much work thrown upon Dora's hands. She did not wish, however, to return to England. She had gone away to be married, and the thought of such a return was naturally painful to her. So she stayed where she was. I saw her from time to time; but she never asked me news of the Lesters, and I believe that Winny soon gave up writing to her. Winny's temper was getting spoiled by contact with a nature she did not understand; she had, besides, her sickly little girl to take up much of her time.

At last this sort of life came to an end. The lady who was Dora's friend and the mother of her pupils died; the children were sent away to school, and Dora determined to go back to England. Perhaps she thought she was old enough not to mind the strange humiliation of her return; perhaps the past seemed now far enough behind her to be faced even in the land of her happiest memories. I had always kept a sort of guardianship over her from a distance. Once more I ventured to ask her to marry me, but she answered: "No, no; I belong to him,—not to Winny's husband, but the Ronald that used to be. He never wronged me. I am as much his widow as if he had died then. I shall never change. If this terrible thing had happened to me instead of

to him, he would have been faithful to me, whatever I did. I will be true to him." This was indeed the strangest instance of faith in the face of fact that I had ever come across; and yet, I think, she was right. The one most cruelly wronged of all of us was Ronald; but fate, and not she, had wronged him.

III.

If Dora went to England, however, I must go too, and I took passage in the same vessel. She showed as much confidence in my friendship as in Ronald's blameless faithfulness, letting me act as a sort of elderly kinsman to her; but I was really very little older than herself, no older at all than Ronald. He, however, with all his seriousness, had always possessed the enchanting and fervid quality of youth, and this was denied to me; perhaps this was why women trusted, but did not love me.

It was with a great shock of surprise that I discovered, when we were already on board the vessel, that the Lesters were to be our fellow-passengers to England. I had seen little of them for some time, and it appeared that they had come away at the last quite suddenly. Ronald had lost his appointment, so Winny told me, but she did not regret it; he would do so much better in England. I gathered from her also that they had lived beyond their means, and were much in debt; and I discovered afterward that her own small portion had gone with the rest. She told me that Ronald had been very strange lately, and restless; he wanted to get away to new places. When I saw him he looked to me like a haunted man; his old self had been gradually coming to life and tormenting him. He dared not face the look of it, and was trying to escape from it. He passed over his difficulties, however, with an air of bravado, very unlike his old character. When he and Dora met face to face for the first time, after those long years, I saw a look of absolute horror in his eyes, as if the past confronted him like a spectre. But she smiled gently, and put out her hand, and he immediately recovered himself. He spoke to her then with an exaggerated air of friendliness and ease, and turned aside to talk to her. She leaned over the bulwarks and looked at the water, and I heard their con-

versation. I suppose that to strangers there would have been nothing at all distasteful in what he said. Most persons would have pronounced him a clever, but rather egotistic man. To her I know that there were a lightness and unreality in his manner and conversation which pained her inexpressibly. She answered him quietly and composedly, but I know that she was glad when he went away. She remained where she was then, and did not look round; but when I went to her, the hand which she took away from her eyes (as if she had been shading them from the sun) was wet with tears. That was the only time that I ever saw her weep for her trouble; and it was for the change in him, not for the loss to her.

She kept almost entirely in her own cabin after that, pleading sickness. Winny was also very much occupied with her little girl, who was very sick. I saw a good deal of Ronald, and noticed how restless and excited, how impatient and irritable he was. The ship seemed too small for him, its pace too slow. Sometimes he avoided me, sometimes he sought me out half defiantly.

Then we encountered a great storm, from which the ship came out waterlogged, a drifting wreck. After that there were dreadful days of heat and calm; the sea shone and the sun burned, and the heart sickened with hope delayed. The men worked at the pumps, and we all watched for a sail. We were far from land, but we might keep up for some days yet, the captain said, if we had quiet weather. Meanwhile we slowly drifted, and we hoped that we were drifting landward.

Winny's little girl was very ill, and her mother rarely left her. Ronald showed himself always more excited and impatient of inactivity. His wife told me that he hardly slept at all, and begged me to give him a sedative. I did so at last; but the result was unfortunate, for the medicine made him more wakeful still; and the next day, which was one of fiery heat, found him worse than ever. He would not be advised or controlled; he exposed himself with mad imprudence to the whole force of the sun, and by night time he was, not at all to my astonishment, struck down by some strange illness, whether a form of sunstroke or of brain fever I could not tell. He was at first unconscious, then

wildly delirious, and knew no one. His wife could not leave her little girl, and I was obliged to have some help. Dora offered hers. He did not recognize her, and in the distracted state of every one on board it would have been difficult to find any one else fit for the work. I think she was glad to have it, and I was glad to give it to her. So we nursed him together, she and I, for more than one day and night; while the ship drifted, drifted, and the captain said we drew nearer land. Ronald talked wildly of the long past, when he was a boy at school; of his mother and his sisters; but of Winny or of Dora he said not a word.

At last there came a night when he opened his eyes and looked about him observantly. I saw the look and knew that a change had come. This was the old Ronald that we had known. In the mystic land in which he had wandered he had somehow come across the lost tracks and followed them. How could we welcome him back to a world which was no longer the same?

"Dora!" he murmured, "Dora!"

She turned her startled gaze to mine (for she stood beside his bed), and I looked at her imperatively. She understood what I meant to say, and obeyed me.

"Yes," she said, "I am here, Ronald."

"I knew," he murmured, "that you would be here. Through all the evil dreams I knew that you waited for me at the end. Give me your hand."

I had drawn silently nearer to her. Now I whispered, "Do whatever he asks you. He will soon fall asleep, and then you shall go."

She gave him her hand, and he clasped it in both his own. Then his eyes closed, he seemed to be satisfied. But she gazed at me imploringly. "Do not go away," she whispered.

That was indeed a strange night for me and for her; for him it was, I think, a happy one. He spoke now and then; and she answered him in her soft, clear tones, for he would not be satisfied otherwise. "It is beautiful to hear your voice in the darkness," he said; "it comes to me like something I have waited a lifetime for. Speak to me again. Tell me you are here." And she answered him softly but distinctly, "I am here." She

kept her head bent; I could not see her face in the dim light; I knew not what great force of self-repression she was using: but her voice was clear enough. And yet how strange it was to hear the things he said to her, and to know the truth! I had no right to hear them; but if I had gone away she would not have stayed. So I had to endure it. I suppose that what she endured was worse. He spoke to her as her lover, to whom she was to be married in a few days; and she knew that he had been for years the husband of another woman.

What he said was I suppose much what every passionate lover says to his mistress, but there was an intensity in his voice which affected even me. I did not wonder that she had given her heart to him in the past. He seemed at last a little dissatisfied with her gentle reticence, and asked, "Is any one else here?" I answered, "I am here. You have been very ill, and I have been helping to nurse you." "Oh," he murmured, "I have been ill. That accounts for many things. But for that we should have been married already; should we not, Dora? And I have had strange dreams. Now I can sleep quietly, having heard your dear voice in the darkness. Kiss me, darling, and go and rest."

She hesitated for a moment; then she bent over him and touched his lips lightly with hers. But he put out his arms—I could see this, because the cabin was not dark, as he said, only dimly lighted—and strained her to his heart in a long and close embrace. She rose to her feet as he released her, and I saw that a strong shudder went through her whole frame; otherwise she stood quite still and silent. I was afraid that I had demanded too much from her; but I saw that in a moment she had recovered herself, and with a quiet step she left the cabin. She said no word to me.

I waited beside him until he fell asleep, and then I went to seek her, having some vague fear on her behalf. As I did so I passed the cabin where Winny slept with her child. The door was open, and she was talking to it rather fretfully. "Is he better?" she asked as she heard me; and I answered "Yes," which seemed to satisfy her.

When I came to the door of Dora's cabin all seemed dark and silent. Stretch-

ing out my hand to knock I found that the latch had been injured in the storm; there was no real fastening, and the door swung open before me. There was a dim light within by which I could see Dora. She lay on the floor on her face with her head on her arms, as still as if she were dead. There was something shocking to me in the abandonment of her attitude, as if at last her grief had beaten her to the earth and she could no longer hold up against it. But she was very quiet; not a tremor ran through her white fingers, which were clasped beneath her head upon the floor. I closed the door softly and went. No one could help her or comfort her. She must bear and conquer her trouble alone.

Ronald slept so well and so naturally that toward morning I ventured to leave him and to go up on deck. The sea was still. At last, far off, was a glimpse of land.

Presently Dora joined me. She was carefully dressed and quite composed. There was even a smile on her face as she pointed to the distant shore. "After all," she said, "we are going to be saved."

I looked in her eyes as she spoke, and I should have liked to ask her, "Do you want to be saved?" But it would have been cruel to speak so in the face of her courage.

As I stood with her there, still talking of the chance of reaching shore, an unforeseen circumstance happened. Ronald Lester, fully dressed, but walking a little uncertainly, and looking a shadow of his former self, came up on deck and joined us. I had expected to keep him below, and I had intended to inform him, as judiciously as possible, of his present situation before he saw either Winny or Dora. Now I hardly knew what to do. Dora turned a little paler—she had never much color now, though she kept her beauty wonderfully—and looked down at the water.

"I am better," said Ronald, "so I got up. I wanted to see—Dora." He looked round him with a little bewilderment and a good deal of uneasiness. It struck me that he was relieved when he saw no one else near us.

"I suppose I have been ill for some time," he said.

"Yea," I answered, "for some time."

"And things have probably happened which I do not remember yet?"

"Many things."

He looked very much troubled, but gathered himself together, as it were, and replied: "Ah well, they can wait. I need not understand it all just yet. I am here, and Dora is here,"—his look at her expressed everything it could do as he said this,—"so the rest matters very little. It seems odd that you should have brought me to sea when I was ill. I remember the beginning of an accident. I suppose you thought that change of air—I?" He seemed half afraid to proceed further, yet anxious to know more. I did not answer him, and he did not pursue the subject of his accident, but asked, "Have we been shipwrecked?"

"We are quite disabled, and half full of water. We can hardly keep afloat a couple of hours longer. But the boats are being got ready, and we are near enough land to reach it."

"Are there many women and children on board?" His air of curiosity was blended with anxiety. What did he dread to hear? Did his dreams haunt him painfully? "Some women and children," I answered, not daring to speak of Winny and the little girl. Surely he would remember them presently. Dora looked ever at the sea. If he would remember it would save us both much trouble. I cannot say how much time passed while we stood there. For once I felt paralyzed. The situation overpowered me; and Dora expected me to act. A strange lassitude of content rested upon Ronald. He seemed to have got back, a broken man indeed, but himself as he used to be, into a haven left long ago. The mere fact of Dora's presence was sufficient for him. He preferred, apparently, to ask no more.

Meanwhile the deck had become a busy scene. The boats were being prepared, the passengers were crowding forward, eager to take their places. At last I saw Winny, with an anxious face, and her child,—a heavy weight for her now—in her arms, coming toward us.

"Are you so much better, Ronald?" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad. But why does nobody tell me what to do? I thought Dora would come, or somebody."

Ronald looked at me oddly.

"Who is the little girl?" he said.

"I seem to remember her in my dream. It was not a pleasant dream."

I went to Winny, intending to lead her away. The foolish thought that she had no right there, that she was an intruder, was in my mind. But she would not be so taken possession of by me. "We must go in the first boat," she protested; "but Ronald must go with us. Why does he not come?"

"He is ill," I answered promptly. "Take your child and go forward. I will look after him."

She was reluctant to go, afraid to stay; but she moved away. I ought to have been more sorry for the poor woman than I was.

Dora turned now to Ronald and looked him full in the face. "I think you ought to go and look after her if you are able," she said gently.

"And leave you? Why?" but I saw a doubt, a dreadful memory, begin to gather in his eye.

"Because she is your wife. You have been ill and have forgotten."

I saw then that I ought not to have left her to do this cruel thing; but I had been stupefied before. He leaned forward heavily and trembled. "That was the dream," he said; "you do not mean to tell me that it was true. It cannot be true. I could not do it."

She did not answer him.

"How long is it,—since?"

"Five years."

"And I have been married to her?"

"More than four."

"And you,—in those five years?"

Her smile was a bitter-sweet one as she answered him, "I have lived; we can none of us do more,—or less."

"It is impossible!" he cried. "She was your friend. If I could do it, she could not."

"She was not to blame. You wished it very much," she answered gently.

"I—wished it?" and he laughed scornfully; and yet I think he began to remember it all,—but as if it had happened to another man.

"No one was to blame," she persisted, with a grave sweetness, which seemed to influence him and to calm him at the same time. "Not you, nor I, nor she. And what you have to bear I have borne for five years. I think we must make the best of it now."

"But you wronged no one," he protested passionately, awaking in a bewildered way to the whole meaning of the situation.

"Nor you," she answered simply. "You never could. It was not in your nature; it is not in your nature now."

He listened to her intently, as if—feeling so utterly astray—he sought guidance in her voice. "You mean that my duty is elsewhere?"

She did not answer, but her silence was expressive.

"And the little girl is her baby, whom I remember."

Nobody spoke. Perhaps his dream spoke for us. It was better so. Words seemed impossible; they meant too much and too little.

"I understand," he said, after a moment's pause, "that they belong to me. I will go and put them in the boat. Then I will come back to you."

He seemed gifted with a new energy, as he turned and walked steadily away. I did not think of going; I, at least, belonged to Dora, and had never forfeited my right to look after her.

But he came back again presently, and waited with us silently. Not one of us seemed in a hurry to go. We were willing to remain for the last boat, as the others were launched and rowed rapidly away over the bright sea. It appeared then that the only passengers left were Ronald, myself and Dora. Dora had been pressed to go before, but she gave up her place to some one else. In the confusion I think that it was not quite understood that a lady had been left behind for the last boat. Neither Ronald nor I urged her to do anything but what she wished. If she preferred to give the best chance of life to others,—even to men—I thought that she had the right to do it.

And then it was discovered that the boat left for us had been badly injured in the storm, and the accident had been overlooked until now. Already the other boats were far away, and they were, besides, fully laden. Except ourselves, every one had been eager to get away from the doomed ship. Moments were of value, and it would take long to repair the boat efficiently. It was a strange oversight which had made this situation possible.

The captain came to me, his face white

with the anguish of remorse. "We will make what haste we can," he said, "but if the ship sinks first, the lady—" he could not go on. "We shall have to swim for it, you know."

"I will do my best for her," I answered; "you and the men do what is possible with the boat." I knew that my help would have been useless there, I should only have got in the way.

Ronald and Dora leaned over the side of the vessel together. They understood our position, and did not seem afraid. I lingered near them, remembering my promise to help her. The conversation which I heard, and of which they made no secret, seemed a continuation of something that had been said before. "I wonder what comforted you most in all those years," he was saying to her. "Duty?"

"Duty sometimes means despair," she answered gently. It was strange to me to hear the hard things she said in her soft voice. Indeed I thought that she revenged herself in that last interview somewhat for her long silence. Perhaps she could not resist the temptation of speaking at last to one who loved and understood her. I had indeed loved and understood her all the time, but that did not appear to count for much. As for him, he seemed now to realize the situation fully. His awakening had been rapid in the sudden crisis thrust upon us.

"I wonder if life or death is before us?" he said. "In another world, at least, you will belong to me."

"Do you want another world?" she answered. "Has not one been enough?"

Hers was a strange creed, first learned, I fancy, from him. But she found in it that which a good woman finds apparently everywhere, a reason to love and to forgive, a lesson of patience and endurance and faithfulness. He had, on the other hand, a strong instinct of rebellion and indignation against that hard hand of fate which he had once declared irresponsible and inevitable.

"I cannot bear it," he said suddenly; and then he added, "You kissed me last night in the cabin. Let me kiss you again now. The ship is going down presently with us both." But she shrank away from him in horrified surprise. "Who will know it or be the worse for it?" he persisted.

"I should know it and be the worse for it," she answered.

"Yet last night—"

"Last night you did not understand."

"And you gave it to me as a sort of tonic, as you would have given me any other medicine that was ordered. You are cruel to me after all. You never loved me as I loved you."

"Oh, hush!" she said, and her voice broke into a sob at last. "After all these years,—when I have hardly borne even to touch any other hand, because yours—" She could not go on further, but he was melted to tenderness and repentance. "Forgive me! forgive me!" I saw him put his hand on hers where it had rested near him; and she did not move away, but let her fingers clasp his, while a new look of peace and comfort stole into her face. "I wrong you every way. Trust me; love me; I ask no more from you. Only tell me this; have you had any thought that has been a compensation to you for all that I made you endure, that I did not know you were enduring?"

"Yes," she answered; "that you have loved me, and that I need not blame you in anything—in anything. I never have blamed you, and I never will."

"You never shall have need again."

I moved away from them. I could not

bear to hear more. Was this a farewell or a reunion? I put the length of the ship between myself and them, forgetting my design of keeping near her. While I was far off the ship gave a great shudder,—and then we all went down together. I was not drowned, having been never a lucky man. I reached shore safely enough; so did the captain and all the men with him; but no one saw Ronald or Dora any more.

I found Winny already on land, very unhappy, and asking what she had better do. There seemed a sort of reason why I should provide for her in the circumstances; she almost expected it, and I have, so far, fulfilled her expectations.

When I look back I cannot say that Dora Wyntree was more unhappy than many women. She had at least her moment of triumph at the end, when her faith in human truth and human tenderness was vindicated. She kept her ideals and her self-respect to the last. "Whom the gods love die young." I do not see for myself any prospect of a speedy death. And no woman ever loved me as she loved Ronald. To some the wine of life brings bitterness and anguish and despair; but there are others who never taste it. The cup is served to them empty.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

SECOND PAPER.

BY MORTON FULLERTON.

AN American prophet is not without honor, save in his own country; but it is curious how much his countrymen's estimate of him depends upon foreign appreciation, especially that of Englishmen, and therefore how rare is his opportunity for self congratulation, considering that England has so slight a regard for America's foremost men, her poets and prophets, and so little real knowledge of them. To-day, it may almost be said of American writers, painters, sculptors, that they require the stamp of European approval in order to attain a recognized place of esteem in American opinion. America as yet is not sure of its judgments. But woe to the Englishman who commits the tactless indiscretion of saying that this is so.

Americans, however, see no reason for humbly impressing their deficiency upon others. While the Englishman prefers to live in a fool's paradise of imperial pride, the American, with the assurance of immaturity, assumes a certainty and omniscience which he knows to be ill-founded, and which can deceive nobody acquainted with history and human nature. He may admit, within the privacy of his own geographical boundaries and to other Americans, bitter things about himself and his fellows; but like the English, in their assertion of their own pushing dominance, he is not possessed of sufficient magnanimity to own the truth to others who are not of his own kith and kin.

It is amusing to come upon a character-

istic such as this, reminiscent of the boyish inflation of the public school, in the attitude and bearing of states when they are forced to throw their shoulders back and toe the line of dignity. "You have no idea, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed," said Count Oxenstiern, the Chancellor of Sweden. Behind the conventional and magniloquent phrases of diplomatic correspondence is frequently a void of intellectual inanity that sometimes imposes upon statesmen themselves. A score of adequate illustrations, both English and American, crowd to the point of my pen in this connection. But the most conspicuous illustration of all it occurs to me to give at the moment, because it will serve also, by the way, as an all-sufficient proof of the prominence and pervasiveness of the English characteristic of selfishness, in illustration of which I noted in a former article a more trivial instance that has been much criticised.

Never has England's selfishness, her constant practical belief in the truth of the principle of Natural Selection, and her confidence that the working of this theory may be facilitated by jealous attention to one's own resources—God helping those who help themselves—been more effectively demonstrable than in the whole history of her relations with her colonies. She has believed that the race is indeed to the swiftest, and the battle to the strongest, and bread to the worldly-wise, and she has seen that the best way to prove this is to win by being universally competent herself. But in statecraft, as in the selling of eggs, there may be a wisdom of the penny and a foolishness of the pound. In this one conspicuous particular such fiscal demoralization and folly have almost always marked the policy of the usually so sane and sensible and fair-minded England. What her ministers ought always to have done in regard to colonial affairs, that is, in regard to foreign affairs that were really home affairs, was to have bent all their energies to hoodwinking the people. She should have made her children useful to her, and at the same time concealed from them their subjection. What actually she has succeeded in doing is either to apply the chastizing rod, or else to show in regard to her offspring an unnatural indifference. Hence the cultivation of that spirit of alienation in the

colonies which a century ago wrested from England the United States in America, and which seems liable to disintegrate her larger empire of this nineteenth century. Ordinarily any proper working theory of diplomacy depends upon a practical application to human nature of the eternal principle of the Conservation of Energy; action, that is, without speech, *faire sans dire*. But what shall we say of a people who, in the first place, have from sheer indifference neglected their duty for so long a time that the policy of *faire sans dire* is now impracticable, and who now fail to take the only course left open to them, that of a generous interest and sympathy, which shall uproot all falsity of pride? By such careless indifference to-day England runs the risk of losing a splendid empire.

The American revolution taught England nothing. Her frantic endeavors to bite off her own nose are almost pathetic. She betrays dangerous symptoms of growing cataract, impairing clearness of vision. Her statesmen need a course in moral geometry and ethical conic sections, to learn how to plot outward, into regions that just as intimately concern them beyond their shores, the projection of certain admirably straight lines and principles which they readily enough apply to themselves and to the people for whom they legislate in their own island. As long ago as the time of Edward I. the decree *de tallagio non concedendo* settled that no tax or impost should be levied without the joint consent of the Lords and Commons. In England itself this has been a sacred principle for centuries, and out of it grew the principle of no taxation without representation. But violation of the spirit of this decree lost to the mother country the American colonies. England did not see at the time, and she does not now wholly see, that her sons are her sons though seas divide them. How fond Englishmen are of facts and how well they manipulate them I have elsewhere stated. "The English now and then produce a learned creature like a thistle, prickly with all facts, and incapable of all fruit." But apparently England is the Doubting Thomas of the nations, who believes in no facts but those which she can literally handle—such for instance as produce the clannish barbaric warfare that often exists for generations between families, over

merely a disputed ell of real estate—or else facts that she can see in closest perspective. Unless this were true she would be more alive to the stress of the present time. The American Revolution was as truly a civil war as the War of Secession in America or the great Cromwellian outbreak of that name in England. George III. thought it the revolt of a dependency. It is a fallacy, however, that has been too long held to imagine that the American colonies proved their right to a separate existence by virtue of their success. The legitimacy of the struggle lay in its character as a fight for equity of rights. New Englishmen happened to have a temper more English than that of their domineering elder brothers on the soil of the old home, and they were more keenly alive to any derogation from their rights. Like the *Plaza-Toro* family in the *Gondoliers* they did not “demand” until they had first “sought” and “desired” equality of recognition at court with the other porticos of the State. When that freedom and equality were denied them by an ignorant and indifferent government, then was born their right to fight to the bitter end. But, of course, the issue of individual existence, beyond that of local self-government, was by no means constitutional or anything but revolutionary. As self-respecting Englishmen their only course was a protracted obstinacy. But the spirit of final compromise which usually stands Englishmen in such good stead forsook at this crisis those who lived at home, and the wrongheadedness of Lord North’s government dropped the insolent iron hand of coercion upon a people very much more English than the Englishmen who were then in the majority in Parliament. Had it not been for an estranging sea, too wide to be traversed by the unsympathetic selfish gaze of England, Englishmen would have seen that they were putting their feet upon the necks of brothers, and that it was time to change the character they were playing to that of Sir Giles Fairplay which suits them so much better. Here was an object lesson that one might have thought large enough even for eyes other than English. But it was not learned in America any more than, as we see ample proofs to-day, it has been learned in England. As a civil war, the American Revolution was inevitable; as a war of independence, it

was at the time a geographical necessity. The Civil War in America discussed, with the argument of bullets, practically the same question, namely the rights enjoyed by people possessed of local self-government, and the duties incumbent upon them. The right of the South to secession was much more plausible than that of the original colonies of New England to secede. For the national integrity depended originally upon a voluntary compact. The exact nature of State rights and the Union was far less quickly and certainly determinable, and the individual independence of the several states was really an arguable question; whereas that of the colonies was not, until a stupid policy drew a line wider than the ocean between the home island and that part of England in America. Fortunately for both the North and the South in America there were no natural barriers of mountain or dim stretches of vague sea to solve, as with the irony of a fate that puts to scorn all human intervention, a question in which the anxious discussions of men were vain, and their actual warfare impotently sublime and pathetic folly. Marriages of states, obviously, save on the shores of the Adriatic, are made in heaven; at all events not always by the orthodox appointed ministers on earth.

This entire significant episode of history is largely explained by the fact that the characteristic English selfishness got the upper hands of the English habit of compromise almost as characteristic. As has been said before, from the dominance of this principle, which destroyed her insight and injured her sense of perspective, she has suffered much chagrin. That even thus the whole injury she does herself is not told, but that in general this selfishness even distorts her judgment, I lately noted entertainingly illustrated by a mural tablet placed between two nondescript Indians in Westminster Abbey, who hold upon their heads a piece of sculpture erected to the memory of an Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Roger Townshend, killed by a cannonball on the 25th of July, 1759, as he was reconnoitring the French lines at Ticonderoga. This slab enrolls the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Roger Townshend “with the names of those immortal statesmen and commanders whose wisdom and intrepidity in the cause of this comprehensive and successful war have extended the com-

merce, enlarged the dominions, and upheld the majesty of these kingdoms, beyond the idea of any former age." Notwithstanding the internal evidence of the style there is no reason to suppose that the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Roger Townshend, one of the immortals of this war which upheld the majesty of this British empire beyond the idea of any former age, is a mythical creature or a demigod. For Fort Ticonderoga still stands, the most imposing military ruin in America, and across its western barracks the sun sets full upon its brown and crumbling stone, now adorned with a truly nineteenth century legend in the staring white letters of somebody's "Stove Polish." This legend attests at all events a certain reality to the cycle of stories clustering about the ruin. But Ticonderoga is not only a monument to American vulgarity, but also a warning to Englishmen of the fatality lurking in their short-sighted selfishness and in the practical lack of perspective I have mentioned. They should see to it that amid the long wash of Australasian seas there arise not another Ticonderoga as significant. For they still have it in their power at this period of rapidly extending intercommunication, when seas no longer divide as they once did in the earlier time when Englishmen in America laid the foundations of their new American state, to seize the event, and, securing for themselves and their posterity a harmonious and federated empire, to seal for all time the issue of the future.

It is a pity that the inflation and boastfulness of which mention has been made, arising partly from a sense of their own deficiencies, should be so rife among Americans, for it is unnecessary. A talent of appreciation is much more natural to the Americans than to the English. But criticism, of course, however much it fulfils its function by being simply a faithful recording of impressions, or as a sympathetic interpretation, is at least the ability to know a good thing when one sees it. Yet the feeling of the courage of one's convictions, while always a moral characteristic in a person of artistic genius or good abilities, unfortunately may exist quite apart from critical insight or intellectual cleverness. The unadulterated strain of English blood in America, and certain other small sections of charming and cultivated people not English, still

possess this steadiness and poise which I have elsewhere called moral inertia, and are quite free from the vulgar "bounce" and boastfulness. But these are no longer the dominant classes in American life. Democratic institutions have tended to their disfranchisement. The remnant, possessing a refined tradition of manners and of culture, and endowed hereditarily with the love of whatsoever things are noble and of good report, comparatively speaking is very small. Not unlike the class of the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris, it lives in as unobtrusive an alienation as possible in the midst of a vast number of good-natured and commonplace vulgarians. Its function is the tending of the vestal fires. It is an aristocracy beyond any question more exclusive than the aristocracy of England. Levites of the arcana of the best in American life, their own self-preservation almost demands their isolation. Their condition is pathetic, were it not so enviable, in the distinction attaching to their sacred obligation of preserving the national records and keeping the fires alight. At times they half believe they prefer the "stinking breath" and the "sweaty nightcap" of the rampant democracy, fast developing in England, to the exasperating habit of *gaucherie*, manifested in every gesture by people given only to pennies, psalms, or platitudes. For though the gap between the higher and the lower in England is yearly narrowing, still there is a pleasant deference and that habit of respect which leads to ease of living there. In America, the presumptuous familiarity of manner, born usually of the very kindest and most unselfish feelings, is extremely odious, and none the less so for the merit of its origin. American bonhomie seems to be an endeavor to be one thing to all men. This is not at all the same thing as being all things to all men. The Pauline diplomacy is an ideal that neither England nor America has reached. The self-centred indifference of Englishmen is as unfavorable to this ideal as the hearty abandon of indiscriminate intimacy that marks the American type. The Christian conception of the fellowship of mankind and love of one's neighbor has become far riper in America than in England, and it is usually more genuine when it exists. But there is very little of the actual spirit of Christianity in either country. There,

as here, Jesus, whom haters of the Jews with perverse thoughtlessness still prefer to call Christ, is the most discussed, but the least understood, person in history. In America people are often wooed to churches where they are told nine times what Paul said to once what Jesus said, and their attendance is won by theatrical devices which in England would be thought very bad taste indeed. But listeners once won are for the most part more intellectually entertained and spiritually enlightened by the sermon than church-goers in England. Except in the Episcopal denomination so called, which is in America only a sect among others more significant, the same interest does not attach to the rest of the service other than the sermon. But the average ability of New English or even American clergy is in advance of the average ability of the same class in England. In comparison with the stern tutelage of the New English clergy the training and circumstances of clergy in England under the Establishment have been lax. The result has been a stronger moral fibre, but a learning adapted to less humane ends, and in general a deeper but less broad intellectual achievement. "The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies," said Burke, in his speech on conciliation with America, "is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent; and the protestantism of the Protestant religion." The element of life transplanted in the first two centuries beyond the Atlantic was an invigorating principle from the marrow of the English backbone. This protestantism of the Protestant religion gave integrity and vitality of latent energy which assured continuous and, on the whole, healthy development to a people caring less for artistic grace than the grace of God. It was a Puritanism radically the same that was accountable for the historical life of the Israelites and of the early Greeks. Concerted action and a unanimous and patriotic pride in their own national life, based on sublimity of conceit in their own special god, have characterized all great peoples before their decadence. But the manly English strength of the early New Englishman has largely disappeared. Yet in the advance toward *disillusionment*, to which every people tends, America placed, geographically speaking, eccentrically off the focal centre

of European influence, has got only to the precipitous edge of the gulf of despair; but that it is even in the neighborhood it is utterly unconscious. The modern American keeps the intellectual expression of his ancestor's faith, and of most of his points of view, but he is not inspired with his indomitable confidence in a vital reality behind the expressions. England has undergone and is now undergoing a *disillusionment* as revolutionary as that of France, but, as its habit is, it takes the change more decorously. An Englishman never tells all he knows, and much less frequently all he feels. His sanity and reticence in matters of religion, as well as upon all other concerns of importance, should not be allowed to hide the fact of this tremendous and pervasive subterranean change. The cloak of his hypocrisy will in time not far distant cover America. But there it can never so effectually hide the gestures underneath as in England. Perhaps it is because the mantle is so ample and always has been ample, thus affording opportunities of quieter consideration of what will be the best way when changes threaten to adapt oneself to the new order of the time, that England's history has been so continuously expansive along the line of liberty; and that only in rare instances have events come to birth prematurely, or found the larger part of the state unprepared for them. Of this truth the first two centuries of New English history—the most characteristic, as I have elsewhere said, in English history—offer conspicuous proof. But neither the New England of to-day, nor any body of men in America, can be cited to this end. New England has almost outlived her name. Its boundaries are now holding another race. As democracy advances in England, and other nations more and more rub shoulders against the Englishman on the sacred soil of the paradise of his own patrimony, Englishmen will gradually take the American hue. Still insular, how fast is the Englishman becoming cosmopolitan and democratic; and how sad that he should not realize that his way has before been trodden by the New Englishman. The form which England's worldly wisdom has taken is a perfectly natural result of her geographical position. For some centuries she has sat in the seat of customs. Stormed by the battering of these northern seas, England's rock has risen in the

very highway of the waves of largest international influence. Her reticence, her selfishness, were needed for her self-preservation. Everything, she knew, would come to her in time. Hence her dignity and patience in the best type of her sons, and in her worst the narrow horizon of her mind, her brutal self-sufficiency and coarse pugnacity born of an ignorance always eager to die in order to save its prejudices. No brutality, no coarseness, is so odious as English coarseness. Little of this was transplanted to America, however, to the home of mediocrity and the Common. Always through the centuries the best type of Englishman, both in England and New England, has had visions of the *flammania mania mundi*. The calm, slow, conservative Englishman, given to sleeping in Authority, and dreaming of the past, is not the only, though he is the average and the passing, type. There has always been a saving few given to the cultivation of variations from the original stock, and the courageous pursuit of deviating and eccentric humors. In the open play of discussion which has been possible in England, how often have flashes of seminal and illuminating thought been struck out in the interests of Truth, and how rarely elsewhere has the light been brighter! But the flaming boundaries of the worlds have scarcely been kenned more resolutely in this island than by single-eyed observers on New English hill-tops, through many a calm long night of the first two centuries of her history. Now things are not quite the same. Englishmen, educated wisely for generations in liberty and self reliance, and amid that collection of rights called free institutions, were able in America to work out their own salvation without even the amount of fear and trembling that is prescribed and that one might have thought necessary. Suddenly, however, representatives of races without the habits of self-reliance, and unpractised in the technique of practical government, invade the country, and the first scientific result is a swamping tidal-wave.

It makes a vast difference whether democracy grows up naturally from within or is imported from without as an idea to be engrafted. It makes a large part of the difference, indeed, between France and England, between England and the modern United States, between the first

two centuries of American national life and the last half century of that life. America of the last thirty or forty years bears scarcely any resemblance to the original English New England. She has taken a step from which now there is no going back. She is selling her original birth-right for a conglomerate mess of pottage, in which Irish stew, mulligatawny soup, corn-bread, sauer-kraut, and lager beer are staple ingredients. The modern America of the States is entering upon certain social problems absolutely new to it. These problems must be settled by methods for which she will not be able to find any precedent in her English traditions. For her earlier history, indeed almost for the first two centuries of her history, the phenomena with which she had to deal were distinct, definite, what the scientists call isolated, and therefore comparatively simple. The complicated tangle of those that now exist is so very perplexing that she may well tremble at the problem of unravelling them. At the start she was forced for her very life to eject elements of hostility which threatened her existence. Among such the Quakers have a plain tale of intolerance manifested toward them, for instance, to cite in proof. But for the most part during this period in America nothing impeded her growth; and with such blood in her veins, no wonder she succeeded. Liberty, planted in a soil that was unchoked by any weeds of an older time—a growth that in England was deep rooted and feudal—grew to quick maturity. But just for this reason the establishment of national unity and republican government was not quite so remarkable an achievement at the time as to-day they seem. The difficulties of Frenchmen in the solution of their problem, which only to a superficial view can possibly appear the same as the American, and was and is in reality radically different, are worth noting. Two generations passed between the protective and feudal age of Louis XIV. and the Revolution, and meanwhile almost every eminent Frenchman, formerly having thought England barbarian, came to this island of liberty. Voltaire introduced to France Locke, Newton, and Shakespeare. "Until Voltaire had got to know England by his travels and friendship," says Cousin, "he was not Voltaire." The effect of these leaders of light was that of an

awakening spark. We know the story; but in the flame and the fire many traditions were untouched and many affections went unscorched. They had only disappeared for a time from view in the smoke of the conflagration. In some the love of the old *régime*, and in others the force of a cowering habit, were here and there asbestos in the fire. "I'd rather be a Stuart bastard than a legitimate Guelph," a friend once said to me. It was a kind of sentiment like this that pervaded France and still is not unknown there. Moreover a people is always impressed by mystery, and cares for what it does not or cannot possess, as well as to recall what the fathers enjoyed in "the good old times." And it is against this host of prejudices, affections, predispositions that liberty has had to make its way in France. A people denied the experience of self-government is almost sure to go mad if inflamed with an abstract idea of liberty, equality, fraternity, for which it is not ripe. Constitutional government in England has been self-government in leading-strings. The early colonists in America were largely Englishmen with all the English training who thoroughly believed that under favorable conditions the leading-strings could be snapped. They were perfectly right. But they who have builded the house no longer sit at the head of the table, and all about the board is a motley throng. What is to be the nature of the remaining courses of the banquet or the quality of the after-dinner wine and speeches, he must be either a clever schoolboy or a wise prophet to suggest. Perhaps the deadlock of business recently in the Ameri-

can House of Representatives, nominally over the question of a quorum, may indicate to some extent the lines along which data may be collected for the prophetic generalization. The episode was not a pleasant one. It tested nothing, but it revealed weaknesses. It showed among other things how bitter still is sectional prejudice, and how keen still the sense of sovereignty among the Southern States. Moreover, it illustrated on a large scale an important point that Mr. Bagehot was always making, the greater working efficiency of the parliamentary form of government over the presidential in its union of the executive and legislative functions. Is it to be hoped that this American episode is the rapid retrogression that it seems away from the idea of centralization of power, and the delegation of authority to the lower House? A crisis such as this, however, if overcome quietly and calmly settled, must tend to the establishment of government on a more solid basis. The English cabinet, which is simply a governing committee of presumably the most wisely chosen representatives of the dominant party, has made the actual business of government and the legislative will of the party in power almost identical. This is an ideal yet to be attained in the less simple system of the government of the United States.* The significance of the present filibustering flutter remains yet to be seen. But it is unfortunate, I admit, to be reminded again and just at this moment of the remark of Count Oxenstiern, "You have have no idea, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed." —*Fortnightly Review*.

INSECT COMMUNISTS.

BY MRS. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

SOCIAL experiments are not easily tried. The people who are willing to come out from the mass of their fellows and live in the isolation of a new social order, startlingly different from the plan of life of the rest of their contemporaries, are not necessarily the people who are best fitted to make such an experiment succeed. Those who are ripe for change and novelty are not, in the nature of the case, likely to be most successful with the busi-

ness of daily life. It is, therefore, open to the modern Socialist, when he presses his scheme for the reorganization of society on a Communistic basis, to repudiate the several attempts that have been made

* Whether this is a desirable ideal, however, is an important and interesting matter for discussion. No one has written more ably upon this subject than Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, in his *Essays on Government*, Boston, 1889.

by his predecessors to live out their ideas. He may say that New Lanark, and Oneida Creek, and the rest of the defunct Socialistic communities, were conducted by peculiar people, and were, therefore, doomed to failure from the first; but that if only all society, men of every form of talent and character, could be compelled to live on communistic principles, as they all live now on individualistic ones, the result would be entirely different from anything hitherto seen.

It is open to the Socialist to make this assertion. Yet before our modern civilization is drawn on much farther in the road that he would have us follow, it would be decidedly satisfactory if we could see the experiment of Communism succeed on a small scale. Among men, it has never yet succeeded. All efforts to organize a society on such a plan have come to a speedy end. The basis of Individualism is that upon which society has progressed from savagery to civilization. By individual effort for personal and family advantage, mankind has been slowly advanced from general destitution to comparative comfort for all (even paupers and slum dwellers of to-day enjoying vast advantages as compared with primitive man); from tyrannical control by the stronger over the weaker to a large measure of personal freedom; from superstitious, priest-ridden fear to self-respecting search into truth; from absolute slavery beneath the forces of nature, to a degree—yet to be increased—of mastery over fire, wind, water, and electricity; from the Obi man's charms for disease to the surgery of to-day; from the imperfect, guttural grunting still heard for speech in the lowest races of men to the music and the flexibility and the finely-shaded meaning of even ordinary educated talk; from the undressed skins of beasts for clothing to cotton and tweed, muslin and silk, flannel and my lady's furs; from a diet of rudely-charred flesh, uncooked fish, and wild berries to the multitudinous cheap as well as costly food-stuffs of to-day; from famine ever stalking the tribe, and carrying off hordes at frequent intervals when the fresh food-supply of nature failed for a month or so, to the store of grain, pulses and live-stock by which now the price of food is kept at a fairly even level; from the hand-to-mouth, daily struggle with Nature in the raw to the

great resources of Capital, the machinery, the roads, the credit system, the division of labor, and the rest of the elaboration of our social economy of to-day. This progress has been based, to put it in its harsh and blunt truth, upon selfishness. It has been achieved, and it is now being continued, by men seeking primarily their own welfare, and struggling for the improvement of their own particular circumstances. Men invent and discover, and men toil to the utmost of their powers with mind and body, and men save and apply their savings to future production, for their own individual advantage and advancement in the first place, and for that of those near and dear to them in the second. What is there to replace this motive if it be removed?

The individualistic basis for society seems to the political economist not so much the best of all possible plans, as the only plan possible, for the organization into a complex social unity of a vast multitude of individuals, of all varieties of strength, capacity, and taste. Moreover, men are able to increase their numbers far more rapidly than they can their means of subsistence; and parental prudence, imperfectly exercised as it is at present, is imperatively necessary to prevent famine and overcrowding. The political economist rests his hope (which is as ardent as if more sober than that of the Socialist) for improving the lot of the poorest in the future largely on the growth of parental prudence, induced by the experience of the suffering caused by parental recklessness; and he therefore regards with dismay the loss of all sense of responsibility on the part of individuals for the feeding and nurture of those to whom they give life. How, under Socialism, is man's judgment and self-restraint to be aroused to avert the cruel but necessary consequences of reckless rapidity in multiplying population—want, over-work, disease, and famine? To the political economist, again, it appears obvious that a lazy, leisure-loving creature like man can only be induced to work regularly and persistently, whether to produce the necessities of civilized life or to increase his knowledge and skill, by the expectation that he will reap a reward in his own person from his exertions. So, too, it seems certain to the political economist that saving or deferring the enjoyment of wealth to a

future date, will only result from the conviction of the individual that he and those dear to him will gain in the long run by such procrastination of the use of his possessions. Now, since the prosperity of mankind depends upon, first, as extensive and skilful production as possible and, next, on the saving habits by which the means of future production are provided, it follows that the present system of Individualism, or enlightened self-seeking, is the only one which can be reasonably employed for the organization of society. Thus, on fundamental grounds, without touching the details of difficulty, the political economist scouts Socialism.

But the Socialist replies by urging the possibility of a great development of the communal instinct. That this altruism does exist now, and influence conduct to some degree, is shown whenever an earnest thought or act is given by a man to his country's service, without any ulterior personal object in view. Since this is sometimes seen now, it might clearly become more common, and then might grow to be the moving spring of action in all minds; so that, whereas a man now does his daily work for his own benefit, either in solid coin or social credit, he would then work just as hard and as well for nothing but the communal wealth and prosperity.

So say the Socialists; and do not offer an opinion as to the aeons which must elapse before this communal industry and altruistic economy might be expected to be developed from the present low state of selfishness. But let not the political economist rashly deny the possibility of such evolution, for the thing exists to-day.

In our midst, there are a hundred thousand separate nations, in each of which individuality is entirely subordinated to communality. The most intense labor is voluntarily undergone for the benefit of the race. Forethought and wisdom, no less than bodily exertion, are lavishly expended in the general interest; nay, individuals never hesitate to immolate themselves for the good of a posterity that is not their own offspring, and that neither they nor their friends will ever behold. Again, the wealth of these communities is a common stock; no one hoards for himself or his own children, yet they do hoard like misers, for the good of the whole. Here, then, is energetic and self-devoted toil,

here is careful and persistent economy, entirely for the communal advantage, and with the most absolute unselfishness in the individual. Here, in short, is the ideal of the Socialist—in the hive of the honey-bee.

Then such a state is possible; and we have nothing to do but to find out how to bring the inferior race of humankind up to this higher standard of social being. But let us not be rash and hasty in effecting such a radical alteration in our manners. Let us observe, before we take action, what are the conditions of existence in the socialistic community of the insect world.

Division of labor is carried to its highest pitch of perfection among the honey-bees. They first divide the great duties of life under two headings: those concerned with the present maintenance of the communal existence, and those concerned with its perpetuation.

Everybody is probably aware that the bees in a normal hive are of three kinds—viz. a queen, drones, and workers. The queen would be more accurately termed the mother of the hive. The regal title is somewhat of a misnomer, as it does not appear that she exercises any sovereign power. Great attention is shown to her, but this springs, probably, less from respect to her individually than from a sense of the paramount importance of her well-being and activity to the community. To lay eggs is her being's sole end and aim. There is one way, indeed, in which she truly resembles a human sovereign, and that is in her isolation from the companionship of her equals. The queen spends practically the whole of her existence in the dark recesses of the hive. Only a few times does she issue forth at all, and then she does not go to visit her compeers, the sovereigns of neighboring communities. In fact, the queen goes out only on business. First of all, on one of the early days of her life, she travels forth a-husband-hunting, and after having gained the dignity of matronage, she does not think of stirring outside the door again till she has reared such a numerous progeny that the emigration of a large body of them from the old home becomes imperative. Then the gracious mother and queen goes with the departing swarm, enters with them upon a new abode, and at once resumes her maternal labors. The

queen never leaves the hive for any other purpose, or on any other occasion, than these two: her own wedding and the emigration of a body of her children.

Her daily life is monotonous to a degree. The worker bees prepare the comb, with its well-known hexagonal cells or cavities; the queen steps about upon this, solemnly inspecting the cells, and laying in each in turn the kind of egg which is suitable to its form. Her function is not purely mechanical, in so far as this: that she observes the character of the cell in which she is about to lay, and varies her deposit in accordance with the circumstances in this respect. Moreover, she appears to exercise her judgment as to how many eggs she will produce. When the honey is scarce, or when the population of the hive is already strong, a queen will deposit but few eggs; but if removed to a more encouraging situation, the same queen will at once commence to lay with great rapidity.

As inferentially stated in the last sentence, the comb in which workers are to be hatched differs from that designed for drones, and queen cells are again distinctively formed. The queen cells are the largest, but the drone cradles are larger than the worker ones. The eggs from which the drones and workers respectively are developed also differ.

The queen is capable of laying drone eggs while she remains unmarried; the drones are, in fact, her progeny alone, and owe no debt for existence to a father. This is abundantly proved in a variety of ways. One of the simplest and most interesting of these proofs is supplied when a queen of one species intermarries with a drone of another. Suppose, for instance, an Italian queen, known by the three yellow bands which these bees bear upon the body, to have been mated with an English or plain black drone. The drones produced by this mother will be pure Italians like herself, but the workers and the princesses that she will lay will be hybrids.

A queen will lay from one to three thousand eggs per day during the summer. Every attention is paid to her by her subjects during her dull and laborious confinement to the hive. She is treated with the most servile courtliness. Both honey and partly digested pollen are handed to her in abundance. The bees

who are nearest to her stand in a closely-crowded circle around her, with their heads all turned toward her. When she moves, they skurry back, pushing over one another in their eager haste to make way for the mother of the hive, but still not turning their backs upon her. The scene presents a ludicrous likeness to the etiquette of courtiers in attendance on royalty. It is a moot point whether the queen is surrounded by special guards and courtiers, or whether it is merely that all those ordinary members of the community who accidentally happen to be near her pay her such homage. Modern bee-keepers incline to the latter idea, but there are some instances on record in which a disabled queen was the object of peculiar attention from a small number only of her people. For instance, "A queen in a thinly-peopled hive lay on a honey-comb, apparently dying; six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard, quivering their wings as if to fan her, and with extended stings as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On presenting them honey, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, the guards were so completely absorbed in their mournful duty as entirely to disregard the proffered banquet. The following day, the queen, though lifeless, was still surrounded by her guard."

But whether some few bees are, as the writer of this anecdote thought they were, attached specially to the queen or not, certain it is that the whole community do her the most humble suit and service, and are heartbroken if any mishap occurs to her, simply because the future existence of the community depends on her. If the queen is unexpectedly taken from their midst, without having provided for her own successor, the whole hive is at once in a commotion. A cruel monster once tried an experiment on the subject, with a swarm of bees who were out of the hive looking for a new abode. He picked their mother out of the midst of them, carried her away, and clipped her wings. The bees scattered about, looking anxiously for their lost leader. In about an hour he presented her to them again, and looked on at their distress when they found that she had been mutilated, and could not fly to seek another hive. Finally, he hired her; and the swarm joyfully followed her into the new home, little thinking, prob-

ably, that their tormentor intended repeating the performance the next day. This he did, however, taking the queen out of the hive, with the result that the bees immediately came to look about for her. Well, to cut the brutal story short, he kept the poor, devoted creatures hovering, fasting and miserable but faithful, about their suffering queen, till, at the end of five days' torment, they were all dead of exhaustion. The queen lingered a few hours longer; but she also was starved to death, having refused food when it was offered to her separately from her family.

The full average life of a queen is thirty or forty times as long as that of one of her children, under ordinary circumstances. This, and the honors shown her in the hive, are the special compensations that she has for such a life as she leads. On the whole, however, the career of the queen is surely not one that commends itself to one's taste unreservedly. The hive is a perfect zenana to its mother, and her thoughts are bounded by its cells. Her avocation is maternity, pure and simple; the duty is specialized, and the member of the community chosen for it is confined to it alone. Her career is eminently useful, but it must be deadly dull to be a queen bee.

Perhaps, however, the hive is analogous to human society in that the male sex has the best part of existence, the most comfortable and favorable lot. Let us see.

The drones are "the lazy fathers of the industrious hive." The queen is the one and only fully-developed female in each hive; but there are, at a certain season, a vast number of idle gentlemen lounging around. The community in a hive consists generally, in the midst of summer, of from 30,000 to 40,000 bees, and of these, perhaps, 1,500 may be drones. They are known at a glance by their burly, heavy appearance, and a closer examination shows that they have neither the stings nor the leg-baskets which distinguish the working and struggling members of the community. The drones fly out when they like, but not to gather honey. This they eat, at their luxurious pleasure, out of the cells where the workers store it up. They do nothing whatever in the hive to earn their keep. They may be seen lazily and aimlessly strolling about, as though with their hands in their pockets, or prop-

ping themselves up in convenient spots, and going off to sleep for hours together. The one purpose for which they are called into being is to accept the handkerchief, if, by chance or favor, it is thrown them by the queen.

This does not seem so bad, does it? Methinks I have seen, perhaps, one or two, or say three, male human creatures who might not object to take the post of drone in a Socialist state. But, softly; all is not yet told. The black side of the life of a drone must now be displayed.

The drones are produced only during that short season of the year when swarming takes place; that is to say, the earliest comers of their kind hatch out of the eggs about the end of April. Before three months have elapsed from that date, not a drone is to be seen. All are dead; and nearly all have been killed with the most barbarous cruelty.

The circumstances are these: the queen who has lived through a winter has not, for herself, any need of drones. Once mated, she is fertilized for her whole life. Nevertheless, when she begins to lay in the spring, she provides some drones to be ready for her own probable future daughters. As the workers hatch out, the hive becomes overcrowded, and emigration, or swarming, is at hand. As soon as the old queen sees that she must leave with a swarm, she prepares a successor for herself. The bees then make a few very big cells, shaped like an acorn cup, upon the construction of which they lavish the wax with which they deal so carefully on all other occasions. The queen lays in these the special eggs that are destined to form future queens, and each egg, in three days, hatches into a grub. There is no apparent difference between these royal eggs and the eggs from which common workers will be hatched. The metamorphoses of the different kinds of eggs, too, differ only in detail. Queens, drones, and workers alike are hatched from the egg into a grub, which next becomes a cocoon, and then, after a period of retirement, reappears as the fully-fledged insect. Special treatment, however, in addition to a peculiar cell, is accorded to the royal grub. This is fed by the bees with a highly nourishing form of food, called *royal jelly*, which is more stimulating than worker food. In five or six days this royal grub begins to

spin itself into a cocoon, and when this is safely accomplished, the workers cover over the cell mouth with wax, and leave the cocoon to itself. In another week (fifteen days from the laying of the egg) it is transformed into a mature queen, and is ready to leave its cell, and to enter on its active existence.

Very soon after the cells are sealed over, the old mother swarms away, accompanied by those of the colony who elect to follow her fortunes rather than to wait for the young sovereign. It is necessary that the queen should go when she has once allowed her successor to obtain existence. There can be but one queen in a hive; and if the old one remained when the new one got out of the cell, there would be a royal battle between them, which would terminate only with the death of one of the jealous combatants.*

When the first young queen emerges from her cradle, then, she finds the coast clear, so far as her mother is concerned. But rivals still exist. Other princesses are hatching, and will be ready to come out of their cells in a short time—it may be a few hours, or a few days. The first thing that a newly-hatched queen does, therefore, is to make the round of her unborn sisters' cells, pull them, in their unfinished, defenceless state, out of their refuges and destroy them one by one. This is the lively time of a queen's existence. The above is her first performance; and her next is to seek a mate.

It should be mentioned that the bees sometimes prevent the first-hatched queen from destroying the unfinished princesses. This means that they wish to send off a second swarm, and require this young queen to be off with that, and leave the next princess the succession to the old hive. When thus thwarted in her sororicidal designs, the young lady grows exceedingly angry. As the workers pull her back by her wings, and stand over the cell that she wishes to attack, she loudly expostulates, with a sound like "Peet, peet." The experienced beekeeper knows when he hears this noise that it foretells a second swarm, or, as it is technically called, "a cast."

As soon as the important matter of the

succession is settled by her own resolute action, the young virgin queen flies forth. She goes to meet her mate; and it is in order to provide her with a husband that the drones have been hatched.

The after fate of the drones is a very cruel one. As the summer advances, the bees cease to hatch out more young, because they need both all their energies for gathering the honey, and all their cells for storing it up in, against the winter. A certain amount of breeding goes on; but not sufficient to leave any chance of more swarms going off from the hive. The drones then become useless; if no swarms go off, no young queens will be hatched; and if no young queens need husbands, the drones are without an excuse for their existence. About the end of July or beginning of August, therefore, a grand massacre of them takes place. The unhappy and defenceless drones—who have no stings—are driven from the honey and starved, hunched up in corners and smothered, turned out of the hive to perish in the chill of the evening, or actually stung savagely to death by the heartless and pitiless workers. Let us draw the curtain on the harrowing scene. Fauntleroy, the forger, after his conviction, told a friend that he had never for a moment enjoyed one of his own famous repasts, for the thought of the approaching footsteps of justice poisoned the meats and corked the wines. So must it be with the drones. It may look rather a fine thing to have as much honey as you like, without working for it; but how could you enjoy it with such a future before your mind all the time? Surely, few would wish to be the drones in a Socialist community.

There remains the mass of the population—the workers. Let us see if their lot approaches more nearly to ideal happiness.

For them life is all labor. No miner, no puddler, no navy, no docker, so taxes his physical powers as the bees do theirs. Nor did even the slaves on the cotton plantations in the gathering season ever work under the lash so long and so unrelentingly, as these insects do under the pressure of their communistic public opinion. The earliest ramble on a summer's morning will find the bees before him among the flowers; and after the darkness has closed the honeycups, and driven the

* There have been a very few rare and exceptional instances recorded of two queens living together in one hive.

bees from the beds of bloom, the listener will hear that the work of the interior of the hive is still in full progress.

The gathering of honey is but a small part of the duties upon which the working bees are employed. The comb has to be made; and this is tremendously hard work. Wax is a secretion of the bees. They produce it slowly, and in flakes, from underneath certain scales that open on the abdomen, and convey it with their feet to their mouths to be made moist and ductile. Teeth and tongue together twist and turn it till it is soft and ready for use, and then it is plastered on the foundation, and worked out by the teeth and feet into six-sided cells with absolute mathematical accuracy. The secretion of the wax evidently makes great drafts on the vital strength of the bees, for it is found that they consume twenty pounds of honey for every pound of wax that they produce.

The honey is simply the winter store of provender. The baby bees in their grub state are fed on a different kind of food, which also the workers have to gather. This is formed out of the pollen, or fertilizing dust of flowers. Bees, as is well known, perform an essential office in the cross-fertilization of plants (quite unwittingly on their parts, no doubt), by carrying the pollen from one anther to the pistil in another bloom. In this connection, the curious fact is observed that bees do not visit on one and the same journey different kinds of flowers. They collect pollen from all varieties; but with whatever sort they begin, to that sort they keep till they have filled the little baskets that they carry for the purpose on their hind legs. Having flown home, and stored their load in the cells appropriated to it, they may commence again on quite another kind of pollen-bearing blossom. The utility of this arrangement for the flowers is obvious; but it is not so clear how the bee comes to be thus discriminating.

Another substance collected by the bees is called propolis. This is a kind of gum, which they obtain from certain resinous buds, or from the bark of such a tree as the willow. They can extract it also from varnish. It is an old superstition that the bees in an apiary should be informed when their master dies, as they will wish to visit his coffin. Some of those rationalistic people, who cannot be satisfied till

they have reduced every relic of more poetic times to a prosaic explanation, have propounded a theory that the bees are attracted to the dead man's habitation to lick off the varnish. In the hive, propolis is used to cement all crevices, and to join all partitions. It is brought into requisition, too, when an enemy invades the hive; he is, if possible, stung to death, and if he be too heavy to remove, he is impermeably sealed up within a propolis tomb.

Those vain human creatures who might be disposed to depreciate the powers of the bees by declaring their achievements to be mere "instinct," may be informed that the bees obviously and frequently display a wisdom in the adaptation of means to an end in unusual circumstances which cannot justly be so scornfully described. An instance is recorded where a snail with a shell crawled into a hive. The bees, having slaughtered it, saw that it would be waste of time and strength to cover the shell all over, and contented themselves with hermetically closing it by a layer of propolis round the edges. But a slug, without a shell, having obtained entrance into a hive, the bees covered it completely over with their varnish, so as to effectually prevent its decomposition. Now, if the human creature had some propolis, which in a rare emergency he employed with such just foresight and knowledge, would he not expect to be given credit for something more than "instinct"?

Bees are exquisitely clean in their hives. The work of preserving the home in spotless purity, and that of feeding and attending to the grubs in their cells, is done by the youngest bees of the community. When they are a week or two old, they are promoted to the outdoor labors of gathering honey, pollen, and propolis.

The ventilation of the hive is accomplished by extremely hard labor. The bees to whom this task is committed fix their feet tightly to the floor, by means of the suckers which they possess, and then fan with their wings so rapidly that the eye can scarce perceive the movement. A file of bees thus occupied is always found just within the hive door, and a second file similarly engaged, but with their heads turned in the opposite direction, stands on the other side of the hive. Thus a constant current of air is maintained, both from without, inward, and

vice versa. The fanning is such terribly hard work that no bee can support the exertion longer than half an hour. Guard is relieved generally about every twenty minutes.

What would happen to a bee who developed Individualism, or uncommunal or indolent habits, it is difficult to say. Probably, however, what occurs to a disabled bee is a sufficient indication of what would be the fate of one who wished to be a poet, or a painter, or an author, or to follow any of those avocations which your ordinary muscular laborer looks upon as little better than idling. A disabled bee, which is no longer capable of earning its own sustenance, is invariably destroyed by the stings of its fellows. Doubtless, a similar Draconian law long ago eliminated all members of the community who had souls for other things than procuring food and bringing up grubs. Evolution under Socialism has produced a race to whom incessant, violent toil for the support of a large population is the only possibility in existence.

How completely bee life is absorbed in race-perpetuation may be understood when it is stated that the bees, in summer, literally work themselves to death for the support of a posterity whom they will never know. The average life of bees in the honey season is six weeks; while under more easy though otherwise less favorable circumstances, in the winter, a bee will live for six months. Yet they do not despise life; for if a bee is accidentally killed by a person examining the hive, the community resent the loss with the utmost fierceness. The only safety for such an aggressor is to leave the neighborhood of the hive at once, or he will infallibly be severely stung. The bees' martyrdom to work, then, is a real sacrifice to communal duty.

Thus it appears that Socialism does not relieve the community from premature death, caused by over-exertion for the means of livelihood: only all suffer thus, and not a few. Nor is there any truth, in the bee-socialist's experience, in the flattering promise of Mr. William Morris to ourselves:—

Men in that time a-coming shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning, and the
hunger-wolf anear.

Famines are not infrequent in the beehive. They populate up to the limit of their calculated food-supply, and if that supply is denied by nature, they starve. Only, all of them starve instead of a few, because they are communists.

Female rights, it may be noted, are rampant in the hive. Those poor, helpless drones are the only specimens of the male sex. The workers, one and all, are imperfectly-developed females. The fact has long been known that the nurses could turn any worker grub under a certain age into a queen by enlarging its cradle, and feeding it on royal baby's food. The presumption from this that the workers were undeveloped females was conclusively proved to be correct by a series of extremely fine dissections, carried out early in this century by Mademoiselle Justine, in which the rudimentary ovaries were displayed.

Behold, then, the conditions upon which the only successful socialistic organization known to us is conducted! If such conditions were in any way possible to mankind, the feasibility of the communistic basis for society could not be denied. But what a prospect! What conditions of existence! No need to dwell on the far greater difficulty of dividing the labor necessary for supplying all man's varying and elaborate needs than is presented in arranging the simple duties of the hive. Even if this vast difficulty of organization could be surmounted, what hard cruelty, what grinding toil, what lack of love, hope, and interest attend this system! The almost total extinction of the male sex, the reduction of the vast majority of the female sex to the position of mere toilers for offspring not their own, the rigid limitation of motherhood to selected females, and the denial to them of any other function, the obligation on every individual of untiring, incessant, exhausting toil, rewarded only by the bare necessities of existence—an obligation enforced we do not know how, but so rigorously carried out that the bulk of each generation dies at a quarter of the normal length of life solely from overwork—the pitiless murder of the sick and useless; such are the conditions of existence in the one successful Socialist community thoroughly known to us. The prospect is not attractive!—*National Review*.

THE POET'S APOLOGY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

No, the Muse has gone away,
Does not haunt me much to-day.
Everything she had to say
Has been said !
'Twas not much at any time
All that she could hitch in rhyme,
Never was the Muse sublime
Who has fled !

Any one who takes her in
May observe she's rather thin ;
Little more than bone and skin
Is the Muse ;
Scanty sacrifice she won
When her very best she'd done,
And at her they poked their fun,
In Reviews.

" Rhymes," in truth, " are stubborn things."
And to Rhyme she clung, and clings,
But whatever song she sings
Scarcely sells.
If her tone be grave, they say
" Give us something rather gay."
If she's skittish, then they pray
" Something else !"

So she's cut the whole concern—
Lute and Lyre, and Torch and Urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
Joys or woes,
For Parnassus is " too steep,"
And the only Muse I keep,
And that keeps me, writes a heap,
But—it's Prose !

—Murray's Magazine.

THE LION'S TALE.

NEXT time you happen to be passing through Venice, with a sunny afternoon on your hands to spare, just call a cab from the steps at Danieli's, and ask the driver to whisk you round by the back road to the gates of the Arsenal.

I say a cab, not by misadventure, but of malice prepense ; for if a late distinguished statesman might import a little poetry into Piccadilly by calling a hansom " the gondola of London," why may not an enterprising private citizen, humbly toiling after him at a respectful distance, im-

port a little Western civilization into the Grand Canal by calling a gondola the hansom of Venice ? Similarly, has not what we know as a four-wheeler in dear, dirty old London " suffered a sea change" into the form of a *barca* by the banks of the city on the Adriatic ? And indeed the quick-witted Venetians themselves have not been slow to perceive the obvious analogy ; for the popular humor of the Riva degli Schiavoni has nicknamed the little noiseless screw steamers that ply with passengers between the Piazzetta and (*proh*

pudor!) the railway station not only as "omnibuses" but even as "tramways." Such is the march of intellect in these latter times, that Venice has nowadays a mounted police in gondolas, and when a fire breaks out in the labyrinth of canals behind the Frari, the fire-engine on duty is rowed to the spot by a crew of stout boatmen in appropriate uniform.

Once in your gondola, on the lion-hunt intent, you must leave behind the golden glories of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace—leave behind the great red and yellow sails of the calm Lagoon—leave behind the bustling crowd and the pigeons of the Piazza, and plunge at once into the narrow waterways that lead into the heart of the people's Venice. The most striking way to approach the Arsenal indeed is to let your gondolier take you round by the church of St. John and St. Paul—"San Zanipolo" your true-bred Venetian calls it for short—the Westminster Abbey of defunct dogedom, where thirty generations of most illustrious oligarchs sleep in peace with serene dignity under becoming catafalques of solid marble. But to adopt this route you should provide yourself beforehand with a plentiful stock of moral courage and eau-de-Cologne, for thirty generations of Venetian dirt likewise repose in layers on the muddy bottom, and the air is redolent with the accumulated perfume of fifteen centuries of very imperfect sanitation. The sluggish tide of the Lagoon, and the oars of those poetical but extortionate gondoliers, stir up the festering mass afresh at every turn; so that the romance of the waterways suffers somewhat in real life by the prosaic interposition of that irrepressible sewage question, which all the ingenuity of the most cultured ages has never been able satisfactorily to burke for us. From the banks, young Italy, regenerated Italy, avid of *soldi* as in the days of the Oppressor, swarms forth from narrow dingy lanes and stretches out its imperfectly washed hands, in a clamorous chorus for the copper coinage of good King Umberto. Regardless of whom, with set face and stern, you still pursue the even tenor of your way along those noiseless streets, to an occasional chorus of "Stali" or "Premò," till a sudden swirl of the whirling tide brings the gondola unexpectedly round with a jerk from the Canal della Celestia face to face with the wall of the Arsenal.

A crab-catcher on the bank will hold your boat (and his hat for a sou) as you alight by the door of the famous naval station. At the outer entrance of that sleepy old dock stands the veritable lion whose tale I desire to-day to unfold to you. A marble lion, of antique, not to say archaic, workmanship, he has stood there on guard for two hundred years, with three companions dozing by his side, to watch over the navy of the dead republic and the renaissant kingdom of united Italy. But he is by no means by birth a stone of Venice; his origin points to far other days and other manners. As everybody knows, and as an elegant Latin inscription on his base in fact sets forth—I almost scorn to translate it in these latter days, when even ladies lisp to their babes in the purest Ciceronian—he was brought with his three companions from the Piræus in 1687 by the victorious fleet of Doge Francesco Morosini. One of the big beasts mounted guard over the harbor itself; his companion stood beside the Sacred Way that led from Piræus to the city of Athens. But what is oddest of all about this particular lion—the first to be left in front of the massive old fifteenth century gateway—is the fact that his body is covered irregularly with strange inscriptions, some of them running in a circle round his shoulders, and others sprawling at irregular distances along his lordly flanks and magnificent haunches.

And what is the language, ancient or modern, in which these casual and extremely serpentine inscriptions are couched? Ah, there's the rub. There comes the point which throws at once such a lurid glamour of romance and mystery about that grim archaic beast, once the foremost ornament of the harbor of the Piræus, and now the guardian of King Umberto's new-born navy. The letters, if letters indeed they be, are rude and weather-worn; time and rain have almost obliterated them; scarce a single form stands out clear and definite; only a general vague sense of something written now remains of what was once, no doubt, to somebody somewhere a legible and highly valuable inscription. But to modern science and modern archæology the lion's story was for many long years a dead secret. Every key was tried in vain. The rude marks on the stone obstinately displayed their native rudeness by refusing

to answer any polite inquiries as to their origin and meaning: "What's that to you?" they retorted mutely. They declined to come out as Egyptian hieroglyphics; they refrained from exhibiting themselves as Babylonian cuneiform; they wouldn't even permit themselves to be dexterously twisted, after the fashion of philologists—for we must all admit that in philology much can be done by ingenious twisting—into Accadian ideograms or Chinese metaphysics. Read forward or backward or upside down they were equally incorrigible. They listened not to the voice of the polyglot charmer, charmed he never so conjecturally and wisely. At last one day a wandering Scandinavian scholar passed that way—one Rafn of Copenhagen—and, casting a glance at the mysterious marks, thought he recognized some familiar touch about their curves and angles. He went to work at them with zeal and discretion, and, lo, in the end, it turned out to everybody's immense surprise that the writing on the lion—that Athenian lion, the glory of the Piræus, the brother beast of the guardian of the Sacred Way—was in good Norse runes of the eleventh century!

Now it is this that to my mind gives the lion of the Arsenal such a special and very peculiar interest among all the storied stones of Venice. That he should have come originally from Athens indeed is in itself nothing very remarkable; the noble Venetians of the days of the most serene Republic were such an unmitigated set of thieves and robbers that nothing artistic anywhere came amiss to them. All was fish to the net of the Doges. Since the days when that exemplary noble Roman Mummius stripped Corinth of its marble statues, the flower of Greek art, and then informed the bargees whom he hired to carry his plunder to Rome that if they broke any by the way they must replace them themselves with others of equal value, there were never surely such desperate spoilers and robbers of churches as those pious Venetians. All Venice, in fact, is one vast museum of stolen property. A self-righteous inscription over the gateway of St. Mark's informs the visitor, with much show of conscious probity, that the four famous antique bronze horses above the portal, "removed by the rapacity of the enemy to Paris" under Napoleon I., were again restored to their

proper place by that incorruptible champion of strict international morality, the Emperor Francis. But that glorious team, a work of the sculptors of the Neonian age, had previously been stolen in the thirteenth century by the Doge Dandolo from Constantinople, whither they had been carried from Rome, for his own glorification, by Constantine the Great, who had filched them himself from the triumphal arch of Trajan, who in turn had borrowed them, as seems probable, from the similar monument of his predecessor Nero. Such are the humors of the world and the whirligigs of time. Indeed, if every man had his own again, one might almost say there would be no Venice. The column of St. Mark with its winged lion would go back to Syria; the square pillars by the Doge's Palace would return once more to St. Saba, at Ptolemais; the alabaster supports of the inner canopy would find their way back, men say, to Solomon's temple; and even the mouldering body of the Evangelist itself, which reposes beneath its pall of gold and jewels below the high altar, would have to migrate to the community from whom it was first filched, the Coptic Christians of Alexandria.

But apart from the common epic of conquest and robbery which every Venetian relic thus encloses in itself, as of ordinary custom, there is something exceptionally and specifically impressive, to my mind at least, in the marvel of this lion of the Arsenal door—a sculptured figure that thus brings together for a moment, in incongruous juxtaposition on the shores of the Adriatic, the highest culture of Periclean Athens and the rude barbarism of the Danish invaders. Surely such a singular combination as this—the names of Harold and Ulf and other fierce rovers of the stormy Baltic cut deep on a carved work of the pre-Phidian Greek period on the bays of the Ægean—may give us pause for a moment in our gondola on the mudbanks of the Brenta, and cause us to wonder, as the poet wondered of the flies in amber, "how the dickens they got there."

Let us try to answer this curious question.

The lions of the Arsenal were originally carved, as the grain of the stone clearly indicates, from two solid blocks of the marble of Pentelicus. The place itself from which they came is not without in-

terest in the history of their wanderings, for to the marble of Pentelicus, I verily believe, the world owes in no little degree the artistic development of the Athenian people. "It was a gift of the gods to men," says Mr. Andrew Lang, with poetic vagueness, speaking of the marvellous development of the Athenian intellect and the Athenian æsthetic faculties in the age immediately preceding the era of Pericles. Well, perhaps so; on that point we have no specific information; but, as far as art is concerned, at least, I think it was also, in great part, a gift of the neighboring quarries of Pentelicus. It did not count for nothing in the history of their culture that just outside their city walls the Athenians had that mass of metamorphosed crystalline limestone, altered by the earth's internal heat into pure white marble. As Egypt based herself upon granite, and Babylon upon brick, so Athens based herself upon the Pentelican quarries. Now granite is not precisely what a man might call a plastic material. I doubt if even Phidias himself could have carved a satisfactory Zeus or Aphrodite from the red rock of Syene that gave us so many stark, stiff Pashas and Memnons. But with marble men may do almost anything they like, and it was on marble of Pentelicus that Athens raised all the countless glories of the Theseum and the Acropolis.

Some day or other, then, presumably about the fifth or sixth century before Christ, some nameless Athenian sculptor carved out of that stone this identical lion, which his countrymen placed at the gate of the Piræus to guard the harbor against the Spartan fleet and all other outlanders. For twenty-two centuries, more or less, those twin lions kept guard over Athens, one at the Piræus, one on the Sacred Way that led from the port to the City of the Violet Crown. All through the Middle Ages, indeed, the Piræus itself was known to the Italian traders who frequented it as the Porto Leone, the Lion's Harbor; and as such the Frankish merchants knew it almost to the beginning of the present century, when antiquarian zeal for Hellenic tradition revived once more the older name. But what changes did not the lion see meanwhile! The fall of the Athenian Empire, the Spartan supremacy, the hegemony of Thebes, the Macedonian dominion, Philip and Alexander, the reigns of the Successors, the Achæan

league, the Roman conquest, the empire of the Cæsars, the advent of new creeds, the Parthenon turned into a Christian church, the seat of civilization transferred from Rome to a brand-new metropolis on the Byzantine Strait! And then, the long decline of the Empire, the growth of Islam, the inroads of the barbarian, the pressing danger from the Saracen and the Turk. It was in these later days that the romance of the runes was imposed upon the lion of the Piræus mouth, and that Harold Hardrada, who finally lost his life fighting against our own English Harold at Stamford Bridge, piloted his piratical Norse long-boats on another man's quarrel to the port of Athens.

And how strange was the fate that thus brought a Norwegian rover of the age of William the Conqueror into personal contact with Periclean Athens! 'Harold the Tall, son of Sigurd, nicknamed Hardrada—he of the hard rede, or the stern counsel—was a typical Norse viking of the Berserker order—a man after Carlyle's own heart, I should fancy. A soldier of fortune of the rollicking, buccaneering Danish mould, a Drake or Hawkins of the eleventh century, Harold went round the world in his hot youth in quest of adventure, seeking whom he might devour, killing impartially heathen or Christian, and for conscience' sake asking no questions. In the year of our Lord 1040 this doughty leader found himself in the Mediterranean on one of his usual marauding expeditions. Those were the days when the Scandinavian corsairs played on all seas the selfsame game played later round the southern shores of Europe by their Paynim successors, the Barbary pirates. In all the churches of Christendom the strange litany then went daily up to heaven from thousands and thousands of frightened lips, "A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine," "From all savage assaults of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us." Everywhere the Northern pirate was busily poking his obtrusive nose. A century earlier Rolf the Ganger had walked over Neustria, and turned the fairest provinces of the Frankish king into his dukedom of Normandy, the Northman's land. At that very moment in England itself the descendants of Swegen the Dane had superseded the old native West-Saxon line, and another Harold of the Danish stock was ruling over the citi-

sens of London and Winchester. Before long the Norman was to lord it over Sicily, to humble the pride of the Moor in Spain, and to wrest Apulia from the feeble grasp of the Byzantine empire. The Scandinavian then, in short, was bullying the world, as the filibustering Englishman bullies it now in Australasia and South Africa, in the Pacific Islands and the forests of New Guinea.

So Harold Hardrada, like some prototypical Stanley, or Drake, or Wakefield, was cruising about in search of adventure on his own account in the eastern seas. Just at that moment, as chance would have it, the Athenian people, ever in search of some new thing, had revolted from the sway of their liege lord, the Emperor Michael IV., at Constantinople, and the astute Byzantine, playing the familiar old imperial game of utilizing the barbarian against insurgent subjects, bethought him of employing the Berserker chief to bring back the Athenians to their obedience to Cæsar. The runes on the lion of the Venetian Arsenal tell the story of what followed in their own simple piratical way. The tale is short, but, like all that the Northmen wrote, it is very pithy.

"Hakon, with Ulf, Asmund, and Orm, conquered this port," says the brief inscription on the lion's left shoulder. "By command of Harold the Tall they levied a contribution on the Greek people, on account of their revolt. Dalk has been detained in outlandish parts. Egil, with Ragnar, was dealing war in Roumania and Armenia."

The sinuous lines on the left shoulder tell an equally simple and graphic story. "Asmund engraved these runes," it says, "with the help of Asgeir, Thorleif, Thord, and Ivar, by command of Harold the Tall, in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Greeks."

Could anything be more delightfully concise and natural? How we see the whole picture called up in vivid colors before our very eyes—the savage Norse seadogs, with their short, sharp swords, brought face to face by the irony of fate with the last degenerate descendants of the Athenian freemen; the battle in the port; the defeat of the Greeks; the levying of the Danegeld; the submission of the conquered. Then the easy-going pirates, good Philistine souls—ancestors doubtless of our British 'Arry—uncon-

scious of the desecration of art they are so lightly committing, insat in the innocent pride of their hearts upon scrawling the record of their grand achievement on the shoulders of the antique lion himself, the immemorial guardian of the ancient Piræus. Fancy the speechless horror and futile remonstrances of the scandalized Greeks, with the businesslike determination of Asmund and Thorleif to carve their names in very choice Norwegian on the sculptured stone, whether the Athenians would or whether they would not! The entire scene breathes fresh and lively before us. We can see the breathless alarm and horror of the art-loving Hellenes, contrasted with the bland and childlike persistence of the triumphant barbarian to do as he liked in a conquered country. If I were a great painter—say, for example, Mr. Alma Tadema—I would paint that episode in deathless colors; as I'm not, I'm glad at any rate that Asmund gained himself a "cheap immortality" by painting it for us in good Scandinavian letters.

When the deed of vandalism was finally done, Harold the Tall sailed away from Piræus in due time, and two years later, after the wont of the barbarian, deposed his employer, the Emperor Michael V., from his *fainéant* throne, and (having an eye for the ladies) set up in his place Zoe and Theodora as joint empresses of the Eastern Empire. It was not till twenty-six years afterward that the tough old pirate fell at last at Stamford Bridge, a few weeks before the battle of Hastings, fighting hard against Harold of England in favor of his traitor brother Tostig. But men might come and men might go; the disfigured lion, with the usual immortality of sculptured stone, still kept its place by the Lion's Port, with the runes that Asmund, Thord, and Thorleif had carved so well scored deep forever upon its dishonored shoulders.

Meanwhile, strange things were happening in the world. On the tidal sandbanks and mudbanks of the Adriatic, where the silt of Po, Adige, and Brenta had been washed by the waves into a long narrow barrier, enclosing a shallow and interrupted lagoon, with its attendant archipelago of low alluvial islands, this city of Venice, in a deserted palace on whose Grand Canal I am this moment inditing this present article, had already risen a few hundred years earlier, by slow and

tentative steps, to local sovereignty. When Attila the Hun invaded Italy, and wiped out Aquileia, Padua, and Altinum, the terrified people of the neighboring coast fled in panic from the barbarian who boasted that where his horse had once set its hoof no blade of grass grew afterward. But they fled where no horse could ever tread or has ever trodden; and they founded that city, whose bride is the sea, whose streets are streams, and whose carriages are gondolas. Here, in later times, at the open gate between the Frankish and Byzantine empires, the most serene Republic slowly grew great and prospered exceedingly. Circumstances early brought the inhabitants of the mudbanks into close connection with the Piræus and the Lion. From the very first, indeed, the Venetians lived under the most exalted protection of the Byzantine empire; and though they early made themselves independent, in fact, of that phantom control, they continued still to trade with the Levant and to keep on the very best of terms with their old masters, till the time came when they conquered them in turn, and "held the gorgeous East in fee" for so many centuries of commercial splendor.

Even after blind Doge Dandolo conquered Constantinople, however, and his successors annexed the Morea and a large part of continental Greece, the lion of the Piræus still remained undisturbed on its ancient pedestal. The Turk had now appeared upon the scene and completed the downfall of the tottering empire; but still the lion, with its runic scars, watched on unmolested by the deserted harbor. At last, in 1687, while Newton at Cambridge was publishing his "Principia," and King James at Oxford was carefully preparing his own downfall by expelling the fellows of Magdalen from their comfortable cloisters, far away in the gorgeous East Doge Francesco Morosini, fighting those ancestral enemies of his race, the Turks, for the temporary lordship over that shuttlecock of Levantine strategy, the Morea, successfully defeated the Moslem fleets, and made

the Peloponnesus once more for a time a Venetian possession. —Coming then to the Piræus with his victorious ships, the enterprising Doge, like a true Venetian, with the honor of St. Mark nearest his heart, kept his eyes open for what treasures of art he could lay his hands upon most conveniently and convey to Venice. Thus employed, his inquiring glance fell naturally on the twin lions of the Piræus and the Sacred Way. The Doge, being human, immediately appropriated those glories of the past, and sent them off by sea to Venice. There they were set up by the gate of the arsenal, where whose lists may see them to-day, and spell out the inscription legibly for himself, if he happens to be acquainted with the polite language of the eleventh century Scandinavian corsairs.

To me, no story that ever was told points more plainly to the unity and continuity of history than this curious story of the lion of the Arsenal. It has such a weird touch of mystery and uncanniness about it. That in the midst of Venice, mediæval Venice, with its Byzantine churches and its Gothic palaces, its Italian mosaics and its Lombard sculptures, one should suddenly come across a piece of genuine Athenian statuary, scratched over with Norse runes by fierce marauders from the banks of the Baltic, is in itself to my mind little short of a living miracle. That the runes should have been deciphered at all at last, and should have yielded up to later man the story of their origin, while it detracts a trifle perhaps from the sense of mystery, adds surely to the romantic picturesqueness of the story. If you have never yet visited the lion of the Arsenal, visit it now, next time you are in Venice, for its own sake; if you have seen it already, but only knew in part its strange history, visit it afresh by this new light, and look upon its shoulders with the eye of faith for those very words carved deep into its weather-worn Pentelican marble by the rough graving tools of the Scandinavian pirate. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE LAST OF THE CANNIBAL CHIEFS.

BY BASIL THOMSON.

WHEN Swift wrote his "Modest Proposal," and argued with logical seriousness that the want and over-population in Ireland should be remedied by the simple expedient of eating babies, the inimitable satire was not likely to be lost upon a people who regarded cannibalism with such horror and loathing as do the European nations. The horror must of course be instinctive, because we find it existing in the lowest grades of society; but the instinct is confined to civilized man. The word cannibal is associated in our minds with scenes of the most debased savagery that the imagination can picture; of men in habits and appearance a little lower than the brute; of orgies the result of the most degrading religious superstition. It is not until one has lived on terms of friendship with cannibals that one realizes that the practice is not incompatible with an intelligence and moral qualities which command respect. And after all, if one can for a moment lay aside the instinctive horror which the idea calls up, and dispassionately consider the nature of cannibalism, our repugnance to it seems less logically grounded. It is true that it must generally entail murder, but that is certainly not the reason for our loathing of it. It is something deeper than this; and the distinction we draw between the flesh of men and of animals is at first sight a little curious. One can imagine the inhabitants of another planet, whose physical necessities did not force them to eat flesh,—to take life in order to live,—regarding us with much the same kind of abhorrence with which we look on cannibals. Most of our natural instincts are based upon natural laws, which, when broken, are sure to visit the breaker with their penalties. The eating of unripe fruit, of putrid meat or poisonous matter, are some of these. But no penalty in the shape of disease seems to be attached to cannibalism.

What then are the motives that lead men, apart from the pressure of famine, to practise cannibalism? Among certain African tribes, and lately in Hayti, it has been the outcome of a debased religious superstition, or that extraordinary instinct

common to all races which leads men to connect the highest religious enthusiasm with the most horrible orgies that their diseased imagination can conceive. The feeling that leads members of sects to bind themselves together by the celebration of some unspeakable rite perhaps led to the accusations laid against the Christians of the second century and the Hungarian Jews of the nineteenth. But in the South Seas, although the motive has been falsely attributed to a craving for animal food, it was generally the last act of triumph over a fallen enemy. Thus Homer makes Achilles, triumphing over the dying Hector, wish he could make mince-meat of his body and devour it. Triumph could go no further than to slay and then to assimilate the body of your foe; and the belief that, by thus making him a part of you, you acquired his courage in battle, is said to have led a chief of old Fiji to actually consume himself the entire body of the man he had killed, by daily roasting what remained of it to prevent decomposition.

This is not a very promising introduction to a paper intended to show that some cannibals at least may be very respectable members of society. But it must be clearly understood that the eccentricity which seems so revolting to us is not incompatible with a strong sense of duty, great kindness of heart, and warm domestic affection.

Out of the many cannibals and ex-cannibals I have known, I will choose the most striking figure as the subject of this sketch. I first met the Buli of Nandrau in the autumn of 1886, when I took over the Resident Commissionership of the mountain district of Fiji. His history had been an eventful one, and while he had displayed those qualities that would most win the admiration of Fijians, to us he could not be otherwise than a remarkable character. Far away, in the wild and rugged country in which the great rivers Rewa and Singatoka take their rise, he was born to be chief of a fierce and aggressive tribe of mountaineers. Constantly engaged in petty intertribal wars, while still a young man he had led them

from victory to victory, until they had fought their way into perhaps the most picturesque valley in all picturesque Fiji. Here, perched above the rushing Singatoka, and overshadowed by two tremendous precipices which allowed the sun to shine upon them for barely three hours a day, they built their village, and here they became a name and a terror to all the surrounding tribes. A few miles lower down the river stood the almost impregnable rock-fortress of the Vatusila tribe, and these became the staunch allies of Nandran. Together they broke up the powerful Noikoro, exacted tribute from them, and made the river theirs as far as Bemanua; together they blotted out the Naloto, who held the passes to the northern coast, killing in one day more than four hundred of them, and driving the remnant as outcasts into the plain. Long after the white men had made their influence felt throughout Fiji,—long after the chief of Bau was courted as King of Fiji,—these two tribes, secure in their mountain fastnesses, lived their own life, and none, whether Fijian or white man, dared pass over their borders.

But their time was come. The despised white man, whom they had first known in the humble guise of a shipwrecked sailor or an escaped convict, was soon to overrun the whole Pacific, and before him the most dreaded of the Fijian gods and chiefs, the most honored of their traditions, were to pass away and be forgotten.

In the year 1869, a young Wesleyan missionary named Baker, against the advice of all the most experienced of the European settlers and the native chiefs, announced his intention of exploring the mountain districts alone. What good to the missionary cause he hoped for from his hazardous journey it is difficult to imagine. The harm that would certainly result to his fellow-missionaries if he were killed, and the loss of life that must ensue, must have been apparent to him and to every one else. But in spite of every warning, he persisted in his foolhardy enterprise, and he paid for it with his life and with the lives of several hundred others. He ascended the river Rewa with a small party of native teachers, but when he passed into the mountain district a whale's tooth followed him; for the power of the whale's tooth is this—that he who accepts it cannot refuse the request it car-

ries with it, whether it be for a mere gift, or for an alliance, or—for a human life. So he went on, while tribe after tribe refused to accept the fatal piece of ivory; but none the less surely did it follow him. At length one night, while he slept in a village of the Vatusila, the whale's tooth passed on before him to the rock fortress of Nambutautau, and their chief, Nawawambalavu, took it. When, next morning, Baker resumed his march, this chief met him in the road, and together they crossed the Singatoka river. As they climbed the steep cliff which leads to Nambutautau, it is recorded in a popular song of that time that the chief warned him ironically of his impending fate. "We want none of your Christianity, Mr. Baker. I think that to-day you and I shall be clubbed." Suddenly, at a spot where the path lies between high reeds, on the edge of a precipice, an attack was made upon them, and they were all struck down except one native teacher, who, slightly wounded, crawled into the thickest of the reeds. Baker's body was flung over the precipice, and the great wooden drum boomed out its death-beat to the villages far down the valley. That night the stone ovens were heated for their work, and the feast was portioned out to the various allies. But the most honorable portion—the head—was sent to Nandran, the subject of my sketch. At first he refused it, disapproving of the murder, which his foresight warned him would bring trouble upon them. But as his refusal threatened to sever the alliance, he afterward accepted it. It is recorded that the feet, from which the long boots had not been removed, were sent to Mongondro, whose chief, a melancholy, gentlemanly old man, was much disappointed at finding the skin of white men so tough.

After terrible hardship and danger, the wounded teacher made his way to the coast, and carried the news to Bau. A strong alliance was at once formed among the coast tribes to avenge the murder, and to crush the power of the mountaineers. There is in Fiji no gradation between the plains that fringe the coast and the mountains. A sheer barrier of rock, looking like the ruins of a gigantic fortification, rises boldly from the plain, broken only by the valleys which form the river-beds. Behind this wall lay a land of mystery, whose inhabitants were invested with au-

perstitious terrors, to which their ferocity and the extraordinary appearance of their huge mops of hair had doubtless contributed.

The attacking party was divided into three forces. One of them was to advance up the Singatoka from the south, a second to enter the "Devil" country by way of the Rewa from the east, and the third, commanded by the King of Fiji in person, was to surprise the valley of Nandrau from the northern coast. With the two first we have nothing to do, because they were defeated and turned back long before they reached their destination by the intermediate tribes. The third, hoping to form a junction with their allies, advanced boldly through the mountain passes. The country seemed deserted. They burned two or three abandoned villages, and emboldened by their success, they pressed on, more like an eager rabble than a military force, each man hoping to be the first to secure plunder. As they straggled over the grassy hills that surround Nandrau, suddenly from every clump of reeds big-headed warriors sprang up; they found themselves hemmed in, and Nandrau, headed by their chief, spent the day in slaughtering the flower of the Bau army. A remnant fled to the coast, hotly pursued by the mountaineers, and so crushing was the defeat that the king, Thakombau, narrowly escaped death at the hands of his vassals of Javua.

Not long after this victory, which had so firmly established his prestige in the mountains, Buli Nandrau seems to have favorably received some native teachers; and when a joint expedition of Europeans and natives was despatched to reduce Nambutautau, he seems to have been permitted to remain neutral. Nambutautau was burned, and the Vatusila and Noikoro tribes compelled to sue for peace. Teachers were allowed to enter their principal villages, and until the year 1875 they became nominal Christians. In that year, an event occurred which severely tried the firmness and good sense of Buli Nandrau. The islands had been annexed to Great Britain, and the mountain chiefs were invited to meet the first Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, at Navola on the southern coast. Some of them accepted, among whom was Buli Nandrau, who was anxious to judge for himself what the new order of things really was. He frankly gave his

allegiance to the Government, and in spite of the strongest temptation he never wavered afterward. For in the same year a terrible epidemic of measles, introduced accidentally from Sydney, carried off 40,000—nearly one-third of the whole population of the islands. It was natural that the mountaineers, perishing under this relentless and unknown disease, should have regarded it as the vengeance of the gods they had so lately deserted. If Christianity were a good thing, they said, why could it not save their children from death?

And so, early in 1876, most of the mountain tribes threw off the *sulu* (the Christian dress), and returned to the worship of their heathen gods. Only Buli Nandrau, seeing what the end must be, remained staunch, and by forming a barrier between the revolted tribes and those still wavering in their loyalty, prevented the disaffection from spreading. An expedition was despatched under Captain, now Major, Knollys, and with the assistance of the native allies, soon reduced the rebels to submission. They all nominally embraced Christianity, and an entrenched camp, garrisoned by an armed native force, and commanded by a Resident Commissioner, was established to ensure the future peace of the district.

Protected by their isolation from the vices of civilization, and enjoying a large share of self-government, these reformed cannibals are to-day the most contented and prosperous of all the Queen's subjects in Fiji; and if ever it has been necessary to adopt measures for their good which they could not understand at the time, the Commissioner has been always sure of the support and influence of Buli Nandrau.

I first saw him at the Provincial Council at Navola in 1886. He had no sooner arrived with his retinue than he sent his *mata* (herald) to announce him, and in a few minutes entered my house alone. He was a very tall, erect old man of about sixty-five or seventy—gray-haired, keen-eyed, and intelligent-looking. After the usual ceremonies inseparable from Fijian etiquette, he sat down and spoke of the politics of the district. It appeared to me remarkable that a man who had only left his native mountains two or three times, to take part in the great Council of Chiefs, should be so well acquainted with the history and political situation of the coast

tribes of Fiji. He spoke with great affection of Sir Arthur Gordon and of the ex-Commissioner, and bewailed the death of the great mountain chiefs whose places were now inadequately filled by their sons.

He was never absent from his place for a moment during the three days the council lasted, and his interest in the trivial affairs of other districts never flagged. It was curious to observe the great deference paid to his opinion by the other chiefs. When one of them, Buli Naloto, was found to have failed in his duties, Nandrau was appointed to reprove and caution him. His speech, which was short and to the point, was a model of that kind of eloquence. "Art thou," he said, "a chief in thine own right, to make war and to make peace as it pleases thee? Where was thy tribe before the Government came? A scattered remnant, seeking refuge on the plains from the vengeance of Nandrau! But the Government has taken pity on thee, and the land is at peace. Why art thou then disobedient to the Government, who has made thee a chief, and re-established thee in the lands of thy fathers?" This reproof was received by Buli Naloto with the most abject humility.

Not long after this, Buli Nandrau consulted me about the projected marriage of his daughter with the provincial scribe, who lived with me. He wished, he said, to cement by this marriage the ancient ties between Nandrau and Noikoro, but the day had passed for marrying girls against their will. His elder daughter had been a great grief to him. She had been so married, and had not long ago put an end to her life. Did I, he asked, from what I knew of Durutalo, think that Janeti would be happy with him? * This was not the only example I had of his strong domestic affection.

In the spring of the following year he wrote to me, asking for medicine to relieve a pain in his jaw, and from this time he was unable to leave his village. At length, one day early in July 1887, I received a pathetic letter from him, asking me to lose no time in coming to him. "I am very ill," he wrote, "and I would have you see my face before I die."

* This marriage afterward took place, and, less than a year later, Janeti, too, attempted her own life. This was after her father's death.

As the messenger, when questioned, made light of his illness, and I was myself not well enough to undertake so tiring a journey, I determined to wait until I was sure that his urgency was not merely the result of low spirits. But late on the following Sunday night I was awakened by the challenge of the sentry, and immediately afterward the deep cry of respect, known as the *tama*, sounded outside my sleeping-house. Lights were brought, and on the doorstep crouched a man, muddy, travel-stained, and exhausted by a long journey. I recognized him as a native of Nandrau, who was selected for his fleetness as district messenger, and when I saw that his hair and beard were cut short, I knew the nature of his errand.

"The chief is dead," he said; "and he told Tione not to bury him till you, sir, had seen his face. Tione sends you this message."

There was another reason that required my presence at Nandrau; Tione was not the only claimant to the succession, and I must be there to prevent a disturbance. The messenger would not even wait for food, but returned at once to announce my coming.

In a moment the camp was all awake, and the men turned out to prepare for the journey. The horses were brought in and saddled, and the baggage rolled up in parcels to be carried over the mountain roads. Before daybreak we were fording the river with an escort of some thirty armed constabulary and baggage-carriers. The road lay for some miles along the crest of a forest-clad ridge more than three thousand feet above the sea-level, and when it emerged near the old site of Nambutautau into open country, nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scenery. Two thousand feet below us on the right rushed the Singatoka, foaming among great boulders of rock, and still towering above us was the great wooded range that formed the water-shed of the island; while far away before us rose the mountain-wall which separated Tholo from the plains, seeming with its bare masses of castellated rock like a great ruined fortification. And now the road began to descend, and following a precipitous path, which momentarily endangered the legs of our horses, we plunged into the cool shadow of the precipices that overhung Nandrau. At a turn in the road we saw below us the now

historical village, jutting out over the river upon a broad ledge of rock. The *rara*, or village square, was crowded with people, and I noticed a train of women descending the sheer face of the opposite cliff, with loaded baskets on their backs, holding on to stout vines to steady themselves. And here we halted to give time to a messenger to announce our arrival, according to native custom. We watched him enter the village and saw the people vanish as if by magic into the houses, or sit in groups at the foot of the cocoa-nut palms, and then, in perfect silence, we passed through the village. At the fence that separated the dead chief's enclosure from the square we dismounted, and were conducted by his eldest son, Tione, to the clean matted house in which we were to lodge.

All through the night there was an incongruous mixture of the sounds of merriment and sorrow. On the river bank behind our house the five widows of the dead chief, with their women, howled and wailed till morning, like animals in pain. Sometimes the wails would die away into faint moans, and then a wild shriek from one of them would set them all going again. But on the other side stood the great *bure*, where all the funeral guests were feasting and drinking *yangona* in honor of the departed spirit.

Early next morning a messenger came to the door of our hut to ask if we would see the Buli's face. Followed by several of my men carrying the funeral gifts, I climbed to a small house built upon a high stone foundation. The inside was crowded with the neighboring chiefs, and I took my seat in silence. At the far end, wrapped in folds of native cloth and the finest mats, lay the body. The whale's tooth and funeral gifts were now brought in and formally presented by the *Mata-nivanua*, and accepted by an old man in the ancient Nandrau dialect, of which I could scarcely understand one word. And then, when a costly *rotuma* mat had been given for the body to lie upon in the grave, I made a short speech in the Bau dialect, and was conducted to see the face uncovered.

At mid day the great wooden drum was tolled, and the armed constabulary, looking very neat in their white *sulus* and blue tunics, were drawn up as a guard of honor near the cairn which was to form the

grave. At length the body, wrapped in mats, and followed by the wives and relations of the dead chief, passed slowly to the grave. Among all the mourners, I only noticed one case of genuine grief—the chief's daughter, Janeti; all the others, as is usual in Fijian funerals, appeared to wail in a prescribed form. Indeed one of the widows, having apparently seldom seen a white man before, stopped wailing for a moment to point me out eagerly to the other mourners. Then the body was carried into the little hut that surmounted the cairn, and we stood in the broiling sun until a native teacher had delivered a sort of funeral sermon.

When all was finished, every one acted according to the old proverb, "*Le roi est mort!—Vive le roi!*" and the question of whom I would appoint as his successor became the subject of discussion. When I returned to my house, I saw the widows at the water's edge apparently breaking up a number of carved wooden utensils with stones. These were the cups and dishes of their dead husband, which no man must henceforth touch lest their teeth drop out or they be bewitched. For if a man should drink from the cup of one who has eaten his relation, such evil will certainly befall him. But as I was exempt from this danger, the cup and the platter and fork used by the Buli in old days for human flesh, were presented to me.

At three o'clock I summoned a great meeting of all the natives, at which speeches in honor of the late chief were made, and I there provisionally appointed Tione—a rather unintelligent man of about thirty-five—to succeed his father, having first ascertained that this appointment would be acceptable to the majority. In the evening the people of Nandrau made a great feast to their visitors, and gave them return presents—a polite intimation that they were expected to leave on the following morning. These having been divided among the various tribes who were represented, feasting was continued until a late hour. But about nine o'clock, before the moon rose, an old man went out into the bush to call the dead Buli's spirit. We heard his voice calling in the distance for several minutes, and then amid the breathless silence of the assembled people, we heard the footsteps of some one running. "He has the

spirit on his shoulders," said a man near me, as the old man rushed past me to the tomb. Apparently he must have thrown the spirit into it, for after crying out, "It is all well," every one retired quietly to their huts for the night.

Before daybreak the next morning, Buli Nandrau was forgotten in the bustle of speeding parting guests, and as the sun

rose our bugle sounded the "fall-in." Passing out of the sombre shadow of the great cliff, we rode into bright sunlight, and we felt that just so had the shadows of the past given place to the light of a clearer knowledge, and that with this old warrior the old order had passed away, and a new had come.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

I.—FRANCE UNDER M. CONSTANS.

THE surprise undoubtedly caused on the 17th of March by the advent of the present French Ministry is of a curious nature, for it springs from the still greater surprise that the preceding Cabinet had not fallen at least four or five months before. But that the so-called *Ministère-Tirard* did not end its existence at the close of the Exhibition, which had been its creation, or at the close of the elections, which showed its victory, was explicable enough. The success of both had so surpassed all previous prevision, that it was hard to understand how the men who had been "*à la peine*," as they say in France, should not be "*à l'honneur*."

The mistake then committed did not lie in reality where people supposed, nor was it as a matter of fact clearly recognized until much later. The mistake was what might be called a *denominational* error, it lay in the misapplication of a title; the "*Ministère-Tirard*" never was the "*Ministère-Tirard*" at all, but was, from the very outset, the "*Ministère-Constans*." The "*survival of the fittest*" was hourly expected, and the "*fittest*" did not "*survive*," which resulted in trouble and confusion, for the moment M. Constans retired, the public mind was thoroughly convinced that he was the "*fittest*." Had but that one individual change been made in October 1889, after the outcome of the General Election, none of the hesitations and incoherencies that discouraged the national mind between October and March would have occurred. M. Tirard, with all his uprightness and all his luminous honesty, was merely the figure-head of the Cabinet. And, though a figure-head may often do — nay! fre-

quently has done—excellent service in a government where only mediocrities are behind it, no government ever yet came to good when behind the figure-head existed a genuine power, conscious of its own right to rule. Power once secured, once wielded, sometimes falls short of its own seemings, and is not so "*capax imperii*" as it was supposed; but the sense of power unsatisfied by attainment is a difficult thing to deal with, and rarely consents to inaction. Without effort it predominates, dispels the obstacles opposed to it, and, like the external atmosphere, presses in on men's minds, coercing them invisibly but irresistibly.

From the hour when M. Constans had been allowed to leave office (having, as some of his "friends" affirm, chosen the mode and moment of his secession!) it was felt that his return to authority was but a question of time. He had become an indispensable Minister.

For those who had left Paris in the autumn and come back for the meeting of Parliament before Christmas, the effect was a novel one; there was an unaccountable sensation of relief; they felt "governed," which, in the familiar political parlance of Gaul, means "taken care of!" apparently a source of great comfort to Continentals.

A prodigious "change" had no doubt come over the "spirit of their dream," for the first words heard on all lips, and from individuals of all classes and members of all parties, were: "Three men have saved France; the Home Minister, the *Garde des Sceaux*, and the *Procureur Général*. After a six months' absence in the Provinces or abroad, the danger averted had been recognized and seen to have been far too threatening not to be

acknowledged.* The individual merits of the Home Minister have been backed by circumstance, and his *raison d'être* has been vouchsafed him by the strange conjunction of "the hour and the man," indispensable to whomsoever is in his turn to occupy the position of a statesman.

The English public has never sufficiently seized the extraordinary importance of Boulangism. Because the leaders of the movement were of so low a stamp, because their following consisted all but exclusively of what must be characterized as a "rabble rout," it was, for the sake of the past greatness of the country, sought to be proclaimed that a horde of roughs, fit only for the *Cour des Miracles*, could not by any charlatanism, by any amount of mere intrigue, or of the most barefaced corruption, attain to the import of a public peril in a State that had once numbered such capacities as Richelieu, Colbert, or Talleyrand; or, in modern times, such

* A much more general consequence than could have been anticipated was the constant repetition of the same phrase by different people: "Yes! I, even I, who so accused them all some months ago, am obliged to admit from what danger, from what degradation, we have been rescued. That much accused '*Haute Cour*' has, spite of all, saved the country, and we owe it to the energy of M. Constans, to his never flagging '*esprit de ressource*,' and to his determination never to neglect the political requirements of the hour." The Minister of Justice, M. Thévenet, would have oftener shared these praises of his colleague, for he also stood his ground through the whole struggle; but he subsequently deserted himself on the question of the Libel Laws on the 8th of March in the Chamber, giving in to the haughty dictates of M. Clemenceau. But the cause most uneasy to solve was that of the Procureur Général, M. de Beaurepaire. From him in reality came the death blow. In his long and irrefutable "*requisitoire*" lay the evidence of indignity against which no one (unless prepared to forfeit every shadow of claim to respect) could dream of opposing the smallest resistance. But, curiously enough, the full weight of this was only felt with time, and is being daily now deeper graven on the public mind. Meanwhile the injustice had been too enormous, the calumnies too vile, for immediate atonement, and the true private character too reserved in its proud dignity, to make any patent approaches to atonement an easy matter. And so it was easier to give M. Constans the entire benefit of the situation, and from his obvious "governing" qualities deduce the "capacities" required by a Prime Minister, which is, in the abstract, the part enacted by the existing "*Ministre de l'Intérieur*."

noble characters as Duc Victor de Broglie, Royer Collard, Casimir Perier the elder, or General Foy. The excess of degradation shut out the conception of danger; you had to choose between the two, and whosoever wished to uphold the public fame of the nation had indignantly to scoff at the peril; but the fact that so long made it difficult for foreigners to understand the real state of the case was, that, far from choosing, you had at last to accept the *two*—both the degradation and the danger. The knee of the enemy was on the breast of the vanquished, and France, discouraged, inert, deprived of almost the desire to resist, was about not only to be strangled, but to be strangled by dirty hands.

Dates are eloquent. Let us consult them. It was neither by the so-called "Centenary" of 1789, nor even by the success of the World's Fair, that the peril was overcome; for the true origin of all mischief must be placed at the hour when M. Clemenceau forced on the weakness of M. de Freycinet his relative, General Boulanger, as Minister of War! General Boulanger was in office when he was able to begin his nefarious career, and the abettors of his first attempts at treason were, consciously or unconsciously, his colleagues! But, till the spring of 1889, no actual commencement of execution was entered upon, and ministry succeeded ministry without any patent indication of downright treason.

The Exhibition of 1889 was to be opened by the "People's Idol," declared the lieutenants of this "Hero," and 60 or 70 at least of the 600 odd Electoral Colleges of the country were to send him by an indirect *Plébiscite* to triumph eventually at the Elysée, where over a year before M. Carnot had been installed in recognition of his integrity. Very brave and very honest Ministers came and went, but they would not perceive the danger. M. Floquet, than whom none was braver, despised General Boulanger—the France of Lamartine and Tocqueville could not, in his mind, descend to "try a fall" with such a wrestler!—and M. Tirard became President of the Council. None more honest ever lived; but he, too, disdained the "Circus rider," counting for security on the genuine rectitude underlying the immense majority of the population. In short, the official guardians of public

safety and public good repute remained comparatively indifferent, their sole attempts at resistance being confined to measures of professional precaution, such as the *mise en réserve*, etc., never venturing on the serious "*Halte la!*" of a court-martial. Such commanders as Saussier, Février, Miribel, Galliffet and others, held another opinion; but here, again, the exceedingly stern contempt of the practical soldier acted, to a certain degree, against any over-strong repression to be wasted on such an *Insect!*

Pending this, M. Constans had become Minister of the Interior, and when the so-styled Ministère Tirard had been formed, the hand of the former had already begun to make itself felt.

The "*moment psychologique*" had arrived, which M. Constans was in no way the man to let slip; it was neither his capacity nor even his resolution—though he was amply credited with both—that made him the "father of the hour," it was the "circumstance," the happy chance that furnished him with an adversary to overcome; an adversary who, in spite of his indignity, had grown into a public enemy, and whom the justice of the nation was at last called upon to denounce.

The real *raison d'être* of M. Constans was Boulangism, and the fact that placed him virtually at the head of the Government, dooming him to be its inspiring medium, was the convocation of the *Haute Cour de Justice*.

At the first moment, nevertheless, the stroke seemed so bold a one that the timid mediocrity of the public was startled, and, instead of applauding, it cavilled and snarled, the *Intransigeants* of all shades (whether Jacobin or Jacobite) launching out into all but unmitigated abuse, and the wavering vulgar opining that such "strong measures" might be better left untried.

Another incident tended to augment the doubts of the irresolute "crowd," and to induce a kind of notion that the *Haute Cour* was incompetent, and the decree instituting it a proceeding of ambiguous legality, if not of absolute illegality itself. The then existing Procureur Général, M. Bouchez, who had become notorious from his Wilsonian proclivities, refused to obey the orders of his Chief, the new Minister of Justice. M. Thévenet had quite recently become Keeper of the Seals, and to

him fell the lot of dealing with the recusant M. Bouchez. At that moment it became evident that M. Constans had not only well chosen the second member of the necessary Triumvirate, but that (at last!) a proceeding seemed inevitable, and once initiated was about to be persevered in: the *Garde des Sceaux*, without hesitation, set aside the disobedient functionary and commenced his quest for a fresh Procureur Général. Nor did this take long. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Premier Avocat Général à la Cour d'Appel, was the next in the line of succession, and, in default of his titular superior, was the legitimate heir to the latter's rank. He accepted;—it may be in ignorance of what the price would be for such an unhesitating assumption of one of the noblest responsibilities ever incurred by a French civilian—but to dispute an obvious duty never occurred to him, and luckily the "three men" were at once forthcoming of whom it is now unanimously said that they "saved their country."

The "Réquisitoire" of the Procureur Général photographed General Boulanger; it was lengthy, for perforce it had to light up every nook and corner of his disgraceful career. But in its exhaustiveness and its ultimate aim, it stands best on a level with Sir A. Cockburn's miraculous achievement in the case of the "Claimant." At all events it did its work completely, and as time went by, the entire public, foregoing its hostile prejudices, came to acknowledge loudly from what a wretched adventurer's attempts the distraught and well-nigh helpless nation had been saved.

The definite effect, however, was not produced till later. The Decree of Convocation was signed on the 5th of April, 1889, but the preliminaries of the *Procès* were opened publicly only on the 12th of July. The intervening three months had been taken up by the Exhibition, which captivated not only the attention of all France, but so fascinated the whole world, that for the moment no one had freedom of thought for anything save the wonders of the Champ de Mars, and in France there was, from Calais to Bordeaux and from Marseilles to Brest, no vagrant interest left to spend on the details of a State trial. The fact, nay, the very name of a State trial was regarded as an anachronism, and while it was going on, the daily accounts of its progress were, when not

unnoticed, distinctly looked upon as a bore. They interrupted the noisy enjoyments of the "big Fair." The Eiffel Tower was triumphant, the *exotiques* of the famous Esplanade were entrancing, and the vile conspiracies of Boulanger and his gang were treated with indifference. It was even observed that if their utter contemptibility were proved, it obviously became more and more ridiculous to talk of such low "misdemeanants" as dangerous for France!

But the principal *accusé* suddenly took fright, and fled—thus tacitly implying that he did not esteem his chances of escape as at all clear. From the day of his disappearance to that of the sentence by the *Haute Cour*—on the 14th of August—condemning him to the extreme penalty of the law, General Boulanger dropped out of public estimation, and was as though he had never been. The *Exposition* was in the dazzling zenith of its splendor, the Eiffel Tower filled the universe with its notoriety, the calumnious inventions of the Boulangerists of all colors had the field to themselves against all the Government authorities and all functionaries who had resolutely done their duty; the elections were a brilliant success; the Exhibition closed with a display of fireworks so magnificent that all else was thrown into the shade; the new Chamber was excellently well composed, and under the still enduring "Ministère-Tirard" France was prosperous and contented: the *Country* had vanquished the *Capital*; Paris was nearly as much condemned as the "Convict" of *la Haute Cour*, but the latter, with his plumes and his black charger, his red pinks and his *soupers fins*, his *calèches* and "belles dames," swords of honor, *chaunts* of glory, or *Chansons Paulus* and the rest of all the "properties" belonging to his Thespian cart, all, all had vanished—were out of remembrance, gone! forever gone!

When the tumult was stilled, when autumn and its silence began again to reign—then the nation settled down to reflect. Face to face with the past, tired of the excitements that had distracted it, the French people set to work to examine what had really occurred; and, with time to take minutely into account what, while it was doing they sought to ignore, they fixed a steadier attention on what had incontestably been done. They read the

record then of what had so nearly been their indelible shame, and could not conceal from their conscience the horror of the battle so narrowly won. But when the truth came, it came amply, sufficiently: "Three men have saved France," was the unstinted acknowledgment, and the danger that was no more, but *had been*, was no longer gainsaid. The Ministry endured and went still by the name of "*le Ministère-Tirard*," when suddenly there rolled forth a rapid succession of events that, in no metaphorical sense, "took the nation's breath away."

An exchange of thought arose between France and Germany, and emphasized itself in M. Carnot's appeal to peace in his New Year's speech, and in a cry throughout Europe of "*Disarmament*," first bursting from Jules Simon's lips. The echo came from Berlin in Kaiser Wilhelm's *Rescripts*. Was France to attend the Conference? Yes! Thanks to an admirable discourse of M. Spuller's on the Debate, a majority was obtained by Government, which failed only by four Bonaparte-Boulangist votes of being positive unanimity! This was the turning-point of the situation. On the 6th of March, the Executive became responsible, and Parliament declared that all things relating to the direction of Foreign policy, and of the Berlin Conference, even to the alternation of Ministries, were to be exclusively dependent on the Executive authority.

Meanwhile, but a few days before, on a private quarrel at a Cabinet Council, M. Constans had insisted on resigning,* and M. Bourgeois, lately Under-Secretary in M. Floquet's Ministry (1889), had been named Home Minister.

At this, there broke forth a universal expression of what can only be described as "consternation"! M. Tirard still remained President of the Council, and the Chief of the State still reserved for his undeniable honesty an almost exclusive tribute of admiration, respect, and trust.

The 6th of March registered a triumph which a French Chamber had rarely witnessed, and even among the bitterest reactionaries little room was left for blame, though much for regret. "Why have

* Seizing the pretext of a judicial appointment deemed irregular, the Home Minister suddenly tendered his resignation, which M. Carnot unexpectedly accepted.

consented to lose Constans?" was the all-prevailing reproach.

On the 8th the Ministry was overturned by a Protectionist move in the Senate, of which no one suspected the importance or anticipated the result, but of which, at last, even the Prime Minister perceived the inevitable significance, and showed his appreciation by his immediate retirement. The President of the Republic, now fulfilling to the extremest limit his *constitutional* responsibilities, called the New Cabinet together, insisting so peremptorily upon each one "doing his whole duty," that in *forty eight hours* the present group of public servants was gathered round the chief of the State. M. de Freycinet, fairly fitted for the War Ministry (as experience has proved), but forbidden the Foreign Office, of which he had been persistently dreaming, was—although formally President of the Council—subordinated to the influence of M. Constans, which every one knew to be supreme.

The acceptance of the latter's resignation had been a great mistake; his recall to office was a triumph, a plain avowal of his indispensability.

"The only man of governing capacity, the only Ruler!" said the *Times*;* "*die Seele des Ministerium*," exclaimed the German press—no sooner had he reoccupied his post than the deep sense of relief became everywhere apparent, and all parties were fixed in their opinions, whether encouraged, if consenting, or, if hostile, overawed.

The people who had had leisure from November to the New Year to examine what had occurred, saw restored to power the man who had presided both over the Exhibition and the elections, but who—more than all else—had destroyed the cause of perturbation, of anarchy, of civil war. There never was at any moment any chance of a Victory on General Boulanger's part, of a distinct achievement of permanent rule (for that he was devoid of the requisite *means*); but, of a debasing, exhausting, ignoble civil war, plunging the land into every possible physical and moral evil, disgracing and impoverishing it—of *this*, France was never at any period within the last two hundred years so near. It was from *this* the nation was rescued by the convocation of *la Haute Cour*, and

the unflinching determination with which those who instituted, watched over and conducted it.

The Triumvirate, so applauded (once the danger was suppressed), did not so much *overthrow* General Boulanger (you can only overthrow what has stood) as it swept him away. Boulangism succumbed to a measure of public salubrity, purifying the political air. The present Cabinet is firmly seated.

II.

Individually, M. Constans is an interesting study. A Southerner, but of a harder type, there is a great deal of Thiers in M. Constans. Born in a bleaker South and of a less pliant nature than the supple, semi-Grecian, cradled on the shores of the tideless sea, this hardy product of the Alpine Jura has more of the peculiar *âpreté* of the bare hill-side, than of the insinuating persuasiveness of his cultivated Provençal predecessor. Yet still, as you watch him, how much he recalls to you some of the attributes of the *fin compère*, who was M. Thiers! The flash of the eye, the aggressiveness of the mouth (so much fiercer than in the former) and the accent, so unlike and yet so like, and (do what you will, to those who are familiar with it) so invariably indicative of the secret sense of successful acuteness.

"*Acta non verba*" is the present Home Minister's device, borne out by him upon every occasion; while with M. Thiers words always heralded in deeds, announcing or foretelling them, the speaker ever deriving pleasure from their sound.

M. Constans has in the highest degree two qualities without which no British Parliamentary Leader could ever completely feel himself equipped; he is always ready, and always full of gladness at his own strength. Power is never complete if not ready, and joyous at its own readiness to strike. Let any one remember Palmerston and his almost boisterous glee at finding himself at any moment prepared to "lay about him" in debate! The presence of that quality is unmistakable in M. Constans, though perhaps a trifle quieter. He needs no preparation, but is on the instant ready with a sort of "if-you-won't-take-that-then-take-this" manner of argument, mostly resulting in the immediate shutting up of the opponent. And so few words are required for

* 31st March, 1890.

this healthy exercise! As, for instance, on two occasions just before the Easter Recess, a member having petitioned in the approved Demagogic whine for "*Indemnities*" to certain unemployed loafers: "I've plenty of '*Indemnities*' at my disposal for the *unemployed*," replied the Minister;—at which the first speaker having exulted somewhat imprudently—"One moment, please," retorted M. Constans: "I've got all I want, I want no help, but *not one liard* shall be given if any *demonstration* be attempted, for the Government is resolved to keep the public thoroughfares clear for the public use."

And on the very day of the closing of the Chambers, when something was heard about "distrust of the honest workman," as a reproof to the authorities, "I distrust no working man," said, with calm decision, M. Constans, "but I *do* distrust those among you who, *not* being working men, put yourselves at their head and desire only to create disorder, and I warn you that nothing of the kind will be tolerated."

The clear-sighted determination of the Home Minister, throughout, has done more for the tranquillity of the State than foreigners can conceive. He has made the Law supreme; Armed Force is but its instrument. This it is which is an innovation; for it is not to be denied that in France, more than elsewhere, was the notion of "*La force prime le droit*" an essentially popular one, inasmuch as the public never felt itself definitively secure or protected save under the action of the sabre. The "*journées de Juin*" of '48 reassured the possessing and orderly classes, comforted them by brute force (!!), but made possible the *coup d'état* of December '51, and sowed the seeds of all that has disorganized the country since. The reign of violence is prevented by the condemnation of Boulangism, and by the reasons on which it was based. The victory of the *Régisitoire* was the restoration of the reign of Civil Law, and of those Parliamentary principles of which historical France had once every cause to be proud. The War Minister is no longer needed to repress riot. Right has been reaffirmed, and the worth of an uncompromising citizen has proved a power. The Executive, with M. Carnot, is behind; M. Constans, at his side, wields the authority of Government, but in the

front of the battle, bearing its whole brunt, was the new Procureur Général chosen by the Keeper of the Seals. It is just and it is well that honest, law-abiding Britain should know of such men; the consequences of their act may be unlimited. It is a new era that opens now for France.

It is eminently satisfactory to mark the impression made by such short utterances which every one *knows** represent facts. These *méridionaux* of France are of two descriptions; some hide their force, nurse it with a sense of latent availability—a staying as well as a winning power; others let it loose, steeping it as an arrow in some pungent fluid of poisonous malice—but of its existence no Southerner is unconscious. He uses his Power differently; but Power is always a faculty on which he stealthily relies or with buoyancy exults. It is in one shape or other the produce and proof of the glorious ann in his veins, and gives him his best right to rule over his fellow-men. Mirabeau was a Provençal, and while the fire of life lasted, ruled. Constans is a Thiers of a more robust mould—not so much "dogged," perhaps—(the word is too staid and slow for the quick climate!) but, we repeat it, *àpre*, a sort of *sunburned* soul—not as was Thiers, forever aiming at circumventing wiser men. In their finer political qualities, in the resources of their sharp wits, there is much that is alike, but in its unlimited readiness much is quite different. M. Thiers would probably have been just as successful as M. Guizot in plotting the "Spanish marriages" in '47; but M. Thiers would never, under analogous circumstances, have ventured on the Convocation of the *Haute Cour* last year, and supported to the end all the conclusions of the famous *Régisitoire*.

The world outside France must make up its mind to the supremacy of M. Con-

* "Nothing equals solid reputation in a Minister," says a leading Parisian journal. "In the practice of Parliamentary Governments it is the equivalent of prestige. The lovers of disorder know thoroughly that M. Constans never trifles with the public weal (*ne plaisante jamais avec la tranquillité de la rue*), that a word from him is enough, and no matter what may be the hankering after a small 'row,' the most violent shrink back into themselves before the quietest expression of the Home Minister's will."

stans in the French Government. We must now cast a glance over one or two of his colleagues.

III.

Most of the members of the existing French Cabinet are what may be properly called men of action, with the single exception of its nominal Head. Of the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Bourgeois, it is scarcely requisite to speak. He may in almost every sense be regarded as the "other half" of the Home Minister, and the similarity of opinions, origin, previous occupation, official habits, and, above all, temperament, may pretty well ensure identity of purpose and conduct from simultaneous impulse and thought. As Ministers of Finance and Commerce, M. Rouvier and M. Roche are unequivocally chiefs, formed to direct, and surrounded by men who, though not of their own calibre, may still be regarded as in a certain degree adding weight to the constitution of a Cabinet.

M. Ribot is officially untried, but there can be no question of his being in many respects a "right man" at the Foreign Office, provided that no too violent or sudden strain tries the "temper of his mettle" beyond what nature has fitted it to bear. M. Ribot possesses the gift of practical parliamentary eloquence in a high degree, has considerable knowledge of the diplomatic history of the outer world, and, socially speaking, has all the requirements for pleasing the educated foreign elements with which he must be brought in contact, and carrying to a favorable end any negotiations he may be trusted to initiate. M. Roche is distinctly and by common consent a "rising man;" one of the youngest of all, and one most evidently destined to rise highest.

Of M. Rouvier more must be said, for he has been proved to have genuine strength and has been tried by circumstance. Like his countryman M. Constans (both are Southerners), M. Rouvier counts *facts* behind him: one of no small importance.

Three times in office, once as *Premier* (in succession to M. Goblet in 1887), M. Rouvier is a born financier, open to all modern ideas and bigoted to none. His first term of power was in the winter of 1881 under Gambetta, when M. Léon Say

not having been named, M. Rouvier was appointed in his stead.

As a Parliamentary speaker his capacities are remarkable, for he is equally an orator and a debater; and none surpass him in business eloquence, while his grasp of a general situation is as varied as it is firm and clear.

Not only a fact (as aforesaid) but a very great fact, lies behind M. Rouvier, giving him an exceptionally solid backing in public esteem. M. Rouvier saved the Paris Market from ruin; from the disaster of a *Krach* perhaps more tremendous than any of those suffered in different capitals during the last fifteen years, and did so principally through the exercise of his own individual qualities.

We have no space to enter here upon the details of French finance (by far the most intricate knot to be untied in her actual complications); no limits that will admit of discussing Protection or Free Trade, or judging of the degree in which more public burdens may be further borne, or wider alleviations of them rendered possible; neither have we the intention of describing with more minuteness the drama which took place last year on the failure of the *Comptoir d'Escompte*, and the scandals of the "Copper Ring;"—but the remembrance of those events is fresh in every one's mind, and for the credit of M. Rouvier the more it is all remembered the better; for not alone by his technical capacity but by his unyielding firmness, and by qualities that were those of a character of downright grit, did M. Rouvier save the credit of the country, and inspire confidence in the powers in whose hands rested *material* salvation.

When the head of the house of Rothchild pronounced as his deliberate judgment that a Government headed by a man of such unimpeachable integrity as M. Carnot, was a government to be rescued and supported, it was the energy of M. Rouvier that furnished the means of applying the good will; and none who witnessed the struggles of that November night in 1889 will be disposed to abate by one iota the value of the Finance Minister's efforts. M. Rouvier, leaning on higher material forces, helped to snatch the visible representation of French finance from the abyss which was yawning at its feet. In another sphere M. Rouvier,

gained a victory of as much importance, as did M. Constans by the crushing of General Boulanger and his sect. It is from this fact he dates.

But now, in the face of such events, what will specially account for the possibility of such dangers having been incurred? What made France descend from her former level? We answer in a few words: the deterioration of her moral worth through her mental culture. The expression of her thought has been at the root of all. Her literature has caused the lowering of her moral standard. After the unbridled reign of injustice, ending in 1815 with the downfall of the First Empire, came a period of unhealthy and false sentimentalism, during which weakness assumed at every opportunity the disguise of compassion. To Victor Hugo and his school may be traced the original sources of this disease. The lofty culture of the seventeenth century and the eloquence of the eighteenth, were gradually perverted into a perfect revel of wrong; from *Marion Delorme* to the *Dernier jour d'un condamné*, the Bard of the new Inspiration turned absolute shame into a *Fons Honoris*, and down to our day, in which not Fame but Notoriety shouts forth names no pure or honest woman (or man) should repeat, the progress of vitiation of the national mind has been steadily going on. At last it would seem that, in the hysterical materialism of our age, the culminating point has been reached. The defeat of all falsehood, all perversity, all corruption, may perhaps be symbolized in the defeat of Boulangism. In the beginning of the plot, over a year and a half ago, it was often suggested that the best barrier to such political indignity would be found in the political purity and political worth of the new Executive. "Let us oppose, man to man," was a cry often heard, "let us oppose Carnot to Boulanger!" Perhaps the attempt may be successful, who knows? With the latent capacity for weighing the genuine worth now installed in the highest official Place, the public may one day be brought to bow down to the simple truth, proclaimed in the concluding phrase of the *Réquisitoire* of the 12th of August last:—

"Le bien et le mal sont d'ordre absolu . . . il est temps de se souvenir qu'il ne faut pas tout pardonner aux hommes . . . Ce qui est bien est bien,

ce qui est mal est mal et sera toujours mal . . . c'est la loi fondamentale . . . et au dessus des hommes il y a la loi de Dieu ! . . ." *

II.—GERMANY WITHOUT BISMARCK.

AMONG those few hundred persons who suggest and form public opinion in the chief centres of European intelligence it has been assumed, and correctly so, in all probability, that the retirement of Otto Leopold von Bismarck from the post of power and trust which he has occupied in the Prussian Monarchy for nearly thirty years, and in the German Empire ever since its creation, was significant of a radical change in the domestic and foreign policy of the realm which he may be said to have founded, consolidated, and heretofore governed. Cabinet Ministers and Court officials of high rank, party leaders and permanent Under-Secretaries of State, parliamentary magnates and financial potentates—in short, all the wire-pullers who contribute to the manufacture of contemporary history—appear to be at one in their appreciation of the meaning and purport of this important incident. From the character of the differences that have occurred during the past six months between Prince Bismarck and the third German Emperor, from the circumstance that those differences have one and all been of the young Kaiser's origination, and from the inflexibility with which His Majesty has adhered to a line of action rendering the ex-Chancellor's resignation inevitable, it has been inferred that William II., on or shortly after succeeding to his inheritance of rule, made up his mind definitively to emancipate himself from political tutelage, to govern his realms in conformity with his own judgment and inspiration, and, above all, to be his own Prime Minister.

Although those who have been well acquainted—among them, Prince Bismarck himself—with William of Hohenzollern during his youth and early manhood, have been for a considerable number of years aware that he is a person of strong will, vehement energy, and fervid temperament, highly imaginative, self-confident, and impatient of control, they appear to

* The words by which the Procureur Général, M. de Beaurepaire, concluded his summing up on the Boulanger trial.

have been unprepared for his recent assertion of sovereign independence, and to have expected that his vigorous individuality would have expressed itself otherwise than by shaking off the leading-strings transmitted to him by his father and grandfather, and by wresting the helm of the State-ship from the mighty hand that had swayed it without intermission throughout the two preceding reigns. The anticipations of these competent authorities, as far as the successor of Frederick the Noble was concerned, pointed to military enterprise rather than to an initiative in politico-economical and politico-social reforms, avowedly undertaken with a view to maintaining and consolidating the peace of Europe.

Before his accession to the throne, Prince William of Hohenzollern had been chiefly known to his fellow-countrymen as an eager student of military science, an accomplished practical soldier, and an ardent German Chauvinist. He was credited with a high ambition to emulate the brilliant feats of generalship performed by his great ancestor, Frederick II., and with a passionate desire to achieve distinction at the head of his army—the finest marching and fighting machine in the world—as a successful strategist and victorious commander. According to some accounts, his hatred of France and the French was intense and insurmountable; others attributed to him a no less cordial detestation of Russia and the Russians. Moreover, his dislike of this country and its institutions, as well as of his English kinsfolk, was professed by “those who knew” to be a matter of public notoriety. On similar authority he was charged with disobedience to his father and undutifulness to his mother. It was believed that he had absolutely submitted himself to the influence and guidance of Prince Bismarck, his political instructor and sole confidant, whose hostility toward his illustrious parents was an established fact of thirty years’ standing. His reverence and admiration for his grandfather, unquestionably deep and enthusiastic, were said to extend to the venerable Emperor’s political principles and governmental views, which, being based upon the Divine Right of Kings and the dogmas of military discipline, were perilously reactionary, and grotesquely out of keeping with the spirit of the present age. Such, graphically

sketched by skilful word-painters claiming an accurate knowledge of their subject, was the picture of William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, shortly after those exalted dignities devolved upon him by the premature decease of his heroic sire, “the noblest Hohenzollern of them all,” on June 15th, 1888, not yet two years ago.

That picture, far from being an accurate likeness, or even a clever caricature, has turned out a mere daub, vicious alike in drawing and color, faulty in conception and incorrect in execution. Within twenty-two months of his accession to sovereign power, Europe has found itself compelled to recognize in the son of Frederick and Victoria a trustworthy guarantor of its peace, a high-souled philanthropist, and a sincere friend to the working man. His first act, at the expiration of his term of strict family mourning, was to reassure France, who believed him bent upon her conquest, and was panic-stricken by the expectation of another German invasion, headed by an ambitious and French-hating young soldier on his probation, from whom she could not hope for mercy. His second was to hold out the right hand of good-fellowship to his cousin Alexander Alexandrevich, and, by re-establishing an *entente cordiale* between the two great military empires of the North, to arrest the development of the Franco-Russian Alliance. Having conciliated his two puissant and unfriendly neighbors, and checked a hostile combination fraught with menace to New Germany, the young Emperor proceeded to consolidate the Triple Alliance—by which the tranquillity of the Continent has been maintained throughout the past twelve years—by ratifying in person, at the Hofburg and the Quirinal, the confidential engagements entered into by his venerable grandsire with the sovereigns of Austria-Hungary and United Italy. During his sojourn in Rome he rendered King Humbert one of those services for which even monarchs are grateful, by conclusively dispelling the Pontiff’s illusions in relation to the possibility of resuscitating the Temporal Power. Through this master-stroke of policy he established himself firmly in the good graces of the Italian nation, and greatly increased his popularity throughout seven-eighths of the Fatherland. A few months later he paid this country a

visit, the results of which have been manifestly felicitous. All previous misunderstandings between his English kinsfolk and himself were cleared away, and a cordiality was imparted to Anglo-German relations which had been lacking to them ever since the death of the Prince Consort.

The general astonishment aroused by His Majesty's frank and emphatic avowal of his heartfelt desire to stand well with the British nation had scarcely subsided when William II., by stepping to the front of the political stage in the character of an enterprising and intelligent reformer, gave his detractors to understand that his stock of surprises was by no means exhausted. The attitude which he unexpectedly assumed toward a hardly-used class of operatives, *à propos* of the great colliery strikes in his narrower Fatherland, left no doubt as to his intention to vindicate the rights of labor against the might of capital, as far as in him lay. This new departure was closely followed by his promulgation of the two famous Rescripts, signifying his desire that the existent laws regulating labor in Germany should be remodelled in a manner beneficial to the industrial classes, and intimating that he had resolved to convoke an International Congress for the purpose of inquiring into the life-conditions of the European working man and of suggesting legislation for their improvement. That His Majesty, in taking this important step, was inspired by the ideas of his father—set forth in the impressive manifesto addressed "To My People," by Frederick the Noble four days after his accession—rather than by those embodied in the Workmen's Insurance Bill reluctantly sanctioned by William I.—a Bismarckian experiment in the direction of State Socialism, qualified by the Imperial author of the "February Rescripts" as insufficient, impractical, and platonic—is plainly manifest. The issue of these edicts led immediately to the public disclosure of the young Kaiser's unsuspected resolve to turn over a new leaf, as far as the home policy of Germany was concerned, and to sever himself from the predominant statesman in whom the first German Emperor had reposed an implicit and inexpugnable confidence. As the question mooted in the Rescripts was one directly concerning the Ministry of Com-

merce, the portfolio of which was at that time held by Prince Bismarck, His Majesty submitted the documents in question to the Chancellor's inspection, and *pro forma* requested him to express his opinion thereupon. In reply the Prince observed that "a younger man than himself would be better able to carry out the Imperial wishes," and tendered his resignation as Minister of Commerce, which the Emperor accepted on the spot. This incident was the first outward and visible sign of the "little rift within the lute" which was destined to widen, six weeks later, into an irreparable breach between Wilhelm von Hohenzollern and Otto von Bismarck.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte; and the Kaiser, having taken that momentous "first step," lost little time in completing his deliverance from a tutelage which, it may reasonably be assumed, had become intolerably irksome to him. The means of emancipation lay ready to his hand. Under the reign of William I. Prince Bismarck had arrogated to himself an almost complete and exclusive control over the affairs of the State—with the exception of those relating to the army—and in such sort that information of importance emanating from German official sources could only reach the aged Emperor through the medium of his Chancellor. Departmental and even Ministerial reports were addressed to the latter, who conveyed or did not convey their purport to His Majesty, as he thought fit: or, if it became the indisputable duty of any particular Minister or exalted functionary—such as the President of a provincial government, for instance—to report direct to the Kaiser, it was no less imperative upon him, before asking for an audience, to consult Prince Bismarck as to the nature and form of the "Vortrag" or exposition of facts to be brought to the Imperial cognizance. William I. aged rapidly after his miraculous recovery from the injuries inflicted on him by Dr. Nobiling in June 1878. Deep as was his devotion to duty, he found it convenient, in and after his eighty first year, to shift a part of his burden of responsibility to the stalwart shoulders of his trusted adviser, who was at least as willing to relieve him as he himself was to be relieved. In military matters alone the old Emperor retained his interest to the last, and upon them he concentrated what attention he

could command. Bismarck, for his part, judiciously abstained from meddling with them. The War Minister and Chief of the General Staff made their reports, verbally or in writing, direct to the Head of the Army, who, however, was wholly and solely dependent upon the Reichskanzler for tidings relating to home and foreign affairs. This quasi-monopoly of authority and information by His Highness necessarily continued in force during the ninety-nine days' reign of Frederick III., a dying man when he came to the throne, with barely strength enough to formulate his profession of faith as a ruler of men, to communicate to his subjects the noble programme of reform which, had he been spared, he would undoubtedly have carried out, and to impart to his successor the inestimable advice that William II. is now carrying out with characteristic thoroughness. The young Emperor was doubtless cognizant of this particular development of Bismarckian predominance during his grandfather's latter years, and probably saw nothing particularly objectionable in it, for he then professed to regard the Chancellor as the wisest of living men, and, being himself rigorously excluded from any participation in State business, was in all likelihood of opinion that Bismarck was the ablest and fittest person to transact it. When, later on, the effects of that predominance came home to him personally, as Kaiser, he soon realized that it was an encroachment upon his sovereign rights and an infringement of his hereditary prerogatives.

As might have been expected from a man of such singular energy and indomitable resolution, he made up his mind, after long and careful consideration, to rid himself of an *imperium in imperio*, the very existence of which was incompatible with the maintenance of his dignity and self-respect. By taking upon himself, and with shining success, the conduct of one important transaction after another abroad, he weakened the Chancellor's influence in foreign countries, and demonstrated that, after all, Bismarck was not indispensable to the furtherance of Germany's welfare; by adopting a home policy that could not fail to prove unpalatable to the great statesman, he made his retirement unavoidable. During the Kaiser's memorable "round of European calls," William II. played the

part of a diplomatic *chef de mission* as well as that of a *debonnair* young monarch, eager to ingratiate himself with his seniors in sovereignty by a timely display of graceful deference and high-bred courtesy. Subsequently, with respect to the Prussian colliery-strikes and to the Labor Question in general, his comments and suggestions were equivalent to a condemnation of the attitude which had been hitherto observed toward workmen's grievances by the executive under the Bismarckian régime. Having thus adroitly led up to his predetermined *dénouement*, he brought on its conclusive crisis by a verbal communication to Prince Bismarck, in the nature of a "command," to the effect that he, the Emperor, desired his Ministers and other exalted State officials, "qualified to judge and to express opinions on matters connected with their departments," to make thenceforth their reports "direct to him." To this Imperial decision, which struck at the very root of the Chancellor's predominance in the State, there was no alternative. Prince Bismarck took nearly a week to consider whether or not he could remain in office with maimed privileges and abated prestige, and, having arrived at the conclusion that he could not, sent in his resignation, which was promptly accepted with the customary assurances of gratitude and regret which Continental monarchs are so prodigal of—for they cost nothing—to out-going Ministers who have forfeited their confidence and favor.

The Emperor's choice of a titular successor to the great Chancellor sufficiently indicated His Majesty's resolve to govern as well as to rule for the future; to take the guidance and management of State affairs into his own hands; and to dispense with the intervention of any restive, intractable individuality between his subjects and himself. General or Admiral von Caprivi—the whilom War Minister holds both ranks—is a typical Prussian scientific soldier, the outcome of assiduous study, rigid discipline, and long, faithful service. He embodies the virtues of obedience, promptitude, and punctuality so highly and justly prized in the army of which William II. is Commander-in-Chief, and to which Germany owes her national unity and European influence. He can be reckoned upon to receive the commands of his Sovereign without objec-

tion or comment, and to carry them out to the letter. But in accepting the high office of Chancellor he has no more pretension to be a statesman than he had to be a sailor when William I. appointed him Chief of the German Admiralty in succession to another distinguished military staff officer. Unless the Emperor had preferred to abolish the Chancellorship on Bismarck's retirement, it was a foregone conclusion that his choice should fall upon some such splendid piece of mechanism, some such superb incarnation of discipline, loyalty and irresponsibility as Caprivi di Caprera. That any of Bismarck's acolytes should succeed him as Reichskanzler was absolutely out of the question; firstly, because the Kaiser is the unlikeliest man alive to content himself with a divided allegiance; secondly, because all the ex-Chancellor's chief subordinates, including his elder son, were mere puppets of his own fashioning—clerks of a very superior description, but not statesmen. It was pliability and self-effacement, not originality and initiative, that recommended them to the master-spirit who could endure no rivalry, and regarded with suspicious dislike any combination of talent and independence that happened to obtrude itself upon his notice. When Bismarck fell, it was rumored in Berlin that one of these assiduous, obedient, impersonal men would be commanded to step into his shoes, and the names of Hohenlohe, Muenster, Radowitz, Keudell, Hatzfeldt, Herbert Bismarck, Alvensleben—even of Moritz Busch—were mentioned in this connection. There was not the faintest chance for any of them. What the Emperor wanted was a docile Chancellor—a military mediocrity devoted to himself, not a diplomatic non-entity with Bismarckian proclivities. Equally unfounded was the report that His Majesty had offered the Chancellorship to Count Waldersee, the eminent strategist who succeeded Hellmuth von Moltke as Chief of the General Staff. Waldersee is a man of genius, indomitable spirit and strong individuality; not at all the sort of person for whom the present ruler of Germany has any use, in the capacity of Prime Minister. In selecting him for appointment to the post he now occupies, William II. gave him the preference over Blumenthal, Leszczynski, Bronsart and Schlottheim, all his seniors in the

service, and Staff Generals of greater experience in the field than himself. Nobody who knows the young Kaiser well would for a moment believe that, having personally got the right man into the right place, he would transfer him to a position for which his fitness, to say the very least, might be doubtful.

Viewed by the light of the facts to which attention has been drawn in the foregoing paragraphs, the actual situation in Germany, as far as the reigning Emperor is concerned, is so clearly defined as neither to require further elucidation nor to call for elaborate comment. What will come of it can only be a subject of more or less intelligent conjecture. William II., as any one can see who is not wilfully blind, is what the Germans call "ein ganzer Mann"—every inch of him a man; one to whom the Laureate's lines aptly apply, which tell of

"Men the workers, ever reaping something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

He has proved himself clever and clear-sighted, earnest and resolute. Fully recognizing the rapid popularization of democratic views throughout Northern Germany, he has wisely determined to gain the good-will of the operative classes, and to govern his realms with their aid instead of in their despite. It is at present manifestly his intention to make the German and Prussian thrones safe for his successors as well as himself; to secure a long continuance of European peace; to gradually substitute constitutional for personal rule; to keep down the State expenses; to relieve his subjects, as far as may be consistent with the conservation of national security, of some of the more oppressive burdens of compulsory military service; to maintain the Triple Alliance, to cultivate the friendship of England, and to observe an irreproachable attitude toward his formidable Western and Eastern neighbors. His position is in so many respects an exceptionally felicitous one that the chances are great in favor of his success in all these projects, if he persevere in them. In the first place he is young, robust, and popular. Secondly, the financial situation of both the realms submitted to his sway is all that an enterprising reformer could wish it to be. The Public Debt of the German Empire is a

mere fleabite—a matter of some twenty millions sterling, doubly covered by the Pensioners' Fund and the Army Reserve Fund. Prussia's National Debt amounts to less than £200,000,000, all told, and her State Domains, State Railways, and other realizable property represent a far larger sum than that of which the yearly interest is more than defrayed by their annual yieldings. William II. commands the finest army in the world, numbering two millions of effective soldiers, perfectly trained, disciplined, and equipped. Upon this enormous force, the armed manhood of the Fatherland, he can absolutely rely, either for foreign enterprise or home

defence. Not less confidently can he reckon upon the support of his allies, warrior-monarchs whose respective armies are well nigh as numerous as his own. In a word, he is the Fortunate Youth of the present day, and to all appearances deserves his good luck. Europe is already reconciled to his "new departure," by which no foreign susceptibilities have been ruffled, and no class interests, native or alien, have suffered prejudice. Germany is still ruled, as she has been, for a score of years past, by a patriot, soldier, and statesman; but her actual and sole ruler is an Emperor, not a Chancellor.—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE PUIA.

It was the noon of a still and sunny day of summer when a party of settlers, of whom I, who write this narrative, was one, were making their way along the banks of the Waikato, in the North Island of New Zealand. It so chanced that I had ridden forward a little ahead of the wagon and the remainder of the party, and, reining my horse upon the summit of a ridge of wooded ground, looked suddenly upon a strange and striking scene.

The valley sloped on all sides downward to a little lake, in steps or terraces of snow-white silica, which had been deposited in the lapse of ages by the waters of a score or more of giant fountains, which at intervals along the terraces threw up their sparkling waters in the sun. These boiling geysers—or, as the natives call them, *puias*—were the first in my experience, and the beauty of the sight was of a kind which I could never have imagined. Vast, yet fairy-like, these fountains of the Titans rose in throngs impossible to count, because their number every instant varied; even as the eye rested upon one, the jet would sink into its crater, while in a spot a moment before vacant another fountain was to be seen dancing in mid-air. From the crest of each a cloud of white steam floated slowly off on the still air. The steam was white, but the water of the spouting columns was of the deepest sapphire, which became a paler and yet paler azure as it cascaded down the terraces and

flowed into the lake, over whose heated surface hung a veil of faint blue mist.

The caravan came up, with my companions. They shared my admiration to the full; but, unlike myself, they were contented with a distant view. We had had a tiring march since daybreak, and not a man of them would volunteer to join me in a climb into the valley in order to inspect the *puias* near at hand. On this, however, I had set my mind. We were to halt some hours upon the spot for rest and dinner, as well as for some slight matters of repair about the wagon. Accordingly, when the horses had been unbridled and turned loose to graze, and while our native guides were busy splitting wood to build a fire, cutting rashers from a side of bacon, and bringing out the kettle and the gridiron, I started off alone into the valley.

The distance to the nearest *puia* was not over half a mile; but the descent at first was steep and rugged, and I made my way but slowly. As soon, however, as I reached the highest of the terraces, the nature of the ground completely changed. It was now a crisp, baked surface, full of cracks and fissures, from many of which spirted jets of steam. I did not know the risk of walking heedlessly upon this thin and treacherous crust, which is liable at any moment to give way beneath the traveller's foot and to let him plunge beyond redemption into some horrible abyss. Luckily, however, though I

stepped without the slightest caution, I reached the *puia* without accident and stood beside its spouting fountain.

The jet, which was about a yard in thickness and some twenty feet in height, rushed with a tremendous hiss, or rather roaring, from its crater on the summit of a slightly elevated mound, exactly like a miniature volcano, down the sides of which the overflowing water poured in torrents to the lower terraces, and thence into the lake. I dipped my finger in the water, but withdrew it with a cry of pain; it was absolutely boiling hot. As I chanced to stand to leeward of the fountain, the cloud of steam which drifted from its summit was above my head and kept me in a drizzling shower of rain. I felt a lively curiosity to look down into the crater; but this, while the jet was spouting, was of course impossible. There was, however, not a hundred yards away, another *puia* which had been playing as I descended, but had now sunk underground. To this, accordingly, I turned my steps, and, ascending its low mound, looked down into the empty crater.

The outside of the mound was comparatively rugged; but the interior was as smooth as polished marble and as white as snow—as snow on which the setting sun has cast a rosy lustre of the most ethereal tinge. I have seen the inside of a sea-shell look exactly like it, but nothing else that I can think of. In form the crater was a funnel of some five-and-twenty yards diameter, with sides which sloped abruptly to the centre, where the shaft, which measured about five feet across, descended like a well.

So far my observations led me. Then, with the most startling suddenness, my inspection was cut short.

The margin of the crater where I stood was formed of overhanging juts of silica, as brittle as glass. Alas! I did not know it, and I took no heed. Stooping forward to look down into the funnel, I threw all my weight with suddenness upon one foot; the jut on which it rested broke off short, and my foot descended on the slippery surface of the crater. I staggered—struggled to regain my balance—but in vain. The very effort, like a reeling skater's, completed my disaster; I swung half round, and fell full-length upon the side of the incline.

For a second or two I remained station-

ary. Then I felt that I was sliding—slowly but surely sliding—down the shelving funnel toward the mouth of the abyss.

With a cry of terror, I threw out my arms in a convulsive search of something to arrest my progress; but the projections of the margin were already out of reach, and my fingers only slipped upon the polished walls of the declivity, which grew steeper and steeper as they approached the chasm, which now, like a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping to receive me. A moment more, and with the horrible intestinal sense of falling from a height I dropped like a plummet into the darkness of the gulf.

For one instant, in extremity of horror, I felt that I was lost; the next, I was aware that something unexpected had occurred. I was no longer falling. What had happened?

As a rule, a geyser-shaft is as perpendicular as a coal-pit's, but sometimes, by mere chance, the shaft deflects and forms an angle at no great distance from the surface; and such was the case here. For twelve or fifteen feet the shaft descended vertically; then it ended on a slightly shelving floor of rock, from the edge of which a larger tunnel, black and steep, sank down into the very bowels of the earth. This ledge, or landing-place, received me as I fell; and thus, by the merest freak of fortune, it happened that, though bruised and shaken, I escaped the fate, which otherwise I must have met, of being dashed to pieces on the spot.

I felt a movement of relief—of joy. Yet had I cause for exultation? I gathered myself up, and looked about me.

There, above me, was the opening of the shaft, beneath a circle of clear sky, in which, to my surprise, a star was shining, though the time was noon. My wonder was, however, only momentary; the effect, I knew, arose from looking up the tunnel of the shaft—as, in the broadest sunshine, the moon and stars are visible from the bottom of a well. A more momentous observation seized my notice; the interior of the shaft, wet, slippery and shining, presented neither crevice nor projection. Even as I looked I realized the horror of the fate before me. Escape was impossible—I was the captive of the geyser! Beside the rocky ledge on which I stood—a space about a yard in width—I

could perceive, as my sight became accustomed to the feeble gleam which fell into the chasm, the awful throat of the abyss, descending, Avernus-like, for all I knew, into the very gulfs of fire. From the gorge a faint steam rose like mist, and in the utter stillness I could hear, far down, the sound of gurgitating waters. In a little while—how long I could not tell—the moment of eruption would return and flood the chasm. I should be drowned—drowned like a trapped rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an instant death, and the abyss would have become a bubbling cauldron. *I should be boiled alive!*

As the horror of this thought broke on me, my veins ran chill within me, and I shook from head to foot, as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for many minutes I remained, like a man paralyzed, incapable of thought or motion, yet conscious—conscious even to the keenest torture—of the flight of every moment. An expectation—a suspense unutterable—strained every nerve to agony. The instants numbered by my fevered pulses seemed to fall upon my heart like drops of melted lead. My ears were strained to catch the far, faint sound of the abysmal waters—a sound which might be changed at any instant to the roar which would anticipate my doom.

At last, with the spasmodic effort of a dreamer starting from the clutches of a nightmare, I roused my mind into exertion. *Was I doomed—inevitably doomed?*—was there no possible escape before me? I turned my eyes again upon the shaft.

It was, as I have said, about five feet in width. A little narrower, and I might have had a chance of freedom; by setting my back against one wall of the ascent and my hands and knees against the opposite, I might gradually have worked my body upward, as a chimney-sweeper's boy goes up a stack. As it was, however, the attempt was idle. Unable to employ my knees in climbing, I could not raise myself a foot above the ledge.

Then another gleam of hope shot through my mind. Could I cut notches in the walls, and so ascend, as by a ladder? I pulled out my hunting-knife and prepared to try its point upon the surface. Then I stood hesitating, knife in hand, afraid to make the trial and find my last hope taken from me. Yet the surface, though so polished, might quite pos-

sibly turn out friable and earthy. At last I struck the point against it; a shudder ran through every fibre of my frame; it was as hard as adamant—the steel blade barely scratched it. In a passion of despair I struck with all my force against the flinty wall; the blade snapped short and fell with a ringing noise into the depths of the abyss, where I heard it strike from side to side as it descended. At last, as if it reached some vast unfathomable space, the sound ceased suddenly, and I heard no more.

Up to this moment I had forbore to cry for help; at heart I knew too well that it was useless. The camp was half a mile away, and my loudest outcry, muffled by the chasm, would be inaudible at fifty yards from the shaft's mouth. Yet, at that moment, in the agony of desperation, I raised my voice and uttered a loud, long, and piercing cry. But when shall I forget what followed? The sound had scarcely left my lips when it was answered by a voice within the gulf—by a cry, beginning low and quick, but swelling rapidly into a wild reverberating peal or shriek which stopped the very beating of my heart; a shriek so utterly appalling and unearthly that it seemed as if all the demons of the pit had burst at once into a scream of mocking laughter. Again, and yet again, the sound reverberated, in unimaginable echoes, through I knew not what abysmal caves and hollows of the world. Shaken as I was in every nerve, I could no longer reason; otherwise must have told myself that the cry *could* only be a repetition of my own. No living monster's voice from the abyss could have appeared to me more real or more terrific. Scarcely knowing what I did, I flung myself upon my narrow platform and stopped my ears to shut away the sound.

When at last I ventured to unclothe them, the awful peal had faded into silence, and no sound was to be distinguished except the faint continual noise of gurgitating water which had not ceased to issue from the depths of the abyss. To this sound I now lay listening in a kind of frightful fascination for some minutes—five or ten. Then, even as I listened to the sound, I heard, with freezing blood, a change of character take place within it—a change into a long, low, booming murmur, dreadful as a lion's growl. It was the wakening voice of

the eruption! At last my hour was come.

Rigid with horror, I threw myself against the wall, and, with starting eyes and panting breath, awaited the volley of the boiling stream. I heard the sound increase into a thunder—a fierce explosion shook the very rock—there came a blast, a shriek from the abyss; I felt a shock that stunned me—and the tremendous spout of water shot me from the gulf and hurled me fifty feet into the air.

Strange that I had never thought of this! that I had never taken into calculation the gigantic power of such a jet! How incredibly absurd it now appeared that I should fancy that a current of such force would leave me in the hollow. Nor was I fated to be boiled alive; the water, though its heat was only just endurable, was by no means boiling hot. Had I been aware before that this occasionally happened, my bitterest despair would have retained a spark of hope.

But was my danger at an end? Far otherwise; the most extraordinary part of it—the part for which I have considered that it ought to be recorded, as the sole experience of its kind—is now to be related. But how shall I describe it? how shall I recount the strangest, the most wildly singular adventure that ever mortal man escaped to tell of? I must take an illustration.

Every one has seen a ball or a cork figure kept dancing on the summit of a garden fountain. Now let there be imagined a stupendous jet, five feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, tossing aloft, in place of the cork ball, a living man! Such was now my situation. There was the Broddignagian fountain dancing in the sunlight, and there was I, the veriest pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its colossal crest. What mortal ever found himself in a position so grotesque and yet so terrible?

The motion of a body suspended on a jet of water depends, for the most part, on its shape and weight. If too heavy, it falls instantly; if too light, the fountain casts it off, like spray. In form, a sphere is the most easily supported; but the capricious stream occasionally seems to take a fancy for another figure, so that the most irregular of bodies may sometimes be seen dancing long and wildly; and thus it must have been with me. My

weight must have exactly suited the gigantic jet; it neither threw me off nor let me fall. At first, for several seconds, it kept me spinning dizzily upon its very summit; then, as I chanced to come erect, a position which afforded less resistance, I sank suddenly a dozen feet within the body of the jet—only, the next instant to be cast aloft again, tossed, whirled, and shaken, at the will of the capricious waters. Of my sensations while this lasted, it would be in vain to speak, for I felt nothing with distinctness. The dizzy height—the strange resistance of the liquid column—the fiery sting of the heated water—the deafening roar of the cascade in falling—the dazzling iridescence of the sunlit steam and spray—the strangling sense of breathing air and water—I was conscious of them all, but vaguely, as of the phantasmagoria of a dream. My brain reeled, I grew sick and dizzy; for some seconds I believe that my senses must have failed me—

Very suddenly, with an upward spurt, as if weary of its plaything, the fountain seemed to fling me from its summit clear out into the air.

The height was fifty feet; I fell revolving like a wheel. Had the fountain cast me off at the first instant I must infallibly have been dashed to pieces on the margin of the shaft. But the crater had had time to fill with water, which at the point at which I fell was now at least ten feet in depth. Into this I came down, luckily feet first, with a force which drove me violently against the bottom. But the water broke my fall. Faint, gasping, but uninjured, I rose to the surface, and exerted my remaining strength to strike out for the brink.

But even yet my danger was not over; indeed, as it happened, I was only just in time. Even as I was about to seize the nearest rough projection of the margin, the fountain fell; a moment sooner, and nothing could have prevented me from being sucked into the chasm with the rush of water. I felt the current seize and drag me backward. With a convulsive effort I put forth all my energy to reach the peak: my fingers touched it—clutched it; I drew myself up high and dry, and, falling at full length upon the brink, I lay there for a long time without sense or motion.

When at last I rose I was still giddy,

weak, and shaking. It was with the tottering steps of an old man that I set out to make my toilsome way to the encampment—there to relate the strangest tale of peril that ever struck the listeners with amazement. As I reached the ridge above the valley, I turned and looked once more behind me. The *puia* was still un-

derground, but even as I looked I saw it burst again from the abyss and uplift its glittering crest against the sun. It was, as when I saw it first, a thing of beauty. But now I saw it with an altered eye, which made its beauty terrible.—*Temple Bar.*

HENRY M. STANLEY.

A STUDY IN CHARACTER.

"Lofly and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those that sought him, sweet as summer."

By those who are familiar with Stanley's career during the last twenty years the aptness of the quotation will be recognized. There are other points in "Good Griffiths'" portraiture of his fallen master which will suit both friends and foes of the man "of humble stock" who has risen to so much honor, and who has furnished the world with excitement for the last three years. Though Stanley has more in common with Wolsey than with Napoleon, to whom it is the fashion to compare him, neither analogy will bear pushing far. Stanley's character is in several aspects as unique as his career. Like the other two men, he is one of the great forces of his time. There is something Napoleonic in the swiftness of his movements and the magnitude of his successes, but that is about all; no doubt he is abnormal, but there is nothing monstrous about him. Napoleon had many worshippers, but that does not imply anything either godlike or humane; it is doubtful if any man ever loved him. No man who has achieved the brilliant successes which have fallen to the lot of Stanley could avoid making enemies: there are men who hate him. He is a man capable of strong attachments, but probably he has never given his unreserved confidence to any one. He has long ago taken to heart the advice of Burns to his young friend:—

"Aye keep something to yourself
Ye hardly tell to ony."

Yet few men have more or warmer friends. A well-known officer who has been on the most intimate terms with him, both on the Congo and in England, always speaks of

him with intense tenderness. And this feeling he draws forth from men of all classes and the most varied types, black and white. No man can be more winning and sympathetic; yet no one can be more freeing when he chooses. One does not need to know him personally to recognize that the man has plenty of humanity, and that, notwithstanding his practical aims, he often revels in sentiment. Read how he deals with the African natives; how he can enter into the minds of chiefs or followers, adapting himself to their simple ways of thinking and speaking; touch their strongest sentiments, and so stir them to an enthusiasm and devotion that will make them, in spite of fears and superstitions, brave the terrors of unknown rivers and cannibal-haunted forests in his company. True, it may be said that those dramatic records of interviews with Mtesa, and of his fervent addresses to his people when their zeal was flagging and their fears were threatening to get the better of them, are much indebted to the telling. Doubtless they are, and so indeed is the whole narrative of his great journey across the continent. But is it any the less trustworthy on that account? Another man might have done what Stanley did, and his story have been as tame as a globe-trotter's diary. And yet one cannot say that Mr. Stanley's style displays much literary art. The fact is, his style is the unstudied outcome of the man; a sort of compound of Carlyle and the Bible; the dramatic element always hovering about, intensity all-pervading. He himself may be taken as the type of Carlyle's hero as a man of action. Whatever else was on the table in the well-known room on the top floor of the old house in Sackville Street, a box of cigars, a map or two, and a vol-

ume of Carlyle were never absent. Carlyle is his guide, philosopher, and friend; and that is the key to much of his conduct. But his diction is steeped in Biblical phraseology: with the old Book he is as familiar as he is with Carlyle, as witness the speech he recently made at Zanzibar. Before he left England three years ago, on the Relief Expedition, he received many little mementoes from his friends. From one friend, who asked him what he would like, he begged for a small pocket Bible, which he said would be his daily companion. No one need infer from this that Stanley is a saint; he does not pretend to be one. But that Bible, we have it from one who was his constant companion in the Aruwimi forest, is scored and dog-eared on almost every other page, at passages that seemed apt to the many vicissitudes of the expedition.

It has been said that the man who loved Livingstone and whom Livingstone loved cannot surely be so bad as some of his detractors would make out: and the saying will bear repetition. The truth is the two men have much in common, even in outward feature. But the points of difference are probably more striking than the points of likeness. Stanley's head is squarer than was Livingstone's. His gray eye—flecked and darkened by years of the tropical heat of Central Africa—is that of a man of iron nerve, accustomed to take the measure in a second of every newcomer at home and abroad, and to decide if he be friend or foe; tender and friendly enough when he is sure of his company, but capable of consuming fire when he is roused to wrath, as he himself admits he is only too ready to be. Livingstone was a man of peace, who always shrank from fighting; Stanley, too, prefers peace to war, but above all he loves to do what he has set his mind upon—what he regards as his duty—and woe to the man, white or black, that dares to obstruct his way. In no other temper could he have accomplished the great work which he has achieved in Africa. Livingstone never entirely dropped the missionary, and was throughout a Christian of the fine old Scottish type, whose charity, however, was greatly wider than his creed. Stanley, too, is Celt enough to have a strong religious, some might say superstitious, element in his nature; his allusions to "Providence" and the "guidance of

God" may be taken as perfectly sincere. He, however, as we have said, makes no pretence to saintship, and values Christianity more as a civilizing agency than as the only pathway to future bliss. But his training and his calling have been different from Livingstone's.

When little more than a boy he had to fight for his own hand in a land where competition is keen and merciless. As a newspaper correspondent he knew that success depended on his outstripping all his fellows, and he did it. In the *New York Herald* he was the first to tell the world of the fall of Magdala and the death of Theodore. This he effected by that careful attention to minute details of arrangement which characterizes the highest generalship, and which has marked his whole African career. As an explorer he determined to do the biggest thing that was to be done in Africa, and he did it.

No doubt there are conditions existing now which render African exploration much more exciting to the outer world than it could have been in former years. Of old, and that is not so long ago, even in Livingstone's days, a traveller might disappear in the darkness of the Dark Continent and be no more heard of for months or years; no messages to the coast, and if there were, no telegraph to carry them red-hot to an expectant public at home. Now we seem to have our fingers on the pulse of an African expedition. Africa is covered with explorers, traders, slavers, missionaries, Mahdists, and caravans of one kind or another; so that it is difficult for an expedition to get entirely out of sight or hearing. Some message or some rumor is sure to reach the coast, which, tapped as it is at so many points on both sides, flashes the story at once to our breakfast-tables. So it is we are kept in a constant state of tension and expectancy which was impossible in the old days; and so it is that our shout of "Victory" goes forth when that tension finds relief in the assurance of safety and success. This will, no doubt, account to some extent for the world-wide excitement over Stanley's two great expeditions. But brush away the excitement, give all due weight to the petty and near-sighted criticisms of Stanley's methods, of his treatment of natives, and his bearing toward his staff, and the solid verdict of the world will still be that the man has done work

which will cause his name to be forever remembered with admiration. Without entering into details that are open to all, let us try briefly to recall what the character of that work has been.

Stanley had no thought of being anything more than an efficient newspaper correspondent, when on that memorable October night, twenty years ago, as ever prompt and impatient of results, he entered Mr. Gordon Bennett's room in Paris, in obedience to a telegram which summoned him from Spain. He was then approaching his thirtieth year. As to the success of the Livingstone Search Expedition, so far as its immediate object is concerned, Livingstone's own testimony is unqualified and frequent. Stanley had not had four months' communion with the great explorer without receiving an education and an inspiration that led him to dream of great things for the future. Livingstone would doubtless tell his eager young friend of the great problems that still remained unsolved; of the three great fountains of the Nile that he believed must exist somewhere in the far south in the country west of Lake Bangweolo; of that great river which he had seen in his recent sojourn at Nyangwé, which swept "north, north, north," disappearing in the darkness of the primeval forest, sending, as Livingstone would fain believe, its tribute to the all-devouring Nile. No wonder that the enthusiasm of a man of Stanley's ambition and Bohemian nature was fired.

There is no need to dwell upon the unpleasant features of Stanley's reception on his return. He is a man who, with all his social qualities, lives very much within himself. The truth is that, for a man of his iron nerves and freedom of speech about others, Stanley is almost phenomenally sensitive; he himself told a friend that he believed he was the thinnest-skinned man in creation. Even friendly banter he is apt to take seriously. When his motives or his conduct in Africa are impugned it cuts him to the quick; if he has a suspicion that anything he may have done will wear a doubtful complexion to the outside world he is apt, in anticipation of attack, to hit out all round in self defence. Hence what seems to those who do not know him the unprovoked harshness of some of his judgments.

Meantime, after the relief of Living-

stone, he had to lapse once more into the rôle of the ordinary newspaper correspondent, in which capacity he did good work during the Ashanti war. Stanley returned just in time to be present as one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of his master, Livingstone, in Westminster Abbey, in April, 1874. The brave old man had left unsolved all the problems which he had so often discussed with Stanley in the veranda at Ujiji, and while exploring the north end of Lake Tanganyika. The inspiration was rekindled more intensely than ever by the death of the master. What task could be more glorious than to complete the work of Livingstone? What work available for a man like Stanley would more surely lead to enduring fame? This was a very different thing from a relief expedition, and Stanley went about it in a different way. He got together all the books and maps he could lay hands on (over 130 of the former) and mastered the situation; he steeped his mind in African lore. Old Dapper would tell him of the great lakes and rivers and empires which the geographers of the seventeenth century described in the minutest detail, and of which we have heard much in connection with the recent troubles on the Zambesi. No need now to discuss this fanciful geography, some of which is as old as the time of Ptolemy. There is such a thing as effective exploration, just as there is effective occupation. When serious exploration began, nothing was to be done with this fantastic geography but sweep it off the map. Over a century ago the map of Africa, except around the coasts, was a great blank. When Stanley entered on his second expedition, that blank had been greatly reduced by the efforts of such men as Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone; but there still remained a wide area in the western half of the continent some ten degrees on each side of the equator almost virgin white, in which some of the greatest problems in the geography of Africa awaited solution. The greatest of them all Stanley resolved to unravel, if Cameron had not already done it, for by this time Cameron was on his way across Africa. The expedition cost the *Telegraph* and *Herald* just £11,000, almost the same sum as Cameron's much less fruitful attempt cost the Royal Geographical Society. No doubt Stanley could not have done his great work with-

out ample means ; but a good deal more is required to win a campaign than a huge army and lavish armaments.

By the end of 1874, Stanley was once more at Zanzibar. Before he attacked the great problem on the solution of which he had set his mind, there were several minor but important points in the geography of the Great Lake region which he resolved to put right, but into which we need not enter. What impressed the general public more than anything else were the graphic reports which he sent home of his long interviews with the clever, if somewhat artful, King Mtesa of Uganda.* The missionary public was inflamed ; here, Stanley told us, was a splendid field for Christian enterprise ; the response was immediate, and the results far-reaching. Stanley has always shown himself favorable to missionary work ; but, as we have said, he regards Christianity mainly from its civilizing and not from its doctrinal side. With missionaries of the Moffat and Livingstone stamp, with men like Mackay of Uganda, who begin by working and end by preaching, he has every sympathy. With those men who are constantly appealing through their missionary organs for a supply of chasubles, chalices, and altar-cloths, new bells and silver candlesticks, to flaunt before the naked savages of Central Africa, he has no patience. Of religious pretentiousness and priestcraft he has a horror ; and when he meets with them he is not slow to castigate them, as some of the missionaries on the Congo know to their cost. Bishop Hannington, he is persuaded, deliberately threw away his life. When Stanley was at Cairo, three years ago, on his way to Zanzibar, he was much with Sir Evelyn Baring. One day at lunch, at Sir Evelyn's, when many of the staff were present, Stanley was "on the talk," as the teller of the story puts it. He was discussing the chief routes to Uganda, the north route and the south route, and Hannington's folly in taking the former. "Verily, verily, I say unto you," broke out Stanley, "Bishop Hannington longed to be a martyr. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Bishop Hannington took the north route, and became a martyr. Verily, verily, I say unto you, had Bishop Hannington taken the south route he would have been alive unto this day." This is another illustration of his tendency to slip into the phraseology of the

Bible. Stanley is not only an explorer. He is also ambitious to be a pioneer of civilization in Africa. Whether civilization in the European sense is good for the African we need not inquire ; many men of keen observation and sound judgment think not ; but then it is not the good of the African alone we are bound to consider. It is this motive that makes Stanley so anxious to see the right kind of missionary in Africa ; it was on this account he wished to see his own great river utilized as a highway for commerce ; it was this which led him to take part in the founding of the Congo Free State.

There was one incident connected with Stanley's visit to Uganda and his voyage on the Victoria Nyanza which called forth bitter comments from certain quarters. He is, as we have said, extremely sensitive to criticism. In this case he felt the attacks made upon him as keenly as he did the incredulity with which his story of finding Livingstone was met. He has long ago made up his mind that any expedition has a perfect right to walk unmolested through Central Africa if it does so peacefully ; that it has a right to supplies if paid for ; that if attacked it is bound not only to defend itself but to give its foes such a beating that they won't forget it, and will think twice before they attack a peaceful white man's party again. Central Africa is a no man's land ; the populations are continually shifting ; with one or two exceptions there is no organized government ; the only right recognized is that of might—as it is under more or less disguised forms elsewhere. Every man who has been in Central Africa, including some of our best missionaries, takes Stanley's view. It is the inevitable policy, if Africa is ever to be opened up to the outside world. Had Stanley not adopted it, the Congo would not yet be on our maps. Over the particular instance in question, the punishment of the natives of Bam-birch Island for wantonly attacking his party and other iniquities, a great cry was raised in certain ultra-philanthropic circles when the account was published in the *Telegraph*. That Stanley felt keenly the hard things said about him is certain. In his published narrative he fully explains the incident and his own policy, and in the eyes of reasonable men he stands justified. That he himself possesses a *mens conscia recti* as to this and similar occur-

rences is evident from the frank and full way in which he states the facts; he has done nothing which he believes requires to be concealed.

Stanley's normal treatment of the natives, and especially of his own followers, is of the most fatherly character; but fatherly in the old sense of tempering love with discipline. No man knows better how to manage African natives; they are children of the most undeveloped type, and as such he treats them. Herein he had Livingstone as his master; but Livingstone, to his cost, omitted the discipline, and, as Stanley said, thus laid himself open to all sorts of abuses. Stanley has never made this mistake. The native's sense of justice is keen; and justice to all has been Stanley's motto. It is this tenderness and patience, combined with justice, that has made him so successful in his dealings with natives. Such a disaster as that which happened to Major Barttelot, or to the German planters on the east coast, is impossible in his case, or in the case of any man who knows how to treat natives properly.

An officer who was constantly with Stanley on the Congo, when in the employment of the King of the Belgians, speaks with admiration of his method of dealing with the natives. With untiring patience he would endeavor to make them understand what he wanted, show them how to do things, help them out of any difficulties in their way, so long as he was convinced that they were tractable and willing. But if either white or black exhibited any tendency to shirk their duty or to thwart Mr. Stanley's plans, his language was more stinging than scorpions. At the same time, as all who have been in the malarial atmosphere of Central Africa know, a deduction of at least 50 per cent. must be made from the hard words of a man who writes or speaks within its irritating influence.

But let us try to estimate, briefly, the feat which it is universally admitted entitles Stanley to be regarded as the greatest of living African explorers, and to be placed among the first rank in the history of African discovery.

"The greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence he had retraced his steps to Ujiji, never to return to Nyangwé.

This was momentous and all-important news to the expedition. We had arrived at the critical point of our travel: our destinies now waited any final decision."

"It is of no use, Frank. We'll face our destiny, despite the straws and the rupees. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

All who have read Mr. Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent* will recall the memorable scene, pictured as only Stanley could picture it, in the dimly lighted hut on the outskirts of Nyangwé, in the heart of Africa, on an evening in October, 1876. Just about two years before, Cameron had been face to face with the same great problem, the solution of which would insure undying fame. For three weeks did Cameron try to persuade the Nyangwé traders to sell or lend him canoes, but he was not strong enough to force the situation, and turning his back on the problem drifted pleasantly southward to Juma Merikani's. Five years and a half before, the wearied Livingstone looked upon this three thousand yards' wide river, and longed to launch himself upon its spacious bosom and follow it whithersoever it went. But he was no longer the Livingstone of old. His vigor was wasted and his spirit anguished by the Arab cruelties of which he was compelled to be a daily witness. With the crowded map of Central Western Africa before us, as it is in the present year, it is difficult to throw our vision backward fifteen years and realize what it was when Stanley began his work of exploration. A little maid was doing her geography lesson the other evening. A brand new map of Africa was before her, and she was puzzling her way among the maze of names. "Dear me," said her mother, looking over her shoulder, "what a different thing the map of Africa is now from what it was when I was young. When I was at school all the map was white, except round the coast, and we had only a few names to learn." "Oh, yes," said the girl, looking at the subject from the schoolgirl's standpoint, "it's all that horrid man Stanley." This is a new light in which to view the filling up of Central Africa.

It is easy enough for us to say now that there could have been no room for doubt that the river which passed Nyangwé, over one and a half miles wide, must be the Congo; where else could such a river

find an outlet but in the Atlantic? But men who were old enough at the time to take an interest in such matters will remember that very grave doubts indeed existed as to the true course of the Lualaba after it entered the great blank beyond Nyangwé. Whoever set himself to solve the problem entered upon the biggest bit of the unknown that remained not only in the Dark Continent, but, outside the polar circles, on the face of our globe, every corner of which, alas! will soon be shred of that mystery which not so long ago covered the greater part of it, made the world seem so vast, and afforded ample room for the talent of the fanciful geographers of the past, though the race is not quite extinct. "A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. . . . My task was to follow it to the ocean." That was Stanley's decision. Fascinating as was the prospect, sure as was the glory that would follow success, the attempt was one of unlimited peril, and no man could be blamed for abandoning it. But, apart from the Pole, here was the one remaining chance for a man to have his name enrolled among the world's greatest explorers. There was much other good work which he might have done, but the one road to greatness, and the one path of duty, lay down that river, and it was not possible for a man of Stanley's calibre to take any other.

When he arrived at Nyangwé and found that Cameron had contented himself with getting across the continent anyhow, Stanley was filled with a joy unspeakable; he felt that that Providence who he tells us has been his special protector in his recent expedition had reserved for him this last and greatest piece of exploring work in Africa. We need not follow him into the forest. The hazard and romance of the situation in the heart of the continent, with the great river sweeping past into unknown blackness, perhaps through virgin forests and swamps, peopled with cannibals and heaven knows what other horrors, find apt expression in the famous lines put into the mouth of Ulysses by Tennyson, and quoted by Stanley himself in connection with this great crisis in his own career and in the history of African discovery. We need not quote them. Anyone can fol-

low the modern Ulysses in the *Odyassey* of the adventure which he himself has written. In eight months he was out in the Atlantic, after having traced on the map of Africa the broad artery to which all else in this region is subsidiary: he had filled into the great blank its leading feature.

No doubt Stanley's fame is due to some extent to the field in which his exploits have been performed; for there still remain a mystery and romance about Africa such as exist in no other continent. While that was partly his good fortune, it was also partly his own good guidance. No doubt, also, as has already been pointed out, much is due to the fact that he knows so well how to tell his story. If a man cannot make us realize what he has done, we cannot be blamed for underestimating the value of his work. The eight months' journey of this motley flotilla of natives, under the guidance of a solitary white man, down the sixteen hundred miles of this unknown river, its banks lined with hostile savages, and its course broken by miles of cataracts, is probably unexampled. The accuracy of Stanley's observations, hastily as they often had to be taken, has been tested and proved in all essential features.

This journey down the Congo has had momentous results. It may be regarded as the starting-point of that scramble for Africa which has led to the partition of the bulk of the continent among the Powers of Europe. No sooner had Stanley set foot in Europe than he was laid hold of by the King of the Belgians, as the emissary of whom he was, a few months later, once more on the way to his own river to begin that undertaking which ultimately led to the founding of the Congo Free State. Into the merits and the prospects of this strange enterprise it is not our business to enter. Here Stanley's exceptional powers as organizer and administrator had ample scope. With an energy and at a rate that took away the breath of his subordinates, he set about carrying out the purpose of his master, the King of the Belgians. Stanley himself is a man of so robust a constitution, of such superabundant energy, so impatient to see results, and so bent on accomplishing at all hazards what he considers his duty, that he has little sympathy with those who may possess these qualities in less measure than

himself. With English and Americans, if they were in earnest about their work and sought not in any way to impinge upon his sphere as chief, Stanley as a rule got on very well. Some of them became his devoted friends and worshippers. But the Belgian officers, as a whole, did not like him. Stanley's ceaseless energy did not suit their easy-going ideas as to what life in the Tropics should be; his patient and gentle treatment of the bewildered natives did not commend itself to men who knew of no argument but such as the rifle carries to address to people of an inferior race. Moreover, they disliked to see a foreigner ruling a region which they regarded as their own. With astonishing rapidity Stanley made hundreds of treaties with the chiefs along that river, down which not many months before he had had to run the gauntlet through hordes of savages. Stations were established along both sides; clearings were made; steamers were placed upon the river; missionaries began their work; great tributaries north and south were explored, and an infant trade nourished. Had Stanley continued to be the soul of this stupendous enterprise there would have been some hope of substantial results. Without him, or a man of his calibre and indifference to everything but what concerns the welfare of the enterprise, it is difficult to see that, under the conduct of Belgian officials, anything but collapse is in store for the Congo Free State. If so, no blame can be laid upon Stanley, who did his utmost to carry out the great enterprise of the King of the Belgians. Let us hope that his administrative capacity may have an even more hopeful sphere, and that in a region where British interests have reached a crisis and require the most careful looking after. If Mr. Stanley chooses to accept the position, he may become the first Governor of British East Africa. True, he is not now a subject of her Majesty, but, as everyone knows, he is a Briton born, and it might not be difficult to induce him to repatriate himself.

Stanley is a man of action above all; there lies his strength, and there also do we find the source of his weakness—his tendency toward intolerance for the conduct of men of different make from himself. He, being a man of prompt decision, cannot see why other men should have any difficulty at a critical moment in

making up their minds how to act. It may be deficiency in imagination, or it may be defective sympathy; whatever it is, we suppose it is an inevitable concomitant of the resistless energy and singleness of aim which are his supreme characteristics when he has undertaken to accomplish any object. When what he considers to be his duty lies before him, no consideration for friend or foe will induce him to swerve from the straight path. Were it otherwise, were he a man of more toleration for the weaknesses and scruples of others, it is doubtful if ever he would have accomplished what he has done. It was no wonder that the men at Yambuya Camp believed him dead and parted his raiment; for all but a few of the staunchest believers in Stanley's immortality "till his work be done" gave him up for lost more than a year ago. As to Emin, his real estimate of the man may be seen in his words to the Khedive; it is generous, if discriminating.

But it is over. We have brought out the man whom all the world (including, be it remembered, Emin himself) believed to be in imminent danger of being consumed by the hordes of the Mahdi; we have had an example of patient endurance and unflinching energy in the accomplishment of a noble purpose, hardly equalled even in the melancholy annals of African exploration. That the result has been disappointing, Stanley can in no sense be held to blame. We have had great geographical problems solved, a new region brought within the pale of human knowledge, fresh light let into the recesses of the Dark Continent, and all due to the supreme capacity of one man of action. Stanley has left no African enterprises in the future equal in magnitude to those which he himself has accomplished; none outside the Arctic circles that could be compared with the descent of the Congo. The next great geographical sensation in store for humanity is the return of the man who shall have reached the North Pole.

Not even his enemies can deny that Stanley is one of the great forces of our time. Those who take broad and far-sighted views of human transactions, those who can brush aside the inevitable, if annoying, sparks, and see only the welding into shape of the crude bar on the anvil, will recognize that the many-aided work

which Stanley has initiated in Africa must have for its outcome the welfare of the race as a whole. Africa's time has come; all the other continents have, more or less, been brought within the sphere of European influence. Men like Stanley are wanted to do promptly and thoroughly the

pioneer work. His force is not abated, and where in the future could he find better scope for it than on the continent where he has done so much good work? Let us hope that his services may be secured in the interests of his native land.—*New Review*.

THE OFFICE AND WORK OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN OUTLINE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

WE may often hear it said, that the Old Testament is an introduction to the New. Much more is contained in these words than an irreflective recital may permit us to grasp. Yet they do not seem to cover the whole case. It seems necessary to glance first at the conjoint function of the two Testaments, in order to measure fully the exalted mission of the earlier. As the heavens cover the earth from east to west, so the Scripture covers and comprehends the whole field of the destiny of man. The whole field is reached by its moral and potential energy, as a provision enduring to the end of time. But it is marvellous to consider how large a portion of it lies directly within the domain of the Old Testament. The interval to be bridged over between the prophet Malachi and the Advent is not one of such breadth as wholly to abolish a continuity, which was also upheld by visible institutions divinely ordained, and by the production of certain of the Psalms themselves. It is further narrowed in so far as something of a divine *afflatus* is to be found in the books which form the Apocrypha, which are esteemed by a large division of Christendom to be actually a part of the Sacred Canon, and which in the Church of this country have a place of special though secondary honor. At the more remote end of the scale, it is difficult to name a date for the beginning of the Sacred Scriptures. The corroborative legends of Assyria,* ascertained by modern research, concerning the Creation and the Flood, to which we know not what further additions may still progressively be made, carry us up,† it may be finally said,

"To the first syllable of recorded time."

Historic evidence does not warrant our carrying backward the probable existence of the Adamic race for more than some such epoch as from 4,000 to 6,000 years anterior to the Advent of Christ. And if, as appears likely, the Creation Story has come down from the beginning, the Christian may feel a lively interest in observing that, for by far the larger portion of human history, the refreshing rain of Divine inspiration has descended, with comparatively short intervals, from heaven upon earth, and the records of it have been collected and preserved in the Sacred Volume. Apart from every question of literary form and of detail, we now trace the probable origins of our Sacred Books far back beyond Moses and his time. And so we have a marvellous picture presented to us, not only all-prevailing for the imagination and the heart of man, but as I suppose quite unexampled in its historical appeal to the human intelligence. The whole human record is covered and bound together in that same unwearied and inviolable continuity, which weaves into a tissue the six Mosiac days of gradually advancing creations, and fastens them on at the hither end to the advancing stages of Adamic, and in due course, of subsequent history.

We find then that, apart from the question of moral purity and elevation, the Scriptures of the Old Testament appear to be distinguished from the sacred books possessed by various nations in several vital particulars. They deal with the Adamic race as a whole. They begin with the preparation of the earth for the habitation and use of man. They then, from

* These legends will be separately treated later in the present series.

† See No. VI. of this series for the ground

of the argument, which, as here presented, has in a certain measure the character of an assumption.

his first origin, draw downward a thread of personal history. This thread is enlarged into a web, as from being personal, the narrative becomes national, and eventually includes the whole race of man. They are not given once for all, as by Confucius or Zoroaster in their respective spheres; they do not deliver a mere code of morals or of legislation, but they purport to disclose a close and continuing superintendence from on High over human affairs. And the whole is doubly woven into one: first, by a chain of Divine action, and of human instructors acting under Divine authority, which is never broken until the time when political servitude, like another Egyptian captivity, has become the appointed destiny of the nation; secondly, by the Messianic bond, by the light of prophecy shining in a dark place, and directing onward the minds of devout men to the "fulness of time" and the birth of the wondrous Child, so as effectually to link the older sacred books to the dispensation of the Advent, and to carry forward their office until the final day of doom. May it not boldly be asked, what parallel to such an outline as this can be supplied by any of the sacred books preserved among any other of the races of the world? So far, then, the office and work of the Old Testament, as presented to us by its own contents, is without a compeer among the old religions. It deals with the case of man as a whole. It is alike adapted to every race and region of the earth. And how, according to the purport of the Old Testament, may that case best be summed up? In these words: it is a history of sin, and of redemption.

Our Lord has emphatically said, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;"* and this saying goes to the root of the whole matter. Is there or is there not a deep disease in the world which overflows it like a deluge, and submerges in a great degree the fruit-bearing capacities of our nature? Are we as a race whole, or are we profoundly sick?

I think that to an impartial eye and to a thoughtful mind it must seem strange that there should be a doubt as to the answer to be given to his question. It seems more easy to comprehend the mental action of those whom the picture of the ac-

tual world, as it is unrolled before them, tempts, by its misery, guilt, and shame, into doubt of the being of God, than of persons who can view that picture, and who cannot but observe the dominant part borne by man in determining its character, and yet can make it a subject of question whether man is morally diseased. Veils may have been cast between our vision and the truth of the case by the relative excellence of some select human spirits; by the infinitely varied degrees of the universal malady; by the exaggerations and the narrownesses of outlying schools of theology; and lastly by the remarkable circumstance, that races, above all the extraordinarily gifted race of the ancient Greeks, have lived on into large developments of art, of intellect, and of material power, without creating or retaining any strong conception of moral evil under the only aspect which reveals its deeper features; that aspect, namely, which presents it to the mind as a departure from the will of God. But these disguises are pierced through and through by ever so little of calm reflection. We can conceive how generations, blinded by long abuse to the character of moral evil, could well contrive to blink and pass by the question. But we, who inherit the Christian tradition, ethical as well as dogmatic, cannot, I think, deny the prevalence, perhaps not even the preponderance, of moral evil in the world, without a preliminary process of degeneracy in our own habit of mind. In renouncing that tradition we shall find that we turn to a conception which admitted to be evil only that which was so violently in conflict with the comfort of human society as to require condemnation and repression by its laws. The gap between these two conceptions, the one of disordered nature, the other of Divine grace, is immeasurable.

It seems, then, that, in describing vividly the fact of sin in the world, the Scriptures of the Old Testament proceed upon lines which have also been drawn in the general consciousness at least of the Christian ages. Nor can we wonder that sin is described as a deviation from the order of nature, as a foreign element, not belonging to the original creation of Divine design, but introduced into it by special causes. And here we come to what is known as the fall of man, and to the

* Matthew ix. 12.

narration of that fall as it is given in the Book of Genesis. Against this narration the negative criticism has been actively employed. The action ascribed to the serpent is declared to be incredible; the punishment of Adam, disproportioned to the offence, which consisted only in an action not essentially immoral; the punishment of all mankind, for the fault of one, intolerably unjust.

Now let us set entirely aside, for the moment, the form of this narrative, and consider only its substance. Let us deal with it as if it were a parable, in which the severance between the form and the substance is acknowledged and familiar. In proposing this, I do not mean to make on my own part any definitive surrender of the form as it stands, or any admission adverse to it. There is, it may be, high and early Christian authority even for surrendering the form. I only seek to pass within it, and to put the meaning and substance of it upon their trial. In this relation, we find a certain aggregate of objects, which we are now to treat as if they were simply significant figures. There are presented to us the man with the woman in a garden; the serpent with its speech; the two trees of knowledge and of life respectively; a fruit forbidden by Divine command, but eaten in defiance of it; and ejection from the garden in consequence. In this ejection is involved a great deterioration of outward state. And a deterioration of inward nature is also exhibited, in the derangement of its functions. A new sense of shame bears witness to the revolt of its lower against its higher elements, and for the first time exhibits it to us as a disordered, and therefore dishonored thing. Together with all this there is the outline of a promise that from among the progeny of the fallen pair a Deliverer shall arise, who, at the cost of personal suffering, shall strike at the very seat of life in the emblem of evil, and so destroy its power. In this relation many modern objectors have discovered an intolerable folly, and the Christian tradition of eighteen centuries has acknowledged a profound philosophy, and a painful and faithful delineation of an indisputable truth.

Now what is the substance conveyed under this form? The Almighty has brought into existence a pair of human beings. He has laid upon them a law of

obedience, not to a Decalogue setting forth things essentially good, and the reverse of them, but simply to a rule of feeding and not feeding. The point at which this brings into view an independent or objective law lies in the prohibition to feed upon a tree which imparts the knowledge of good and evil. That is to say, the pair, as they then were, were forbidden to aspire to the possession of that knowledge. It was a dispensation of pure obedience.

The question whether this was reasonable or unreasonable cannot be answered upon abstract grounds, but resolves itself into another question, whether it was appropriate or inappropriate to the state of the beings thus addressed. Some may assume that Adam was what so great a writer as Milton has represented him to be—

“For contemplation and for valor born,”*

and not for contemplation only, but for intricate inquiry and debate on

“Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute.”†

If we take the developed man, such as we know him in Christian and civilized society, it seems plain that to lay down for him a law of life which did not include the consideration of essential good and evil, would not only stunt and starve his faculties, but would shock his moral sense.

It may be said that a single act of disobedience, even after full warning, could not so deprave a character as reasonably to entail upon the offender a total change of condition. But I would observe that the school of critics which would take this objection is the very school which, utterly rejecting the literal form of the narrative, is bound to look at it as parable. When so contemplated, its lesson is that rebellion, deliberate and wilful (and this is nothing less), fundamentally changes for the worse the character of the rebel. It places him in a new category of motive and action, in which the repetition of the temptation ordinarily begets the repetition of the sin; and it is mercy, not cruelty, which meets this deterioration of character, not with a final and judicial abandonment, but with a deterioration of state, which teaches the lesson of retribution, and serves as an emphatic warning against further sin.

* “Paradise Lost.”

† *Ibid.*

Scripture lies before us in a true perspective when we come to understand that everywhere the will of God is in accord with the righteousness of God, and that what is promised or inflicted by command is also promised or inflicted by self-acting consequence, according to the constitution of the nature we have received. Religion and philosophy thus join hands, and never part them. When, therefore, we are told that Adam after his sin was shut out from Eden, we are not entitled to say, how hard that he could not be allowed to return, and perhaps amend. What is inflicted as penalty from without is acted in character within. Repentance is not innocence; there must be a remedial process; and, until that process has been faithfully accomplished, the anterior state and habit of mind cannot be resumed.

I do not argue with those who say this is a bad constitution of things, under which sin engenders sinfulness; some better one might surely have been devised. It is for us not merely as Christians, but as men of sense, to eschew speculations which even their authors must see to be wholly devoid of practical effect, and to assume the great moral laws and constitution of our nature as ultimate facts, as boundaries which it is futile to overstep.

To my mind, then, the narrative of the Fall is in accordance with the laws of a grand and comprehensive philosophy, and the objections taken to it are the product of narrower and shallower modes of thought. Introducing us to man in his first stage of existence—a stage not of savagery but of childhood—it exhibits to us the gigantic drama of his evolution in its opening. In the Paradise of the Book of Genesis, it reduces to a practical form the noble legend of the Golden Age, cherished especially in prehistoric Greece. It wisely teaches us to look to misused free-will as the source of all the sin, and of all the accompanying misery, which still overflow the world, and environ human life like a moral deluge. It shows us man in his childhood, no less responsible for disobedience to simple command, than man in his manhood for contravention of those laws of essential right and wrong, which remain now and forever clothed with the majesty of Divine command. It teaches us how sin begets sin; how the rebellion of the creature against the Creator was at

once followed by the rebellion of the creature's lower appetites against his higher mind and will. It impresses upon us that sin is not like the bird lightly flying past us in the air, which closes as it goes and leaves no trace behind. It alters for the worse the very being of the man that acts it, and leaves to him a deteriorated nature, which he in turn, by the inexorable laws of his constitution, transmits to his descendants; and which again in them exhibits, variably, yet on the whole with clear and even glaring demonstration, the evil bias it has received, until it shall be happily corrected and renewed by those remedial means which it was the office of the Old Testament to foreshadow and of the New to establish. Everywhere, then, in this narrative we find that it is instinct with the principles of the highest moral and judicial order.

For the present I pass by the Flood* and the Dispersion,† which may be most conveniently considered in connection with what is termed profane history, and I touch next upon the call of Abraham, which imports the selection of a peculiar and separate people to be in a special degree the subjects of God's care, the guardians of His Word, and the vehicles of His promises. Of all great and distinctive chapters in the history of the human race we have here perhaps the greatest and the most distinctive.

This selection of Abraham and his race, if we speak after the manner of men, we might perhaps describe as follows. The original attempt to plant a race upon our planet, which should be endowed with the faculty of free-will, but should always direct that will to good, had been frustrated through sin; and the tainted progeny had, after a trial of many generations, been destroyed by the Deluge. In the descendants of Noah, man was renewed upon a far larger scale. Different branches of the race ‡ were sent, or were allowed to go forth, and to people different parts of the earth, each carrying with them different gifts, and different vocations according to those gifts; the notes of which, in various prominent cases, we cannot fail to discern written large upon the page of history. After a time, choice was made not of a nation, but of a person, namely, Abraham, who with his descendants be-

* Genesis vi., viii. † Genesis x. ‡ *Ibid.*

came subject to a special training. They lived, according to the record in the Bible, not like other men generally, dependent upon the exercise of their natural faculties alone, but with the advantage from time to time, and with the continuing responsibility, of supernatural command and visitation. But this remarkable promotion to a higher form of life did not invest them with any arbitrary or selfish prerogative. On the contrary, as the legislation of Moses was distinguished from other ancient codes by its liberal and likewise elaborate care for the stranger; so also, from the very outset, and before the family could blossom into the nation, nay, even in the very person of Abraham, the gift imparted to him was shown to be given for the behoof of mankind at large. "In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed."* The prerogative of the Jew was from its very inception bound up with the future elevation of the Gentile.

This elevation doubtless carried with it the duty and the means of reaching a higher level of moral life than prevailed among the surrounding Asiatic nations, who, sharing with the chosen race the infirmity and deterioration of nature, differed in this that they carried the reflection of their own sinfulness into their creed respecting the unseen, and made religion itself a direct instrument of corruption. But those whom we call the patriarchs were not exempted from the general degeneracy; and even Abraham, the general strain of whose life appears to have been simple and devout, on going down into Egypt to escape from famine, exposed his wife to the risk of an adulterous connection with the king of the country, lest, if she were known to be his wife, his personal safety should be compromised. On the moral standing of the race of Abraham, as compared with that of contemporary races, there will be more to say hereafter. Meantime, it may be observed that the sins and follies of the favored race are told in the narrative frankly, and without attempting to excuse them. This frankness of relation extends also to the calamities which befell the Israelites; and as an evidence of the integrity of the Hebrew penmen, it suggests a presumption that such plain speaking, in the face of national

and ancestral self-love, is, to say the least, highly in accordance with the belief that the record was framed under special guidance from above.

The selection of Abraham and his posterity in its immediate effect withdrew nothing from the nations outside the Hebrew pale. It bestowed, indeed, upon the line of Ishmael a preferential but inferior blessing, which, however, it is no part of the present purpose to examine, further than to say that the Mohammedan religion may be regarded, in its conflict with the idolatry which it first confronted, and in the present day among the tribes of Western Africa, as the communication of a relative good.

The object which demands our attention is the promise of a blessing in and by the seed of Abraham to all the nations of the earth. The first-fruits of this blessing may be said to have been perceived in the translation of the books of the Old Testament into Greek during the third century before the Advent. At the time when the Greek language was maturing its supremacy in the East through the conquests of Alexander the Great, and in the West through appreciation by the Italian genius, in some respects allied to it, the race was on its decline, both as to its intellect and as to its practical energy. This decline may, perhaps, have rendered the world more receptive of the influences which the substance of the Hebrew books was calculated to exercise.

There can hardly be a doubt that, among all the forms of Greek thought exhibited in the different schools of philosophy, that of the Stoics was the highest in respect of its conception of the Deity, of its emancipation from idolatry, and of its capacity of moral elevation. In the hands of Seneca, of Epictetus, and of Marcus Aurelius, Stoic ideas attained so high a level as to have been used by some in disparagement of the exclusive claim of the Gospel to the promulgation of truths powerful enough to regenerate the world. Without asserting that the early Stoics derived their inspiration through the Greek version, called the Septuagint, from the Hebrew Scriptures, it may be observed that, as a matter of fact, philosophy rose to a higher level through the Stoics while the Greek mind was declining, and that Stoicism made its first appearance at the epoch when those Scriptures had become

* Genesis xxviii. 14.

accessible. Also it arose and flourished not in Greece, but at points such as Cithium, in countries such as Pontus, in schools of learning such as Alexandria, which were seats of Jewish resort and influence.*

It was an advance of a different order toward the fulfilment of the Abrahamic promises, when the Apostles, charged with the commission of our Lord, went forth into all the world and preached the gospel to every creature.† Then, indeed, an enginery was set at work, capable of coping with the whole range of the mischiefs brought into the world by sin, and of completely redeeming the human being from its effects, and consecrating our nature to duty and to God. It is impossible here to do so much as even to skirt this vast subject. But at once these three things may be said as to the development through the Gospel of the Abrahamic promise. First, that in the vast aggregate of genuine believers, the recovery of the Divine image has been effectual, and the mainspring of their being has been set right before their quitting the world, by the dedication of the will to God. Secondly, that the social results of the change have been beneficial and immense in the restriction of wars, in the abolition of horrible practices publicly sanctioned, in the recognition of rights, in the elevation of woman (whose case most and best of all represents the case of rights against force), in the mitigation of laws, in the refinement of manners, and in the public acknowledgment of higher standards of action. Thirdly, that Christendom is at this moment undeniably the prime and central power of the world, and still bears, written upon its front, the mission to subdue it. In point of force and onward impulsion, it stands without a rival, while every other widely-spread religion is in decline. Critical, indeed, are the movements which affect it from within. Vast are the deductions which on every side are to be made from the fulness of the Divine promises when we try to measure their results in the world of facts. Indefinitely slow, and hard to trace in detail, as may be, like a glacier in descent, the march of the times, the Christianity of to-day has, in relation to the world non-Christian, an amount of ascend-

ancy such as it has never before possessed; and, if it retain its inward consistency, the only question seems to be as to the time, the circumstances, and the rate of its further, perhaps of its final, conquests.

I know that it is far beyond the scope of a few pages such as these to make good in detail the claims of the Abrahamic promise. Still, I think that even what has been said may in some measure suffice for the purpose which I have immediately in view. That purpose is to establish in outline the exceptional character of the books of the Old Testament; and with this aim to show that they bear upon them the stamp of a comprehensiveness which embraces, which penetrates, which covers the history of the work as a whole. The promise, given to Abraham nearly two thousand years before the Advent, finds its correlative marks in the train of subsequent history. These marks demonstrate that it was given by a Divine foreknowledge. And if so, then the venerable record in which it is enshrined surely seems here, at least, to carry the seal and signature of a Divine authorship.

Now let us consider from another point of view the selection of the Hebrew race, and the peculiar standing of the Mosaic legislation so intimately allied with the whole of its singularly checkered fortunes. And in order to do something toward ascertaining what was probably the cause determining the Divine selection and procedure, we may do well first to refer to some aims which might at first sight have been thought probable, such as to provide a complete theology, or such as to reward with honor, wealth, and power a peculiarly virtuous people, whose moral conduct was of a nature likely to make them an edifying and attractive example to the nations of the earth. Human speculation might have been forward to anticipate that one or both of these aims might have been contemplated by a plan so exceptional as the selection and isolation of one particular line and people. But the facts appear to show that any such anticipation would have been entirely mistaken.

By a complete theology, I mean simply such a theology as would confront and make provision for all the leading facts of the moral situation. Among these a prominent place had already been given to the entrance of sin into the world, and to the promise of redemption from its power.

* "Encycl. Britann." 10th ed. Art. Stoics.

† Mark xvi. 16.

Now it is evident that there was no attempt in the legislation of the Pentateuch at this theological completeness. Its theology is summed up in clear declarations of the being of God and of duty and love to Him, with which are directly associated in the Decalogue the main items of man's duty to his neighbor, and, both there and elsewhere, the doctrines of rewards and punishments. The race also inherited the narrative of what is termed in Christian theology the Fall of Man. This, however, was part of the anterior tradition; and, though implied in the Mosaic system, was not directly set forth in its terms.

But these rewards and punishments are of a temporal nature, and the Mosaic legislation gives no indication of a future state or of an underworld. This is the more remarkable, because the early chapters of Genesis, although they usually contain but the merest outline of history, are not without such indication.* Enoch, at the end of his 365 years, "was not, for God took him." These remarkable words are substituted for the formula given in the cases of the other patriarchs, whose record closes with the phrase, "and he died."† This seems to be a clear manifestation of the state, into which Enoch entered without passing through the gate of death.

Again, we now know, from the Egyptian Book of the Dead and otherwise, that the religious system of that country not only included, but was greatly based upon, the conception of a future life. It seems absolutely impossible that the Israelites, even had they not been aware of it already, could have dwelt for many generations in the land of Egypt without coming to know of it. Our Lord Himself affirms that they knew it.‡ And we have it exhibited to us in the Psalms,§ which exhibit the interior and spiritual life of chosen souls. It has, perhaps, been too much the practice to assume that the Mosaic law is to be regarded as an enlargement of the patriarchal religion. Without doubt it is at least a very large and important supplement to that religion. But a supplement is less as well as more. It need not contain everything contained in that to which it is a supplement. Here

is a great and vital particular in which the Mosaic law cannot be said even to have republished the patriarchal religion, and which both preceded and survived the law, but did not find a place in it. Accordingly, among the Jews of the Advent the school which rigidly adhered to the letter of the law, namely, the Sadducees,* denied the future state, and held "that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit."

We are not, therefore, to suppose that Israel was without the hope of a future life, which St. Peter on the Day of Pentecost himself demonstrated from the Sixteenth Psalm;† but only to perceive that the Mosaic legislation was limited to its proper purpose—that, namely, of setting apart a nation from the rest of mankind, and providing it with peculiar means and guarantees for the fulfilment of its mission as a nation. It erected a walled precinct, within which the ancient belief of the fathers was to find shelter and to thrive, while it was wofully perishing away from all the kindred nations of the world. It supplied an impregnable home for personal religion. But personal religion, taken by itself, is sadly weak in the means of transmission from age to age. The sons of Eli were wicked persons, and the evil Manasseh succeeds the pious Hezekiah. It is not without the aid of institutions that the sacred fire is kept alive among men. Hence our Lord did not merely teach His holy precepts, and fulfil His Divine career, but founded His Church on earth, to carry His work onward even to the day of doom. And hence, under the guidance of the Most High, Moses was commissioned to establish a system which, without being in itself complete, provided for the double purpose, first, of building up a fastness or fortress within whose walls true spiritual religion in singular fulness might flourish and abound; and, secondly, of establishing a firmly-knit national system of doctrine and worship, intended to secure the permanent purity of belief in the one self-existent God, and the continuing practice of a ritual which set forth in act the existence of sin, and made intelligible and familiar to the people at large the need of deliverance from it by reconciliation. And so, through the long ages from the Exodus

* Genesis v. 24.

† *Ibid.* v. 5, and *passim*.

‡ Matthew xxii. 32; Mark xii. 27.

§ Psalms xvi. 10, xlix. 15.

* Acts xxiii. 8.

† Acts ii. 25.

to the Advent, there lived on the two systems together, distinct but accordant. The one was the religion of interior devotion, powerfully upheld and stimulated, as occasion offered, by the Prophets, and continually exercised and developed in the Psalms. The other was the religion of exterior worship, full of significance, and by its command over the entire people, its incorporation in public laws and institutions, and its association at every point with the national life, exempting that higher and interior treasure from the risks of dependence on short-lived individual fervor, and providing secure means for its transmission from age to age.

We have in the institution of the prophetic school the setting forth of a profound lesson, which reminds us that the Mosaic system was alike in itself necessary, and of itself insufficient.

From another, and possibly even more commanding, point of view, we perceive the insufficiency of Mosaism to fill up fully the outlines of the Divine dispensations. Sin in the form of disobedience to Divine command had entered into the world, and had utterly marred the fair order which at the outset the Almighty had noted in His Creation. The mischief was not left to stand alone, and the promise of a Redeemer from it was immediately delivered. Thus far, the Mosaic system helps us, but in helping us tells us to look beyond itself. By its system of sacrifice it threw into distinct relief the idea of the offence which had been committed. But with this were associated the further ideas that from this offence there would be a way of reconciliation and recovery, and that this way would be found in a member of the human race, a portion of the seed of the woman. On these further ideas Mosaism so far threw light, that it pointed through sacrifice to pardon, but it added nothing of force or clearness to the promise that this recovery should be wrought out in and through a Redeemer having the form and the nature of man. This vital portion of the ancient tradition of the patriarchs did not derive any supplement or enforcement from the construction of the Hebrew laws and institutions. It remained, and it propagated itself mainly in the Psalms and in the Prophets. But its root was pre-Mosaic. Some rays of the light of that promise may perhaps be traced, outside the Hebrew precinct, in that close vital

association between Deity and humanity, which marked the Greek or Olympian religion, but which, as the fundamental conception of sin faded away, lost all its moral force. Mosaism did essential and infinite service in deeply sculpturing (so to speak) the idea of sin in the human consciousness, but it was not favorable to that theanthropy, or union of the Divine and human, of which the human side had been so strongly foreshadowed in the original charter. Perhaps by the rigid prohibition of images, which was so necessary for its direct purpose, it rather tended to widen the distance at which man stood as a being worshipping his Maker. Already idolatry, such as prevailed in the East, was associated with the human form, and the necessity of shutting out that idolatry carried with it, in this respect, a certain religious incompleteness as a consequence.

I now come to the second supposition; and I ask whether the selection of the Hebrew race was grounded on their moral superiority. Within narrow limits, the answer would be affirmative. They were appointed to purge and to possess the land of Canaan on account of the terrible and loathsome iniquities of its inhabitants. The nations whom they were to subdue had reached that latest stage of sensual iniquity, which respects neither God nor nature. The sensual power within man, which rebelled against him when he had rebelled against God, had in Canaan enthroned its lawlessness as law, and its bestial indulgences had become recognized, normal, nay more, even pious and obligatory. And there are those in the present day who, admitting the facts, find in them a subject of pleasurable contemplation as exhibiting the free exercise of natural propensities. The propensities were due indeed to nature, but only to nature in a condition of disorder and disease.

The vicious practices of these nations, indicated rather than described in the Old Testament, and veiled apparently for decency's sake in the translations, are sadly attested by the character of the remains, which, in later times, archaeology has recovered from their hiding-places. They are also attested by the poems of Homer, where the Phœnicians represent Syrian religion, and where we find the goddess Aphroditè, whose debased worship it seems plain that they were gradually im-

porting into Greece, to have stood for little more than a symbol of lawless lust. This is "Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Sidonians."^{*}

I find it much more difficult to answer the question, whether the Hebrew race were planted in the land of promise, which flowed with milk and honey, by reason of, or in connection with, their moral superiority to the nations of the world taken universally. It is at the present day extremely difficult to make any trustworthy estimate of the comparative moral standing of any two contemporary peoples. It may be admitted that the form of human nature has with the modern conditions grown more manifold and complex. But, on the other hand, in answering the question I have just put, we have the difficulties not only of remoteness in time, but of extreme scantiness of information.

I shall assume that the mass of the children of Israel at large were trained mainly by Moaism, and little in comparison by the more highly spiritual tradition conserved and enshrined within it. Speaking of these, we may consider that the Old Testament gives us more than a sketch, if less than a picture, of their social and moral state. I am aware of only one other race, with respect to which we have any account possessing a tolerable fulness. That is the race of the Achaian Greeks, painted with marvellous force as well as fulness by Homer. The poet describes the manners of one generation; the books of the Old Testament, say from Abraham to the Captivity, range over many; but, numerous as these are, they present a considerable unity of color. I carefully reserve the case of that inner and elect circle among the Hebrews, to whom we owe the possession down to this day of inestimable spiritual treasures. But comparing, as well as I am able, ordinary or average life among them on the one side, and among the Greeks of Homer (whom I take to have lived long after Moses, but before the age of David) on the other, I cannot discern that these last were in a moral sense inferior.

I am sensible, however, that in such a proposition as has just been uttered there must be, to the general reader, some appearance of paradox; and likewise that such an appearance will not be effectually

removed by reference to the Scriptural complaints of the stiff neck or the hard heart of the Israelites. I must therefore make further endeavors to get at the truth of the case before us.

I do not feel that even the patriarchal history is designed to convey to us the idea that the privileged race stood uniformly at a great moral elevation as compared with other and ordinary portions of mankind.

The subject is a painful one, and I shall not dilate upon its details. But it seems undeniable that in the history of the selected line we find from time to time the development of wickedness in its extreme form. Such are the sin of Onan,^{*} the incest of the daughters of Lot,[†] and the brutal insensibility of Ham, the son of Noah, to the claims of natural decency.[‡] Nor are the women exempt, as we learn from the incest devised and effected by Tamar.[§] And the wife of Lot cast a yearning look on Sodom.^{||} The first three cases, and the last, are not in the line of the ultimate succession, but Pharez, the son of Tamar, is the recorded ancestor of King David and his descendants.[¶] Now, among the Achaian Greeks of Homer we find a sensitive delicacy, altogether peculiar, as to all exposure of the person. There is nowhere any extreme form of sensual indulgence. Among the Bæotian immigrants from the East, that is from the Syrian coast, there occurred at an early stage of their history in the Peninsula, a case of incest;^{**} but it was always regarded by tradition as involuntary, and what is more, a curse clave on this account to the race, and brought about its early extinction.

While incest is thus regarded as a monstrous perversion of nature among the Greeks, there are in the Homeric poems, as I think, sufficiently clear indications that it was practised without shame among the Phœnicians,^{††} the coast-neighbors of Syria, and their partners in manners, if not also probably in race.

Let us now turn to two others among the great moral constituents of human

^{*} Genesis xxxviii. 8-9.

[†] Genesis xix. 32.

[‡] Genesis ix. 22.

[§] Genesis xxxviii. 6-30.

^{||} Genesis xix. 26.

[¶] Matthew i. 3-5.

^{**} Od. xi. 271-4.

^{††} Od. x. 7, and less flagrantly, vii. 64-8.

^{*} 1 Kings xi. 5-33.

character, and consider the case of humanity as against cruelty, and of truth as against fraud.

Let us take the two cases first of the deceit practised by Jacob upon his brother Esau and his father Isaac; secondly, of the base and unnatural conduct of the sons of Jacob toward their brother Joseph. As there is nothing recorded in favor of the Homeric or Achaian Greeks which approaches in moral beauty to the forgiveness freely accorded by Joseph, so there is nothing recorded against them which so wickedly tramples down the laws of nature as the flagrant iniquities to which attention has just been called. The conduct of the suitors of Penelope in the *Odyssey*, and the actions of Paris, form the worst exhibitions of human nature which come before us in the Poems. Both there and in the Old Testament retribution follows guilt, but what I now speak of is the depths of guilt, not its treatment. There is nowhere in Homer a case between relatives of deceit like that of Jacob, or of cruelty like that of his sons.

When we come to the Palestinian period, it would appear that the Israelites were subjected to a force and diversity of temptations, such as perhaps no people ever had to encounter. War stimulated their vindictive passions. Triumph everywhere waited on their arms. They were to esteem themselves the directly chosen ministers of God. They were likely to regard the heathen, among whom they came, with hatred and contempt. They passed from a life, wandering, uncertain and ill supplied, to settlement and abundance. The temples of seductive lust everywhere met their eyes, and the evil example, by which they were solicited in the mass and in detail, pretended to hallow itself by close association with religion. There is scarcely an evil passion that finds entrance into the human breast which was not powerfully stirred by the circumstances of the Israelitish conquest. We find in the sacred text indications of the severity of some of their temptations. Take, for instance, Deut. vi. 10-16; and again in xxxi. 20 it is written,

"For, when I shall have brought them into the land which I sware unto their fathers, that floweth with milk and honey; and they shall have eaten and filled themselves, and waxen fat; then will they turn unto other gods and serve them, and provoke me, and break my covenant."

The general indication seems to be a very great ethical superiority of the Hebrew line over the Asiatic nations in their neighborhood, as indeed it was from Asia that the extremes of corruption flowed into the Greek Peninsula in the earliest historic times. Yet the loveliest picture of womanhood in all the early sacred books is that of Ruth; and Ruth was of the children of Moab, who was the incestuous offspring of one of the daughters of Lot.*

Humanity, or mercy, is certainly not the strong point of the Achaian Greeks. With them not only no sacredness, but little value, attached to human life; and the loss of it stirs no sympathy unless it be associated with beauty, valor, patriotism, or other esteemed characteristics. Yet here, again, the forms of evil are less extreme. We do not find, even in the stern, relentless vengeance of Odysseus on his enemies, or in the passionate wish of Achilles that nature would permit what it forbade, namely, to devour his hated foe, a form of cruelty and brutality so savage as is recorded in the case of the Levite with his wife and concubine at Gibeah, and of the war which followed it.†

The temptations of lust were even more formidable than those of cruelty and revenge. According to the sacred text, this danger was foreseen from the first; and the very earliest Mosaic legislation,‡ after that of the Commandments, begins to denounce a portion of the indescribable practices which were rife among the occupiers of the promised land. It was subsequently carried into further particulars, and we know that down the whole course of the historic period before the Captivity, the filthy idolatry not only encircled the chosen people, but at times so invaded it as to reduce to a remnant the true worshippers of God. Even pious monarchs were sometimes afraid to destroy its constituted, and in a perverse sense, consecrated emblems.

On the other hand, we must not view the case of the early Greeks in the spirit of optimism. War and its devastations were with them habitual and almost normal; property was little respected; cunning as well as skill was sometimes held in honor. Yet it remains a broad and indisputable truth that honor and truth as well as valor were prevailingly regarded, that

* Genesis xix. 36-7.

† Judges xx., xxi.

‡ Exodus xxii. 10.

family ties were very sacred, that the law of nature was simply and profoundly revered, and that the extreme forms of vice and sin, the widest and most hopeless departures from the law of God, are nowhere to be found in any of their forms.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that we cannot claim as a thing demonstrable a great moral superiority for the Hebrew line generally over the whole of the historically-known contemporary races. I nevertheless cannot but believe that there was an interior circle, known to us by its fruits in the Psalter and the prophetic books, of morality and sanctity altogether superior to what was to be found elsewhere, and due rather to the pre-Mosaic, than to the Mosaic, religion of the race. But it remains to answer with reverence the question, Why, if not for a distinctly superior morality, nor as a full religious provision for the whole wants of man, *why* was the race chosen as a race to receive the promises, to guard the oracles, and to fulfil the hopes, of the great Redemption?

The answer may, I believe, be conveyed in moderate compass. The design of the Almighty, as we everywhere find, was to prepare the human race, by a varied and a prolonged education, for the arrival of the great Redemption. The immediate purposes of the Abrahamic selection may have been to appoint, for the task of preserving in the world the fundamental bases of religion, a race which possessed qualifications for that end decisively sur-

passing those of all other races. We may easily indicate two of these fundamental bases. The first was the belief in one God. The second was the knowledge that the race had departed from His laws; without which knowledge how should they welcome a Deliverer whose object it was to bring them back? It may be stated with confidence that among the dominant races of the world the belief in one God was speedily destroyed by polytheism, and the idea of sin faded gradually but utterly away. Is it audacious to say that what was wanted was a race so endowed with the qualities of masculine tenacity and persistency, as to hold over these all-important truths until that fulness of time, when, by and with them, the complete design of the Almighty would be revealed to the world? A long experience of trials beyond all example has proved since the Advent how the Jews, in this one essential quality, have surpassed every other people upon earth. A marvellous and glorious experience has shown how among their ancestors before the Advent were kept alive and in full vigor the doctrine of belief in one God, and the true idea of sin. These our Lord found ready to His hand, essential preconditions of His teaching. And in the exhibition of this great and unparalleled result of a most elaborate and peculiar discipline we may perhaps recognize, sufficiently for the present purpose, the office and work of the Old Testament.—*Good Words.*

EARLY SUMMER AT THE CAPE.

BY WILLIAM GRESWELL.

It is hard to realize when June mornings are upon us how different Nature is on the other side of the world in the southern hemisphere, where our spring is their autumn, our summer their winter, our vernal their autumnal equinox. How dull and strange and altogether meaningless must the songs and raptures of our poets in the growing season of the year sound to the ears of Colonists living in subtropical climates, where the harvest has just been ingathered, and hymns of thanksgiving sung! Here in rural England we nurse tenderly during the bleak days of February or March the welcome vision of

the green blades of the wild arum, broadening slowly day by day in the land of winter desolation; we give a greeting to the humble celandine, and even to the plain dog's mercury as they peep timidly upon us from the hedgerows, and, when the sweet white violets and primroses look forth as modest children of the New Year from behind the drooping shields of the last year's bracken beds, we hymn our vernal odes. Not so abroad, and in such a climate as that of South Africa. There the skies seem alien, the plants strange, the climate different, and new stars look down night after night upon a new world,

and, when we have said good-by, regretfully perhaps, to *Ursus* major sinking slowly down upon the northern horizon, as the ship rushes southward, we have said good-by to northern seasons, northern climates, northern twilight, and all the indescribable associations of a northern life. Nature henceforth will wear a different livery, her face will wear a different smile.

To the lover of English rural life the change in the bird-life of the South will be most marked. England is pre-eminently the land of bird-song; while at the Cape, as in many subtropical countries, there is scarcely a bird-note worth listening to for a moment. There is the sweet twittering of the Cape canaries, pretty enough in its way; there is the cooing of the bush dove; there is the loud whistling challenge of the Fiscal or Butcher bird, and the call of the Bok-ma-kerie (an onomatopœic word), the substitute for our thrush, and the hoarse guttural note of the Loeri, heard in the recesses of a distant kloof orcombe, but no music anywhere. The golden cuckoo is a small and beautiful bird, with green and silky plumage, but his name belies him; never have I heard at the Cape the double note of the cuckoo so dear to us. Swallows and swifts abound at the Cape, but both seem, like the *spreos* or starlings, to have lost their endearing ways and habits. Who, on a June night in England, does not listen with pleasure to the wild scream of ecstatic joy that comes from the swifts as they dive and sweep with incredible speed round an ancient tower or cliff where they have nested year after year? But the Cape swifts share not the summer madness and exhilaration. Perhaps there are no places for them to disport themselves such as they love, no towers or steeples, or "ancient solitary abodes," handed down from generation to generation as hereditary nesting-places. The house-marten and chimney swallow have forgotten in the South to be the confiding companions of man, and do not nest beneath the eaves and in the chimneys of straw-thatched cottages. As if a homing instinct had told them that the tender and remote North was the fitting place to build their nests after all, not here, where the Southern Cross holds sway. Well enough to spend a few summer months here, they might twitter to one another, but not for always! Even the Cape robin, which hops about on slender legs and peers

curiously about with its bright little eyes, much after the fashion of his northern cousin, is comparatively mute here. In England the robin sings all the year round, and in quiet still days in winter, when the sun is out, he sings, we know, as merrily almost as in the summer. Nor can the stranger follow at first, while the seasons are still new to him, the yearly migration of birds in South Africa. Such migrations are carried out yonder as regularly and punctually as in England, and we must believe that many of our English migrants come from winter quarters in South Africa, although the line of Continental migration does not yet appear very clearly marked along the length of the Dark Continent. It is a strange instinct that sends so many thousands of birds northward, ever northward, to bill and coo and nest in the cold latitudes. Once my heart failed me in South Africa when I shot a fern owl or night-jar as it flew dazed in the daylight from a rocky hiding-place—just such a hiding-place as he loves in England. Often had I in times past listened to his quaint purring and churring on the heather hills of the old country, and could this, I thought, really be an English born and bred bird after all, crossing innumerable rivers, lakes, and forests to this subtropical land?

In England the spring is marked almost to the day by the notes of migratory birds coming in their allotted order. It is often easier to detect our little visitors by hearing their first few warblings than by seeing them. Here in English meadows, when the palm is in bloom and the catkins hang along the hedges, who does not wait anxiously for the first sweet refrain of the chiff-chaff? He is one of our first visitors, even when March winds are blustering. In Kaffirland, where the natives have killed every small bird with knobkerries (sticks) and stones, there is an oppressive and monotonous silence at all seasons of the year. No bird is there to tell us how the seasons are progressing; there is no music in the woods, no warbling and fluttering among the green leaves. In England, after the chiff-chaffs and willow-wrens, there follow in their nightly hosts the countless warblers, till some day in April "the Wandering Voice" is heard, that voice that gave to Wordsworth at Laverna a gratulation even better than that of nightingale or thrush. Presently one

quiet night the fern owls will drop, wearied by their long sea-voyage, upon the green hill sides of England they have known before, and in the luscious gloaming of a May or June evening tell us summer has fully come. One after the other these little immigrants mark our spring calendar; but in South Africa the lover of country sights and sounds, landing in a world of fresh flora and fauna, will stare in blank bewilderment and astonishment. Robert Browning sings,

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood
sheaf
Round the elm-bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough
In England now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the
swallows."

But all this to a Colonist born and bred in the country must be meaningless when April marks with him the season of decay. To obtain the proper April associations, and realize that the "blossom of the almond-trees is April's gift to April's bees," he should change his nomenclature of the months, or read the seasons backward. "Come out, 'tis now September," would be a spring rather than an autumn invocation, where Christmas Day is sometimes the hottest of the whole year, and "the leafy month of June" a winter month.

With the seasons coming and going in this topsy-turvy fashion it is clear that the words, phrases, similes, and illustrations of our northern poetry must be read and interpreted among all English Colonists in the southern hemisphere rather by the light of a sympathetic imagination than by actual experience. All those appeals in spring and summer to familiar sights and sounds upon which so many of our poets' brightest fancies are built, can have little or no force below the Equator. Between us lie the Doldrums, and the strange regions of the southeast Trades, and the Roaring Forties, and the great barriers of space. Even along the same parallels, westward or eastward, the familiar species of birds will disappear, and others take their places. Mr. James Lowell, in his "Study Windows," writes a

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charming chapter on "My Garden Acquaintances," somewhat after the manner of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," on which, in fact, he bases the reason for his essay. But, as we read, how alien is the scenery! how strange the nomenclature! Who, in a popular sense, can know or care in England for the bobolink, the cross-bills, cedar-birds, cat-birds, yellow-birds, whippoorwills, and others? They evoke no associations; they claim no sympathy. Virgil and Anacreon speak more plainly to us from the South than the American poets from the West. Spring comes up to us from the South and across the Mediterranean. The narcissus, violet, and jonquil, which we hear of as blooming along the Riviera, will presently bloom with us; and the spring notes of the Alps are, a little later on, our spring notes also. And when Horace alludes feelingly to the heat in the autumn of September hours, he alludes to a fact we all can appreciate. "The songs of natural life and the music of nature vary according to latitude and longitude. More than any other poetry, that of England is strictly autochthonic, and smacks of the soil."

In the rendering of simple English and Scotch ballads the words often seem to lose their force abroad. In treeless, continental and somewhat barren spaces in Africa and Australia, the songs that tell of island scenery, rough seas, and a sailor's life, must be scarcely intelligible to the Colonist born and bred there. The "Brave old Oak" is simply the rendering of a pleasing fancy in music; and if a young lady appeals pathetically to the "Wind of the Western Seas," or to the "Swallows flying South," in a country like the Cape Colony, where even in mid-winter swallows skim and hawk over the pools, neither the fact nor sentiment is true. In poetical phraseology some words by their use and association belong only to England and to a northern county. In hot and sub-tropical zones can the English Colonist understand all that is meant by the word "mere," when used by Tennyson, "loch," by Scott, "fell," by Wordsworth, "combe," by a West Country poet, together with all the peculiar and characteristic local coloring implied in each, without first having seen the hills and valleys and plains of the mother country? To give the strongest impression and to store up the strongest associations,

the eye must have seen and the mind must have received on the spot. No skylark sings at the Cape in spring, and when the Colonist reads Shelley's masterpiece, with all its magic and descriptive rhythm, the words and phrasing may strike him as exquisitely musical, but the subtle sympathy with the poet from having seen as he has seen, and felt as he has felt, will be wanting. For the same reason, because he has never felt or known its breath coming softly and quietly one day after a frosty spell that has held earth enchained, Keats' "Ode to the West Wind" will fall flat. For the Colonist has never heard how :

"The azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in
air),
With living hues and odors, plain and hill,"

or how the nightingale

"In some melodious plot
Of beeches green, and shadows numberless,
Sings of summer in full-throated ease."

So too the musk rose, "Mid-May's eldest child," and the "pastoral eglantine," and hawthorn are all strangers. True, it may be that there are other plants and other more magnificent flowers clustering in the wilderness, but no local name endears them, no sacred bard has sung of them. They perish in crowds like the common fighting men of Achilles' host, unnamed and unknown. Izaak Walton and Gilbert White must prate to the Colonists of unknown streams, unknown woods and unknown birds and fishes. Between the home-born and colonial-born there must be some great gulf in literature fixed. A common citizenship will not give to the fullest extent a common poetry. The green turf of England, cared for and nurtured for centuries, watered by the dews and rains of our sky, cannot be reproduced abroad. The long lanky quick grass springs up instead, and the veidt and desert of the emigrant remain unreclaimed.

A patriotic love for old associations long outlasts the moments of expatriation and exile. Sir Francis Head, in his "Emigrant," a descriptive book of Canadian life, tells an extremely pathetic story of a poor emigrant, a cobbler, who took abroad with him an English skylark. The crew were shipwrecked, but the cobbler managed to save his lark and keep it for three days on the open sea in an old stocking. When the cobbler was settled in business

in the Colony, his constant companion was this little bird, which sang merrily in its wicker cage, and kept always a large audience spellbound to listen to his inspired note. And the effect of such a note upon the emigrant's ears can only be imagined by those who have known what homesickness means. The cobbler was offered three hundred dollars for his lark—once a poor Sussex carter offered him all he had in the world for it, but the cobbler was not to be tempted. When he died, Sir Francis Head bought his bird and kept it for some time, and, upon his leaving Canada, gave it to Daniel Orris, a faithful and loyal friend. Some time afterward the lark died, and Sir Francis Head had it stuffed and put in a case, with the inscription :—

"This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, universally regretted. Home ! Home ! sweet Home !"

So I have heard in the fore-castle of a Cape steamer on more than one occasion a poor captive thrush giving at intervals on the wild seas the notes we have heard so often along the hedgerows of old England. The association is very pathetic and touching, but after the first generation of Colonists have passed away, a generation that know not these things will arise, to whom the songs of English country life are, at the best, a mere echo and a pleasing wonder.

In the syllabus of subjects set for Colonial examinations, especially in the department of English poetry, one often wonders how the allusions to English spring and summer life are read by the imaginative Colonist. The scenery to them is, I think, the scenery of wonder and of fairyland ; the landscape is remote and dreamy ; the air soft, and redolent with old traditions ; our ivied walls and gray buttresses, covered with the mosses and lichens they have never seen, are viewed much in the same way as we look back here in England upon the pictures of men and things moving in a romantic and distant historical background. The Colonist has one perspective, we possess another. His is the glamour of distance, ours is the glamour of time. England, the mother country, lying in misty northern seas, where

the cold light struggles fitfully in spring-time upon the earth, dimly and gradually, not with the full burst of subtropical spring or summer, is nevertheless the Delphi of the race, the centre of all heroic and archaeological lore. So from afar there is an idealization of all things English, even of the English spring. And doubtless idealization is a motive power of patriotism.

But the Cape early summer, although it cannot speak to us in the old familiar ways, nor birds sing, nor rivers murmur, is, nevertheless, very beautiful in certain places. Of all places in South Africa, whether you adventure to the Bluff in Natal, to the sweeping plains of the High Veldt, or, lower down, to the ridges of the Boschberg and the Zuurberg in the Cape Colony, and even to Worcester and Ceres farther west, or to the forest country of Knysna on the south, the Cape Peninsula, in this season especially, must carry off the palm. The most beautiful tree that South Africa can boast, the silver tree (*Leucodendron argentea*), is found only on and near this peninsula, and as far as concerns the flora of this tract, no place that I know of in Africa can surpass it. A mountain like Table Mountain, rising up straight from the sea for 3560 feet, as high as Snowdon, is presumably a guarantee of floral wealth in sub-tropical grandeur. Along its slopes and valleys and flat subsidences, off-lying spurs and shore buttresses, the actual number of rare and beautiful plants is perhaps not to be equalled in any similar place in the world. There are the quaint *Proteas*, with their broad stiff leaves and ribbed bark, looking like an ancient growth of a former age. One of the most peculiar kinds is the *Protea cynaroides*, growing close to the ground and having one large pink blossom. In Miss North's well-known gallery of typical flowers the *Protea mimetes* occupies a conspicuous place. Along the more level plans of the mountain the eye will be delighted with fields of the red and pink *Watsonia*, the lilac selago, the saffron marigold (really an *arctotis*), and thousands of Cape everlasting growing as thick as daisies in an English meadow and of all hues, from the well-known pure white variety, which flourishes in huge clumps, to the rarer and more solitary straw-colored and red. In the more retired and fertile meadows and glades, the wild arum, grown so often in England, will flower in

profusion, lighting up the dark nooks with its pure white flower. Heath is there in legion, the Cape Peninsula boasting of no less than sixty kinds, from the deep scarlet to the *Erica viridis*, the green and sticky kind. It is the very home of heaths. Among them will be found orchids of all descriptions, there being more than sixty varieties in the Cape Peninsula, many of which would be the pride and glory of an orchid house in England. There they grow along the peaty wind-swept depressions of Table Mountain, "born to blush unseen." There is a stream on the summit of Table Mountain known as the Disa stream, whose sides are covered with the glorious and delicately-veined blossom of the *Disa grandiflora*, a place to be carefully guarded and preserved as the natural home of one of the loveliest wild flowers in the world. Turn to the broken crags and ledges of this wonderful region, and hosts of the blue agapanthi will nod their welcome to you, and beneath them the thickly-bunched scarlet crassula blush deep and red. By the pools here and there, where the tall yellow trees maintain a struggling life (for the sacrilegious axe and the match of the forest incendiary have been here), the huge umbrella-shaped tree-ferns will stand in Druidical circles, making the dark recesses still more gloomy.

Among the humbler blossoms are the blue lobelias, the pale pink petals of the *Droseræ* or dew-plants, entrapping with their viscous substance the unwary flies, the oxalis, the yellow *ixias*, and last, not least, the silky blossoms of the twining *mesanbryanthemum*, gloriously expansive to the morning sun, but closing their eyes when evening comes on. The plant itself, of which there are thirty kinds, fulfils a most useful function in the level and depressed stretches of the Cape Peninsula along "the Flats" where the sea-breezes blow the sand from the shore. With its long and succulent arms it clasps the roving drifts and dunes and prevents their shifting from place to place, enveloping their white snowy-looking masses with deep green bunches. It loves especially to spread close to the water, and cover where it can the bare deformities of the barren rock. Among its roots the lizard and klip salamander hatch their eggs, and make their cosy homes, venturing forth from time to time upon the rock.

Time passes pleasantly on the first summer days, the sun being not yet too hot, and the atmosphere feeling especially bracing along the uplands. Evening comes upon you quickly, and the subtle fragrance of the *Abend bloem*, or night gladiolus, is distilled around as the sun reaches the horizon. There will be little or no twilight, and, in a short time, you may see, if you linger on the mountain paths, the long lines of phosphorescent waves breaking on the beach below. The botanical madness, when once it seizes its victims, can be cured by no Anticyra, nor will even the hellebore bring relief. Of physical difficulties by flood and field the Cape botanists have thought nothing while collecting the countless floral treasures. Thunberg, Sparman and Burchell are all names which recall hard privations and almost marvellous exertions among the mountains and on the veldt of South Africa. Old Thunberg enumerates his perils by land and perils by water, as if his mission were a sacred one, but all was undergone, viz. the "*Alpes altas, præcipitia montium, sylvas inconditas et gentes feroces*," in order to advance in his own language the *amabilis scientia* which gives a *lingua Franca* and a common object to all. Still, however wonderful the display of botanical wealth on Table Mountain and elsewhere in South Africa, it lacks the one saving virtue of old association. Of those marvellously beautiful eyes that look up at you from the earth, there is no familiar one. There are no buttercups, daffodils, ragged robins, fox-gloves, white cuckoo-flower, dandelions, stitchwort and all the rest. Above all, there are no sweet-singing thrushes, mellow blackbirds, or tiny wrens, nightingales or chaffinches, only the Bok-ma-kerie.

Early summer at the Cape is short. As ambrosial night comes down quickly, so does ambrosial summer. Just in September and October there is an interval between the northwest gales prevalent in winter, and the regular southeast Trades. Later on in the summer the southeast, called the "*Capetown doctor*," is a particularly annoying and vexatious wind, raising clouds of red dust in the streets and suburbs. Along the green and sprouting hedges it soon works wild havoc. A single rough day will destroy all the tender and delicate bloom of spring, and wither up the foliage, the wind being

dry and thirsty. This wind comes when the skies are cloudless, and not the least extraordinary phenomenon to an English eye, accustomed to storms with driving mist and hail, will be a southeast gale, with a high barometer and a perfectly clear sky, the cerulean depths of which seem fathomless. The face of Table Mountain reflects faithfully the changes that succeed one another rapidly. First of all, the meadows at its base are green, full of the leaves of the wild arum; next, the poplars grow green and in a wonderfully short space of time, along its slopes, the Kuerboem puts forth its sweet-scented flowers like a vetch. Ere this has blossomed the proteas enfolded in their outer cases will unroll themselves in hosts, and invite the green honey-birds to dip their long curved beaks into their cloying depths; the hedges of plumbago will look like bands of light blue, and presently the sloping vineyards planted in neat and orderly rows will sprout with tender shoots. In the midst of sloping fir-woods and the avenues of budding oak, these patches of cultivated plots will show clearly and distinctly in all their neatness from the heights of Table Mountain. So, little by little, the old mountain, from lowest spur to highest peak, surrenders to the advent of summer, and the line of green mounts higher every day.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight to be seen along the slopes is that of the silver tree, already noticed as the most rare and beautiful production of Table Mountain. Its flat, hard leaf, tapering beautifully to an apex, and covered with a soft silky down, is well known in England as an ornament and decoration. Its surface will take colors very easily, and on large specimens miniature paintings of Table Mountain can be depicted. The tree has a beautiful shape, with regular branching boughs on every side, and curious white thick ribbed bark creasing the trunk. Perhaps it is hardly to be dignified as a tree, its height and proportions being those of a shrub. The foliage is its particular glory. Each leaf is a quivering shaft of silver light, and radiates with a soft and creamy gloss when the African sun strikes upon it. The English white poplar, when the west wind turns its leaves to the sun, is a beautiful sight, but the silver tree is far more beautiful. Both sides of its leaf are equally bright, and as the trees stand in

groups and lines upon the-hill side, they flash like burnished shields of light. Their boughs that tinkle in the breeze are a fit sight to propitiate Proserpine.

We stand in other climes and watch the play of myriad life. Strange butterflies float across, winged beetles flash, and new coleoptera crawl lazily from leaf to leaf. Perhaps the freshly budding garden is not without its dangers, for puff-adders, sheep-stingers, night-adders, ringed snakes, asps and cobras, come from their winter abodes and glide in and out the stones, bright in the summer sun. The tree-snake clings like a green band around its branch, and the mole-snake hunts its prey in the sand. On the veldt the solemn long-legged secretary bird is peering into every bush for his prey, and high aloft, like the smallest specks in the heavens, the vultures or aavogels swing in airy circles. There are a million coruscations of light out in the veldt, a checkered carpet of thousands of spring flowers, a glittering mirage along the surface, and in the air the hum of invisible wings. But while we see so much that is new and lustrous in this wild nature, we miss much. We miss the immemorial elm, the spreading oak, the hedge-grows neat and green, the may-blossoms, the horse-chestnuts, the running stream, the deep pastures, and the rich soft look of a real English summer day. But it is very beautiful here. There is the brill-

iancy of a clarior ether, the splash of the southern wave, and the aspect of the country, especially along the slopes of the Cape Peninsula, which suggest visions of classical Italy and Sicily. Yonder is the sloping vineyard, here the sweet whispering pines, close by the singing *cicada*, industriously chirping as of old in sleepy Morea or Calabria; out along the edge of the tide is poised the bending figure of an old and swarthy fisherman casting his line far out into the waves, the very counterpart of the picture on the embossed cup of Thyriss, immortalized by Theocritus; just above us on the hills are a flock of goats climbing along the rocks on the sunny side of the hill, which the lizards love, butting and playing with one another as *petulci hirci* have from the beginning of all time, and, close by them, is the native goatherd or caprarius, lazily weaving a rushen mat or singing idly, a fit figure for the idyllic scene. It is the very land for Strephon and Menalcas. Presently, as evening falls, and you have finished your ramble, you will see him collect his wandering and vagrant flock, chiding them and rebuking them the while, each one by name, and fold them in the kraal or compound down below.

"Ite domum, venit Hesperus ite capellæ."

—Murray's Magazine.

BROUGHT BACK FROM ELYSIUM.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

SCENE.—*The Library of a Piccadilly club for high thinking and bad dinners; Time, midnight. Four eminent novelists of the day regarding each other self-consciously. They are (1) a Realist, (2) a Romancist, (3) an Elsmirian, (4) a Stylist. The clock strikes thirteen, and they all start.*

REALIST (*staring at the door and drawing back from it*).—I thought I heard—something?

STYLIST.—I—the—(*pauses to reflect on the best way of saying it was only the clock*).

(*A step is heard on the stair.*)

ELSMERIAN.—Hark! It must be him

and them. (*Stylist shudders.*) I knew he would not fail us.

ROMANCISS (*nervously*).—It may only be some member of the club.

ELSMERIAN.—The hall-porter said we would be safe from intrusion in the library.

REALIST.—I hear nothing now. (*His hand comes in contact with a bookcase.*) How cold and clammy to the touch these books are. A strange place, gentlemen, for an eerie interview. (*To Elsmirian.*) You really think they will come? You have no religious doubts about the existence of Elysian Fields?

ELSMERIAN.—I do not believe in Elysium, but I believe in him.

REALIST.—Still if—
(*The door is shaken and the handle falls off.*)

ROMANCIIST.—Ah! Even I have never imagined anything so weird as this. See, the door opens!

(*Enter an American novelist.*)

OMNES.—Only you!

AMERICAN (*looking around him self-consciously*).—I had always suspected that there was a library, though I have only been a member for a few months. Why do you look at me so strangely?

ELSMERIAN (*after whispering with the others*).—We are agreed that since you have found your way here you should be permitted to stay; on the understanding, of course, that we still disapprove of your methods as profoundly as we despise each other.

AMERICAN.—But what are you doing here, when you might be asleep downstairs?

ELSMERIAN (*impressively*).—Have you never wished to hold converse with the mighty dead?

AMERICAN.—I don't know them.

ELSMERIAN.—I admit that the adjective was ill-chosen, but listen: the ghosts of Scott and some other novelists will join us presently. We are to talk with them about their work.

REALIST.—And ours.

ELSMERIAN.—And ours. They are being brought from the Grove of Bay-trees in the Elysian Fields.

AMERICAN.—But they are antiquated, played out; and, besides, they will not come.

ROMANCIIST.—You don't understand. Stanley has gone for them.

AMERICAN.—Stanley!

ELSMERIAN.—It was a chance not to be missed. (*Looks at his watch.*) They should have been here by this time; but on these occasions he is sometimes a little late.

(*Their mouths open as a voice rings through the club crying, "I cannot stop to argue with you; I'll find the way myself."*)

REALIST.—It is he, but he may be alone. Perhaps they declined to accompany him!

ELSMERIAN (*with conviction*).—He would bring them whether they wanted to come or not.

(*Enter Mr. Stanley with five Ghosts.*)

MR. STANLEY.—Here they are. I hope

the row below did not alarm you. The hall-porter wanted to know if I was a member, so I shot him. Waken me when you are ready to send them back.

(*Sits down and sleeps immediately.*)

FIRST GHOST.—I am Walter Scott.

SECOND GHOST.—I am Henry Fielding.

THIRD GHOST.—My name is Smollett.

FOURTH GHOST.—Mine is Dickens.

FIFTH GHOST.—They used to call me Thack.

ALL THE GHOSTS (*looking at the sleeper*).—

—And we are a little out of breath.

AMERICAN (*to himself*).—There is too much plot in this for me.

ELSMERIAN (*to the visitors*).—Quite so. Now will you be so good as to stand in a row against that bookcase. (*They do so.*) Perhaps you have been wondering why we troubled to send for you?

Sir WALTER.—We—

ELSMERIAN.—You need not answer me, for it really doesn't matter. Since your days a great change has come over fiction—a kind of literature at which you all tried your hands—and it struck us that you might care to know how we moderns regard you.

REALIST.—And ourselves.

ELSMERIAN.—And ourselves. We had better begin with ourselves, as the night is already far advanced. You will be surprised to hear that fiction has become an art.

FIELDING.—I am glad we came, though the gentleman (*looking at the sleeper*) was perhaps a little peremptory. You are all novelists?

ROMANCIIST.—No, I am a Romancist, this gentleman is a Realist, that one is a Stylist, and—

ELSMERIAN.—We had better explain to you that the word novelist has gone out of fashion in our circles. We have left it behind us—

Sir WALTER.—I was always content with story-teller myself.

AMERICAN.—Story-teller! All the stories have been told.

Sir WALTER (*wistfully*).—How busy you must have been since my day.

ROMANCIIST.—We have, indeed, and not merely in writing stories—to use the language of the nursery. Now that fiction is an art, the work of its followers consists less in writing mere stories (to repeat a word that you will understand more readily than we) than in classifying our-

selves and (when we have time for it) classifying you.

THACKERAY.—But the term novelist satisfied us.

ELSMERIAN.—There is a difference, I hope, between then and now. I cannot avoid speaking plainly, though I allow that you are the seed from which the tree has grown. May I ask what was your first step toward becoming novelists.

SMOLLETT (*with foolish promptitude*).—We wrote a novel.

THACKERAY (*humbly*).—I am afraid I began by wanting to write a good story, and then wrote it to the best of my ability. Is there any other way?

STYLIST.—But how did you laboriously acquire your style?

THACKERAY.—I thought little about style. I suppose, such as it was, it came naturally.

STYLIST.—Pooh! Then there is no art in it.

ELSMERIAN.—And what was your aim?

THACKERAY.—Well, I had reason to believe that I would get something for it.

ELSMERIAN.—Alas! to you the world was not a sea of drowning souls, nor the novel a stone to fling to them, that they might float on it to a quiet haven. You had no aims, no methods, no religious doubts, and you neither analyzed your characters nor classified yourselves.

AMERICAN.—And you reflected so little about your art that you wrote story after story without realizing that all the stories had been told.

Sir WALTER.—But if all the stories are told, how can you write novels?

AMERICAN.—The story in a novel is of as little importance as the stone in a cherry. I have written three volumes about a lady and a gentleman who met on a car.

Sir WALTER.—Yes, what happened to them?

AMERICAN.—Nothing happened. That is the point of the story.

STYLIST.—Style is everything. The true novelist does nothing but think, think, think about his style, and then write, write, write about it. I dare say I am one of the most perfect stylists living. Oh, but the hours, the days, the years of introspection I have spent in acquiring my style!

THACKERAY (*sadly*).—If I had only

thought more of style! May I ask how many books you have written?

STYLIST.—Only one—and that I have withdrawn from circulation. Ah, sir, I am such a stylist that I dare not write anything. Yet I meditate a work.

Sir WALTER.—A story?

STYLIST.—No, an essay on style. I shall devote four years to it.

Sir WALTER.—And I wrote two novels in four months!

STYLIST.—Yes, that is still remembered against you. Well, you paid the penalty, for your books are still popular.

DICKENS.—But is not popularity nowadays a sign of merit?

STYLIST.—To be popular is to be damned.

Sir WALTER.—I can see from what you tell me that I was only a child. I thought little about how novels should be written. I only tried to write them, and as for style, I am afraid I merely used the words that came most readily. (*Stylist groans.*) I had such an interest in my characters (*American groans*), such a love for them (*Realist groans*), that they were like living beings to me. Action seemed to come naturally to them, and all I had to do was to run after them with my pen.

ROMANCIIST.—In the dark days you had not a cheap press, nor scores of magazines and reviews. Ah, we have many opportunities that were denied to you.

FIELDING.—We printed our stories in books.

ROMANCIIST.—I was not thinking of the mere stories. It is not our stories that we spend much time over, but the essays, and discussions and interviews about our art. Why, there is not a living man in this room, except the sleeper, who has not written as many articles and essays about how novels should be written as would stock a library.

SMOLLETT.—But we thought that the best way of showing how they should be written was to write them.

REALIST (*bitingly*).—And as a result, you cannot say at this moment whether you are a Realist, a Romancist, an American Analyst, a Stylist, or an Elsmesian! Your labors have been fruitless.

SMOLLETT.—What am I?

ROMANCIIST.—I refuse to include you among novelists at all, for your artistic views (which we have discovered for you)

are different from mine. You are a Realist. Therefore I blot you out.

Sir WALTER (*anxiously*).—I suppose I am a Romancist?

REALIST.—Yes, and therefore I cannot acknowledge you. Your work has to go.

AMERICAN.—It has gone. I never read it. Indeed, I can't stand any of you. In short, I am an American Analyst.

DICKENS (*dreamily*).—One of the most remarkable men in that country.

AMERICAN.—Yes, sir, I am one of its leading writers of fiction without a story—along with Silas K. Weekes, Thomas John Hillocks, William P. Crinkle, and many others whose fame must have reached the Grove of Bay-trees. We write even more essays about ourselves than they do in this old country.

ELSMERIAN.—Nevertheless, Romanticism, Realism, and Analysis are mere words, as empty as a drum. Religious doubt is the only subject for the novelist nowadays; and if he is such a poor creature as to have no religious doubts, he should leave fiction alone.

STYLIST.—Style is everything. I can scarcely sleep at nights for thinking of my style.

FIELDING.—This, of course, is very interesting to us who know so little, yet, except that it enables you to label yourselves, it does not seem to tell you much. After all, does it make a man a better novelist to know that other novelists pursue the wrong methods? You seem to despise each other cordially, while Smollett and I, for instance, can enjoy Sir Walter. We are content to judge him by results, and to consider him a great novelist because he wrote great novels.

ELSMERIAN.—You will never be able to reach our standpoint if you cannot put the mere novels themselves out of the question. The novelist should be considered quite apart from his stories.

REALIST.—It is nothing to me that I am a novelist, but I am proud of being a Realist. That is the great thing.

ROMANCIIST.—Consider, Mr. Smollett, if you had thought and written about yourself as much as I have done about myself you might never have produced one of the works by which you are now known. That would be something to be proud of. You might have written romances, like mine and Sir Walter's.

ELSMERIAN.—Or have had religious doubts.

STYLIST.—Or have become a Stylist, and written nothing at all.

REALIST.—And you, Sir Walter, might have become one of us.

THACKERAY.—But why should we not have written simply in the manner that suited us best? If the result is good, who cares for the label?

ROMANCIIST (*eyeing Sir Walter severely*).

—No one has any right to be a Romancist unconsciously. Romance should be written with an effort—as I write it. I question, sir, if you ever defined romance? — Sir WALTER (*weakly*).—I had a general idea of it, and I thought that perhaps my books might be allowed to speak for me.

ROMANCIIST.—We have got beyond that stage. Romance (that is to say, fiction) has been defined by one of its followers as “not nature, it is not character, it is not imagined history; it is fallacy, poetic fallacy; a lie, if you like, a beautiful lie, a lie that is at once false and true—false to fact, true to faith.”

(*The Ghosts look at each other apprehensively.*)

Sir WALTER.—Would you mind repeating that? (*Romancist repeats it.*) And are my novels all that? To think of their being that, and I never knew! I give you my word, sir, that when I wrote “Ivanhoe,” for example, I merely wanted to—to tell a story.

REALIST.—Still, in your treatment of the Templar, you boldly cast off the chains of Romanticism and rise to Realism.

ELSMERIAN.—To do you justice, the Templar seems to have religious doubts.

STYLIST.—I once wrote a little paper on your probable reasons for using the word “wand” in circumstances that would perhaps have justified the use of “reed.” I have not published it.

Sir WALTER.—This would be more gratifying to me if I thought that I deserved it.

AMERICAN.—I remember reading “Ivanhoe” before I knew any better; but even then I thought it poor stuff. There is no analysis in it worthy of the name. Why did Rowena drop her handkerchief? Instead of telling us that, you prance off after a band of archers. Do you really believe that intellectual men and women are interested in tournaments?

Sir WALTER.—You have grown so old since my day. Besides, I have admitted that the Waverley novels were written simply to entertain the public.

ELSMERIAN.—No one, I hope, reads my stories for entertainment. We have become serious now.

AMERICAN.—I have thought at times that I could have made something of "Ivanhoe." Yes, sir, if the theme had been left to me I would have worked it out in a manner quite different from yours. In my mind's eye I can see myself developing the character of the hero. I would have made him more like ourselves. The Rebecca, too, I would have reduced in size. Of course the plot would have had to go overboard, with Robin Hood and Richard, and we would have had no fighting. Yes, it might be done. I would call it, let me see, I would call it, "Wilfrid: a Study."

THACKERAY (*timidly*).—Have you found out what I am?

AMERICAN.—You are intolerably prosy.

STYLIST.—Some people called Philistines maintain that you are a Stylist; but evidently you forgot yourself too frequently for that.

ROMANCIIST.—You were a cynic, which kills romanticism.

REALIST.—And men allow their wives to read you, so you don't belong to us.

AMERICAN (*testily*).—No, sir, you need not turn to me. You and I have nothing in common.

DICKENS.—I am a—?

REALIST.—It is true that you wrote about the poor; but how did you treat them? Are they all women of the street and brawling ruffians? Instead of dwelling forever on their sudden misery, and gloating over their immorality, you positively regard them from a genial standpoint. I regret to have to say it, but you are a Romancist.

ROMANCIIST.—No, no, Mr. Dickens, do not cross to me. You wrote with a purpose, sir. Remember Dotheboys Hall.

ELSMERIAN.—A novel without a purpose is as a helmless ship.

DICKENS (*aghast*).—Then I am an Elsmesian?

ELSMERIAN.—Alas! you had no other purpose than to add to the material comforts of the people. Not one of your characters was troubled with religious doubts. Where does Mr. Pickwick pause

to ask himself why he should not be an atheist? You cannot answer. In these days of earnest self-communion we find Mr. Pickwick painfully wanting. How can readers rise from his pages in distress of mind? You never give them a chance.

THACKERAY.—No, there is nothing sickly about Pickwick.

ELSMERIAN.—Absolutely nothing. He is of a different world (I am forced to say this) from that in which my heroes move. Not, indeed, that they do move much. Give me a chair and a man with doubts, and I will give you a novel. He has only to sit on that chair—

STYLIST.—As I sit on mine, thinking, thinking, thinking about my style.

DICKENS.—Young people in love are out of fashion in novels nowadays, I suppose?

ELSMERIAN.—Two souls in doubt may meet and pale as one.

THACKERAY.—As a novelist I had no loftier belief than this—that high art is high morality, and that the better the literature the more ennobling it must be.

REALIST.—And this man claimed to be one of us!

DICKENS.—I wrote for a wide public (*Stylist sighs*), whom I loved (*Realist sighs*). I loved my characters, too (*American sighs*), they seemed so real to me (*Romancist sighs*), and so I liked to leave them happy. I believe I wanted to see the whole world happy (*Elsmesian sighs*).

Sir WALTER.—I also had that ambition.

THACKERAY.—Do you even find Mr. Pickwick's humor offensive nowadays?

ROMANCIIST.—To treat a character with humor is to lift him from his pedestal to the earth.

ELSMERIAN.—We have no patience with humor. In these days of anxious thought humor seems a trivial thing. The world has grown sadder since your time, and we novelists of to-day begin where you left off. Were I to write a continuation of "The Pickwick Papers," I could not treat the subject as Mr. Dickens did; I really could not.

STYLIST.—Humor is vulgar.

AMERICAN.—Humor, sir, has been refined and chastened since the infancy of fiction, and I am certain that were my humorous characters to meet yours mine would be made quite uncomfortable. Mr. Pickwick could not possibly be received

in the drawing-room of Sara H. Finney, and Sam Weller would be turned out of her kitchen. I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that one can positively laugh at your humor.

DICKENS.—They used to laugh.

AMERICAN.—Ah, they never laugh at mine.

DICKENS.—But if I am not a Realist, nor a Romancist, nor an Elsmesian, nor a St—

AMERICAN.—Oh, we have placed you. In Boston we could not live without placing everybody, and you are ticketed a caricaturist.

DICKENS (*sighing*).—I liked the old way best, of being simply a novelist.

AMERICAN.—That was too barbarous for Boston. We have analyzed your methods, and found them puerile. You have no subtle insight into character. You could not have written a novel about a lady's reasons for passing the cruet. Nay, more, we find that you never drew either a lady or a gentleman. Your subsidiary characters alone would rule you out of court. To us it is hard work to put all we have to say about a lady and gentleman who agree not to become engaged into three volumes. But you never send your hero twelve miles in a coach without adding another half-dozen characters to your list. There is no such lack of artistic barrenness in our school.

SMOLLETT (*enthusiastically*).—What novels you who think so much about the art must write nowadays! You will let us take away a few samples! (*The live novelists cough.*)

REALIST (*huskily*).—You—you have heard of our work in the Grove of Bay-trees!

SIR WALTER (*apologetically*).—You see we are not in the way of hearing—(*politely*). But we look forward to meeting you there some day.

THACKERAY.—And resuming this conversation. None of you happens to be the gentleman who is rewriting Shakespeare and Homer, I suppose! It is of no consequence; I—I only thought that if he had been here I would have liked to look at him. That is all.

FIELDING (*looking at the sleeper*).—He said he would take us back.

(*The novelists shake Mr. Stanley timidly, but he sleeps on.*)

STYLIST (*with a happy inspiration*).—Emin—

Mr. STANLEY (*starting to his feet*).—You are ready! Fall in behind me. Quick march—

SIR WALTER.—You won't mind carrying these books for us? (*Gives Stanley samples of Realism, Elsmesianism, etc.*)

Mr. STANLEY.—Right. I shall give them to the first man we meet in Piccadilly to carry.

ROMANCIER (*foolishly*).—He may refuse.

Mr. STANLEY (*grimly*).—I think not. Now then—

ELSMERIAN (*good-naturedly*).—A moment, sir. We have shown these gentlemen how the art of fiction has developed since their day, and now if they care to offer us a last word of advice—

SIR WALTER.—We could not presume.

THACKERAY.—As old-fashioned novelists of some repute at one time, we might say this: that perhaps if you thought and wrote less about your styles and methods and the aim of fiction, and, in short, forgot yourselves now and again in your stories, you might get on better with your work. Think it over.

Mr. STANLEY.—Quick march.

(*The novelists are left looking at each other self consciously.*)

—*Contemporary Review.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

BY J. M.

It seems to me that above the dim portals of that vast and magic edifice already reared by Russian intellect to Russia's eternal glory, might be aptly inscribed Dante's fateful words, "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." For verily

we are in a region of gloom, of sorrows so mysterious and profound, that our soul shrinks within us, and, overcome by anguish, we feel impelled to re-echo the despairing cry which recurs so frequently in Russian writings—What is to be done?

At least that is the impression made upon me by this sombre study, and I defy any one with sensitive nerves and a feeling heart to undertake with impunity a journey into this Inferno.

From the beginning of this century dates the sudden dawn and marvellous expansion of the singular literature which exerts over some minds so powerful a fascination. It requires very little insight to foresee that it is certain to exercise a still greater influence when all the significance of this manifestation of Russian thought is more generally felt and appreciated. To-day the Russians are our masters in a new school—we can sit at their feet and learn.

To many the name of Russia is associated only with crude ideas of Nihilism, of attempts to assassinate the Czar, of a people half-barbarous and plunged in utter ignorance, but of this Eastern giant slowly awakening to a consciousness of power, and destined perhaps to regenerate our old Europe by the divine gift of new ideas and a new religion, they know nothing. They may even peruse from curiosity some chance samples of this strange literature without seizing upon the sense of the mental and moral upheaval which either we ourselves or our children must witness. As yet, it is too early to prophesy events, we can only consider tendencies and study to some extent the men who, as depositaries of the sacred fire, have been preparing the way for mighty reforms. Among these I shall refer only to the great names which stand out as types, and resume in themselves the development of Russia during the last half-century. In them we shall find concentrated and sublimed the tears and aspirations and patient yearnings of a whole people. If their joys are bitterly ignored and remain unnoted, it is because in truth they cannot be said to exist.

Forced by circumstance, the Russians have raised the novel to the exalted position which it holds with us moderns as the faithful chronicle of the history of to-day. England can scarcely be called the initiator of this new departure, although to her is often attributed the honor. The English novel is more limited in scope and mainly domestic, whereas the Russian novel is national, in the broadest sense of the word, and whosoever wishes to construct in the future the history of Russia

during this eventful century will have to turn to its novels for documents. And the reason is very simple. In Russia, owing to the rigid and brutal censorship exercised over the press, there was no other channel in which could run the floods of daring and inspired thoughts that all at once swept over the country—it was the only channel not open to suspicion. Autocracies are proverbially stupid, and this one was no exception. Thus veiled, it allowed to pass unchallenged those barbed words which were to sting the conscience of a great and oppressed race deprived for centuries of its birthright, and arouse it to attention, but not to immediate action. Therein at present lies the weakness of the Slav temperament; with an immense capacity for reflection, Russians have as yet manifested but a limited power for action.

The Russian novel contains, therefore, within itself examples of poetry, history, and psychological studies such as the world has never seen equalled for minuteness, accuracy, and power. Mystical reveries, of infinite beauty and delicacy, satires so deadly true in their aim, so bitter in their hidden wrath, that the publication of one sufficed to overthrow the hideous anachronism of serfdom, an under-current of despair so subtle and profound that it manages to penetrate even our materialistic envelope, a probing into the mystery of existence with a persistency and intensity which are simply appalling in audacious conception; finally, the restless searching for an explanation to the cruel problem of life, the cry of the soul for a religion, for guidance, for peace. Nothing is sacred to these investigators, to these untiring searchers of the human heart, or rather all is sacred, but not beyond discussion; and these original minds, true products of a "virgin soil," have invested with new meaning all the old problems of existence.

The same adverse fate which, brooding over this unfortunate country, condemned it after a long and painful travail to give forth only the echoes of the anguish which tortures it, has, in like manner, inexorably maimed and shortened the lives of its most brilliant children. In no country could such a list of fatalities be enumerated, as overtaking contemporary talent almost as soon as their names began to be known, and to be carried from mouth to

mouth. To mention only some of these. Rykief was hanged as a conspirator in 1825; Pouschkine, Russia's greatest poet, was killed, at thirty-eight years of age, in a duel; Griboiedoff was assassinated at Teheran; Lermontoff, a well-known and most promising writer, was killed in a duel in the Caucasus at the age of thirty; Vénévitinoff died broken-hearted at twenty-two, his end hastened by the insults and outrages to which he was subjected; Koltzoff, at twenty-three, died of grief, caused him by his family; Belinsky fell a victim, at the age of thirty-five, to misery and hunger; Dostoevsky, after sentence of death, was sent, at the age of twenty-two, for a slight offence, to the mines of Siberia forever; and lastly Gogol, who committed suicide when only forty-three. If, as is said, there comes "Misfortune to those who stone their prophets," then we can understand in some measure why the misfortunes of Russia are darker and deeper than those of any other land.

Until the commencement of this century there was no such thing as a national literature in Russia—in fact, one could scarcely say that there was any national feeling. The mass of the nation was made up of voiceless slaves, whose unintelligible murmurs had never been interpreted; the upper or governing classes prided themselves on introducing customs and modes of thought borrowed from France and Germany, as little national as possible. Since even reflected light is preferable to the drear night of ignorance, the scanty education then offered at the universities to the youth of that epoch, evoked longings for something higher, and many left their country to steep themselves more fully in the metaphysics of Germany, or the humanitarian philosophy of the French Revolution. The germ was deposited; it had but to fructify and develop, not into a servile imitation of well-known models, but into that rare and powerful literary florescence which we are at present considering. At first, doubtless, even among those possessed of undeniable genius, the influence of Western thought was clearly manifest, and in the works of Pouschkine, the first poet of any eminence, the trace of Byron is unmistakable. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that, after the deceptions due to the unfulfilled hopes engendered

by the terrible years of 1789-91, a wave of reaction and despair swept over many souls of a similar bent, simultaneously, and with almost irresistible force. For instance, Goethe gave us *Werther* and *Faust*, than which there are no gloomier contributions to modern pessimism; Byron drew from his lyre morbid strains that were not wholly theatrical, but represented a state of mind common to many; in France, Chateaubriand took up the same theme, and these great men had many imitators. So late as the middle of this century, the reverberation of these painful chords still continued in the work of Alfred de Musset, and in some of the early work of Georges Sand; and for a long period we fail to find the joyful note which is the prelude of a brighter day. I will not here discuss the reasons of the disappointment which seemed suddenly to overwhelm mankind. We can destroy rapidly, but we can only build up by dint of infinite pains and patience, and it is a truth we too often forget in our haste to regenerate the world.

The Russians inaugurated the modern realistic or naturalistic form of novel, around which so many storms have raged, and it is they who, backward in all else, and indebted to the West for every intellectual stimulus, have produced and fashioned this marvellous instrument of culture and progress. Yet it must be noted, never have the Russians sullied their pages with the inartistic enormities which we owe to the pen of the French father of naturalism. Nothing in either French, German, or English literature can equal this particular product of the Russian soil. The novel with us Westerns has not had the same function to fulfil, and did not need to be at once an instrument of enlightenment, comfort, counsel, and reform. Simple amusement is not even taken into consideration. As a result, an immense country has been gradually revolutionized, educated, uplifted to such an extent, and in so short a space of time that it is impossible to forecast the splendid future of a race which can give birth to such sons and daughters under such conditions. In fact, in the enthusiastic opinion of some admirers, the *intellectual*, if not *material*, empire of the world will some day be divided between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavonic races, two peoples as diverse in their aims and natures

as it is possible to conceive. The Russian, dreamy, poetical, subtle, wonderfully receptive, and naturally devoid of prejudice, absorbing all learning with ease, possessing talents of a highly artistic order, ardent, though indolent, profoundly melancholy and religious. The Anglo-Saxon, straightforward, practical, energetic, prejudiced: not given to dreams, much more materialistic than mystical, with a passion rather for justice than for ideal goodness; a dominating, aggressive race, with talents not running in the artistic direction, taking a joyous if somewhat limited view of existence, and little tormented by conceptions of the Infinite. It is true that these two races contrast with, and complete each other, and typify in themselves some of the best attributes of humanity. A mighty harmony would arise from their collaboration in the work of progress. But even if this forecast were correct, it must not be forgotten how greatly mankind is indebted to the Latin races for the grace, harmony, and lucidity of their productions, as well as to less widely-known but not less interesting peoples, for those unfamiliar but piquantly original flowers of genius which blossom among them occasionally. All that we can feel certain of, at present, is that, overburdened by the wealth of woe surrounding them, and preoccupied by the many wrongs to be redressed, the Russian poets and prophets have not said their last word. Their first is a thrilling one—it is, perhaps, best expressed by the word compassion. Noble and lovely word! "To pity" means "to help," and who knows where that new solidarity gradually growing up between nations as between members of groups may not conduct us! Even in Russia faint gleams of the Aurora which at length is to overspread her, may be discerned, and slight warnings of that terrible tempest which, before clearing the air, will cause thrones to shake, and scatter the sanctioned abuses of centuries far and wide. Russians will not, in that day, not far distant, forget their prophets and martyrs, their heroes and saints. They will not forget those who opened up glorious paths of difficulty and danger, who caught and fixed all the scattered gleams of light into one glowing focus, and stamped, with the unmistakable mark of genius, the nationality and aspirations of a great people. Among the lesser lights,

the illustrious names of Gogol, Pouschkin, Dostoïevsky, Tourgenief, Tolstoi—types of all the best and most characteristic of their peculiar qualities—will then receive the homage which is their due.

To Gogol belongs the honor of having the first gathered together and enshrined as only genius can, the most beautiful of the innumerable legends, tales, and folklore in which Russia abounds. He it was who first translated the vague complaint of the crushed millions, their pathetic poetry, their measureless patience, their dim longings. The whole extent of their wrongs he perceived better than they themselves could, and by such works as the "Revisor," a marvel of masterly sarcasm and irony, and "Dead Souls," he succeeded in overturning a system. Many abuses are still left, but some at least are dead or slowly dying. It is impossible for me, however tempted, in a short sketch like this, to enter into the method of treatment employed by the author in these two famous works. I must refer the student to the original. But, as evidence of his wonderful precision of detail, power of delineation and ironical sallies, it suffices only to observe that in Russia scores and scores of passages have become proverbial—as, for instance, the reproof administered by a corrupt official to an underling, "you rob too much for your grade," which excites roars of significant laughter in Russia, where the allusion—owing to the widespread red-tapeism and corruption—is full of savor. Here, of course, where jobbery, bribes, and misappropriation of public money are unknown, such a taunt would be pointless. When Gogol read his manuscript of the "Revisor" to Pouschkin this latter remarked—so great was the sense of desolation which overcame him—"God! what a sad country our Russia is!" That was fifty years ago—it is still a sad country, as witness one of the last productions of Tolstoi's, "What is to be done?" One arises from its perusal no longer English or Russian, but a human being only, profoundly troubled, conscience-stricken, asking, "Is it possible such misery exists?" When we thought we knew the depths we find there are still greater depths. Yes, what is to be done? Who will answer, who will shed a ray of light on this gloomy picture? To Tolstoi there is but one answer—sympathy, help, but

intelligent sympathy, intelligent help. I am sure any one who takes up this chapter of the Gospel of Despair and reads it, text by text, as I read it with the wind moaning among the firs on the mountain-tops and the rain flooding the mountain streams, amid the intense melancholy of Nature's most melancholy moods in the dark brooding of the silent night, will receive the same impression as I did, will absorb all the bitterness and yearning of Tolstoi's soul and will relinquish that little volume no longer astonished that he should exclaim, "What is to be done?" For the moment one feels inclined to welcome rather a thousand revolutions with blood running in streams and a thousand crimes of reprisal against oppressors sinning doubtless unknowingly in their crass obtuseness, than a continuance of such unmerited poverty and suffering. This is the attitude of mind which conducts us to what is vulgarly called active Nihilism, that is to say, to the stake or to Siberia. Tolstoi himself it has led to a voluntary renunciation of riches, but is his answer to the enigma the whole answer? In "What is to be done?" the author starts with bags of money to relieve the wretchedness with which he is being continually haunted in Moscow. It is not difficult to guess the result—deception—the misery not touched, nay, it is even intensified by his gifts. Then comes the harrowing pictures he knows so well how to draw—no mere artistic touches these, but true, profound, human, eternal. It is our brothers and sisters we see there before us, our own flesh and blood, palpitating, quivering, and most pitiful of all, uncomplaining. Unknown heroisms, unwept, obscure martyrdoms. What wonder if Russian ears catch only the burden of heavy days! How can it be otherwise? Whether Tolstoi has or has not discovered the true remedy for this terrible state of things is open to conjecture. Enough that he is satisfied, that his soul has found peace through universal charity and brotherhood in Christ. He has borne his part nobly, and has sown seed which will bear fruit.

I have passed, not without reason, from Gogol to Tolstoi, to instance the similarity of spirit but dissimilarity of method which unite these two natures so opposite in other respects. Both are distinguished by an intense love of country and a keen

appreciation of the causes which undermine and impair that country's greatness. I will here refrain from quoting those thrilling descriptions of Gogol illustrative of the limitless, vast plains of Russia, and of their beauty, so real, so perceptible to the Muscovite soul. Among so many gems, each one more wonderful than the other, how to choose! "Night in Ukraine," "Invocation to the Steppes," "To Russia," and many more! Love of country has perhaps beyond and above all else excited man's best endeavors and called forth his highest achievements. There is one theme only which lifts us higher, and that is the love of *humanity*, comprising as it does, the spiritual and material, a conception of which is impossible without intense devotion to man and to what some of us call God, others, high ideals.

No two masters can be more opposite in their styles and manner of proceeding than Tourgenief and Dostoiévsky, whose names have been made familiar to all of us by means of French and English translations, more or less true to the original. And yet common to both is the same ardent desire to regenerate Russia and the same hopeless and helpless undercurrent of negation (of the utter vanity and nothingness of everything) which distinguishes all this group of writers. Nothing can be more suave, more poetical, more perfect than Tourgenief's descriptions of scenery. We have here neither the rugged strength of Tolstoi nor the brilliant and bitter sarcasms of Gogol, nor the tormented if inspired ravings of Dostoiévsky. Tourgenief has caught something of the Western spirit of harmony and proportion. His work is, as we say, more artistic. None the less is there a deep purpose underlying it! He was the first to foresee, to define and describe Russia's modern malady, Nihilism or Anarchism. In order to understand fully the entire significance of these terms, we should recall the origin (as far as it can be traced back) of the Muscovite race, and reflect upon the result of the conversion to Christianity of a people naturally inclined by their Asiatic temperament to the more contemplative attitude of Buddhism and accepting not unwillingly here and hereafter a state of renunciation and annihilation. It is difficult to explain clearly in few words this fatalistic bent of the Russian mind.

Upon it has become grafted the religion of sacrifice and suffering, intermingled with the negations of to-day, the pessimism of Schopenhauer and his school, and the multiplicity of new ideas of which the seeds sown in the French Revolution have developed and expanded through the light of science during this wonderful nineteenth century into all those doctrines of progress with which we are so familiar, and from which some of us expect to be ushered in the reign of true happiness and peace. But it seems as if there will always be certain natures who, endowed with vivid imagination and highly-wrought sympathies, will continue to suffer from the contemplation of Nature's seeming eternal immortality, even when their own lot or the general lot of their country is ameliorated. They will continue to ask, why all this senseless suffering in the past, why these longings for unattainable perfection? They will probe and search—we shall always have such among us—and the result will forever be the same, pain and confusion and the last cry of bewildered humanity seeking guidance and comfort in hours of anguish, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Let those who think that material gratifications alone will satisfy the passionate eager soul of man keep their faith. It suits them, but those who hunger for the ideal and the difficult of attainment will, as heretofore, be torn and wounded in life's struggle, will bear their cross and wear their crown of thorns until they sleep in Death, and then, as Hamlet says, "the rest is silence."

To return to Tourgenief. He paints with rare skill the interesting physiognomies of his countrywomen. Gogol was perfectly incapable of portraying a woman. His women are mere shadows, none have the breath of life. But with what characters has not Tourgenief presented us! Indeed all critics concur in finding Tourgenief's heroines far superior to his male creations. They possess the courage, the determination, the fire, the practical ability wanting in these latter. They initiate and carry out the boldest designs without faltering, without repenting, without repining. And we should remember that these are not the mere creations of a poet's fancy—they are real, living portraits. These women, or others like them, lived, suffered, braved every-

thing for the cause they held sacred. The names of the martyrs of "the coming Russia" are household words; we are proud to claim them as of our sex, to class them with the Madame Rolands, the Charlotte Cordays, and all those generous, noble spirits who have helped to keep alight the ardent flame which serves to feed ever and anon our cooling enthusiasm for humanity.

Every question is discussed in all its aspects by these so-called Nihilists. Nothing is considered too sacred. Old prejudices are swept aside as cobwebs. We have only, over here, advanced timidly to the point of inquiring whether marriage, as an institution, may not be a failure. These audacious iconoclasts demand boldly (in Tourgenief's "Fathers and Sons") whether "Marriage is a folly or a crime!" Now, whether we like them or not, such mental shocks are beneficial, and dispose us to ask whether—although, of course, the English are the most moral and advanced people in the world—we may not have something to learn even of our savage neighbors, the Russians. And I warn those who may feel tempted, from curiosity, and for no deeper motive, to study this people and their literature, that unless they really desire to understand and to learn and to admire candidly, they will be continually out of harmony with their novel mode of thinking and of dealing with the eternal problems of existence. Dostoevsky introduces us to yet another world, where all our preconceived notions of right and wrong become confused and disorganized, and where all social conventions are set at naught. The most prominent figures in "Crime and Punishment" are a murderer and a prostitute; in the "Idiot," all the interest of the story centres round an epileptic, and always the poor and the humble and the diseased and the simple and the criminal are exalted, pitied, and uncondemned. And do not think for a moment that the murderer is not an ordinary murderer, or the prostitute any exception to her class. By no means. But by the simple and sublime power of genius, the workings of these minds are laid bare before us, and, comprehending at last these abnormalities, we do for a moment what is not done in real life, we forgive. We are led to see how any one of us, if unprepared by previous training, if placed in certain circumstances may be led to commit certain actions

which we term immoral, just as we think every day certain thoughts which are immoral, but which, by force of will, habit, or fear, do not develop into actions. Whoever denies this neither understands human nature nor the laws which govern it. There is no abrupt line of demarcation between health and disease, between physiology and pathology, between right and wrong. Indeed, is it not certain that what is right in one instance may be wrong in another? This is the vast field of analysis of motive and action lying before the modern romancer. There is a physiognomy of the mind as of the countenance. When Raskolnikoff, the murderer, throws himself at the feet of the unfortunate who feeds her parents with the price paid for her degradation, she who has led Raskolnikoff to expiation and rehabilitation, he cries out when she wishes to raise him: "It is not before thee that I prostrate myself, but before all the suffering of humanity;" and these beautiful and touching words are the keynote to the whole of Dostoevsky's teachings: Dostoevsky, whose nerves had been shattered during those terrible moments when a youth of twenty-two, with breast bared and eyes bound, he stood awaiting the fatal bullet which was to end his existence. The death-sentence was remitted at the last moment, and long years of exile in Siberia replaced it. The fruit of those years' experience we have in these strange volumes. Be not astonished, therefore, at being introduced into an atmosphere of madness, incoherence, folly and crime. Dostoevsky never once complains of losing what the Russians affectionately denominate their "dear little liberty;" no, he accepts without murmuring his initiation into others' miseries which he strives to cure or to mitigate by boundless comprehension and compassion.

As for his opinions, here is a quotation which must serve as a sample of the rest.

"Socialism is the progeny of Romanism and of the Romanistic spirit and essence. But it and its brother Atheism proceed from Despair, from the inconsistency of Catholicism with moral sense, in order that it might replace in itself the best moral power of religion, in order to appease the spiritual thirst of parched humanity and save it, not by Christ, but by force. 'Do not dare to believe in God, do not dare to possess any individuality, any personality,' 'fraternity or death,' two million heads, you shall know them by their works, we are told. And we must not sup-

pose that all this is harmless and safe for ourselves. Oh, no, we must resist, we must fortify, and quickly, quickly. We must let our Christ shine forth upon the buttresses of the Western nations, our Christ whom we have preserved intact, and whom they have not so much as known. Not as slaves, allowing ourselves to be caught by the hooks of Jesuit anglers, but by carrying our religion to them. We must stand before them at the head of the Christian army."

And again—

"We Russians no sooner arrive at the brink of the water and realize that we are really at the brink, than we are so delighted with the outlook that in we plunge and swim to the furthest point we can perceive. Why is this? This Russian eccentricity of ours not only astonishes ourselves; all Europe wonders at our conduct on such occasions; for if one of us goes over to Roman Catholicism, he is sure to become a Jesuit at once, and a rabid one into the bargain; if one of us becomes an Atheist, he must needs begin to insist on the prohibition of faith in God by force, that is, by the sword. Why is this—why does he then exceed all bounds at once? Do you not know? It is because he has found land at last—land that he sought in vain before—and because his soul is rejoiced to find it. He has found land, and he throws himself upon it and kisses it. Oh, it is not from vanity alone, it is not from wretched feelings of vanity that Russians become Atheists and Jesuits; but from spiritual thirst, from anguish of longing after higher things, after dry, firm land, and anguish for the loss of foothold on their own *terra firma*, which they never believed in because they never knew it.

"It is so easy for a Russian to become an Atheist, far more so than for any other nationality in the world. And not only does a Russian 'become an Atheist,' but he actually believes in Atheism, just as though he had found a new faith, not perceiving that he has pinned his faith to nil. Such is our anguish of thirst. Whoso has no country has no God.

"But let these thirsty Russian souls find, like Columbus' discoverers, a new world; let them find the Russian world, let them search and discover all the gold and treasure that lies hidden in the bosom of their own land. Show them the restitution of lost humanity, in the future, by Russian thought alone, and by means of the God and of the Christ of our Russian faith, and you will see how mighty, and just, and wise, and good a giant will rise up before the eyes of the astonished and frightened world; astonished because they expect nothing but the sword-force from us, if anything, because they think they will get nothing out of us without a spice of barbarism. This has been the case up till now, and the longer matters go on as they are now proceeding, the more clear will be the truth of what I say."

These sentences exhibit better than any words of mine the exaltation of sentiment and expression habitual to Dostoevsky,

and apparently peculiar to the Slav temperament.

Tolstoi has given us his confession in the various works published by him from time to time. His "Peace and War" is a chapter from history palpitating with interest and actuality. The personality of Tolstoi, his thoughts, struggles, aims, can be traced throughout his writings, all and every one. "The Cossacks" is a wonderful study of the civilized man brought suddenly face to face with a more primitive but not ignoble race. In "Anna Karenina" we have Tolstoi's own particular views on marriage and divorce set forth. Marriage he regards as indissoluble, a sacrament. Anna Karenina, a noble and gentle nature, unable to support the burden of a false position, courts death as a release. Unfortunately, much of the asceticism of Tolstoi's teaching loses its value when we remember that he passed through the fiery period of youth, not without sundry scars and scorings, and that, although we listen with reverence to the words of wisdom spoken by a master-mind, we are not obliged to believe that he is in absolute possession of the whole truth. Enough that he has taught us much, and raised, and helped to purify us.

To turn to two of the shining lights of the present moment, we shall be well repaid by a perusal of the works of Stepniak and Krapotkin. We shall then be able still more thoroughly to enter into those questions which are agitating Russia, and which more or less occupy—although less feverishly—much of the attention of other European nations.

Stepniak explains the working of the Russian "Mir" and dilates on the agricultural question. He has given us the pathetic sketches in "Underground Russia" with which we are all familiar. We shall also see that although the name of "Nihilism" was invented by Tourgenief, the party that he called Nihilist has nothing in common with the party which astonished Europe by its terrific deeds from 1878 to 1881.

Nihilism, as represented by Bazardoff in "Fathers and Sons," is roughly the negation of all supernaturalism, of all duty, religion or obligation, the absolute triumph of individual will. This positivist fanaticism exploded in Russia immediately after the enfranchisement of the

serfs. It was a great literary and philosophical movement, which made neither victims nor martyrs, but it destroyed the remnant of religious spirit in the upper classes of society, and contributed to the emancipation of women in that country. Toward 1871, the Socialistic movement began to spread. As the government of the Czar hesitated to pursue liberal reforms, Bakomine and Lawroff preached in favor of a revolution. The spectacle of the French Commune dazzled and excited all these revolutionaries. The most fervent members of the "International" were the young Russian exiles studying medicine at Zurich. These minds, destitute of faith, as we have already pointed out, were all the more ready to accept a new religion, whether of destruction or reconstruction. But the people remained deaf and the Government pitiless. Then we have the story of the memorable days of 1878, no arrests or punishments ever discouraging the ardent little band. In Stepniak's work we find the lives of the saints of Nihilism written with the devoted enthusiasm of a believer, or, should we say, of a fanatic? And, in spite of ourselves, in poring over these miracles of energy, patience and devotion, we forget the horrors of the crimes committed, in admiration of the heroism of the criminals. In order to judge of the moral strength of these Russian terrorists we need to be reminded that they had no hope of a future life, nor any desire of public recognition.

And now, a word on the Anarchism of Prince Krapotkin. Krapotkin believes that the awakening of the people is near, that a great revolution will soon renew the face of the earth, that everywhere States are trembling to their foundations, old governments breaking up, the age of capital nearly past, and that the result of this social cataclysm will surely be a community of goods and land, with no privileged classes. Liberties are no longer to be given with a grudging hand by governments, but taken by the people—that is to say, no government, no State, Anarchy pure and simple, and the reign of individual freedom, meaning in Prince Krapotkin's mind, we presume, the reign of love upon earth, and peace and good-will to all men—the millennium.

Here we probably look upon him as a mystical if not dangerous dreamer, but

some of the ideals he aims at are such as we are all fighting for—such of us at least who fight at all.

What is to be the future of Russia? Who shall solve that enigma? Strain our ears as we may, we can only catch faint sounds of the inevitable struggle. Russia is quietly preparing new forces, slowly undermining the work of ages, and the sudden crash of despotic institutions may ere long startle us into the knowledge that the regeneration of a mighty empire has commenced.

I cannot conclude more fitly this inadequate sketch than by rendering Gogol's apostrophe to Russia, written when he was in Italy:

"Russia! Russia! from the beautiful country I inhabit I see thee, I see thee distinctly, oh my country! Nature has not been prodigal to thee. Thou hast nothing either to charm or to startle the eye. No, nothing in thee,

Russia, either splendid or marvellous. All is open, desert, flat. The little towns are scarcely perceptible. Nothing to seduce or to flatter the eyesight. What secret, mysterious force draws me then to thee? Why does thy sad, monotonous, troubled song—carried through all thy length and breadth, from one sea to another—sound forever in my ears? What is this song? Whence come those accents and those sobs re-echoing in my heart? What are those painful chords which penetrate my soul and awake remembrances? Russia, what wilt thou of me? What is this obscure, mysterious tie which binds us together? Why dost thou look at me thus? My lips are sealed in presence of thy immensity. From thy infinite vastness what is to be prophesied? Thou art the mother country of thoughts, the greatness of which cannot be measured. Thy unmeasured extent is powerfully reflected in my soul, and an unknown force penetrates into the depths of my being. What a dazzling future, what a grand, splendid mirage unknown to Earth, O Russia!"

—*Temple Bar.*

THE GREAT EQUATORIAL FOREST OF AFRICA.

BY P. B. DU CHAILLU.

THE Great Forest of Equatorial Africa, after having faded away from public attention for a quarter of a century, has once more come to the front as a subject of the most widespread interest, in consequence of the heroic exploits of Mr. Stanley and of his followers.

I have been invited to give in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* some of my experiences of this extraordinary region at the time when I, the first white man who had ever penetrated its recesses, journeyed thither, and I do so with the more readiness in that my methods of exploration were, from the necessity of the case, entirely different from those of Mr. Stanley, and that my experiences consequently represent in some respects a different aspect of the many-sided problem from that which he gives us.

I cannot but allude—though it be but a passing allusion—to the bitter storm of incredulity and opposition which my narrative at that time called forth in some quarters—the cannibals, the dwarfs, the mountains, the gorillas, the very forest itself, were ridiculed as fictions, or even worse, of my own imagination. I felt all this very keenly at the time, and but for the stanchness and kindness of the many

friends who stood by me, and encouraged me through evil report and good report, I could not have faced it, and was content to reflect that the truth in the long run must prevail.

My experiences differed from those of Mr. Stanley chiefly in these respects. I was travelling alone, at my leisure, and at my own expense, accompanied only by native porters, who carried my stock of necessities and my collections. I had no very large company to feed, and no immense stores of valuables to transport and to protect. I learned sufficient of the languages and dialects of the region to enable me to make friends with the natives among whom I resided. I was passed on from tribe to tribe as a friend, learning their customs, and—so far as was possible for a civilized man—living their life. I soon found that it was useless for me to attempt to force a way through the impenetrable jungle, and that in order to make progress it was necessary to follow the intricate and labyrinthine native tracks from village to village, and to abandon all hope of travelling in a straight line from point to point.

Mr. Stanley, on the other hand, at the head of what was practically a small army,

"tied to time," and hampered by the responsibilities of feeding his numerous followers, of transporting his valuable stores, and, above all, of fulfilling within a limited time his all-important mission, was compelled to force his way through obstacles which would have baffled a less strong man in a few days.

Once only during my explorations did I wish that I had a strong party, for then, when there was no other alternative, I would have made my way by force. While in the country of the dwarfs, the gun of one of my seven followers went off accidentally, and killed one man and the sister of the queen, and the natives naturally interpreted this as an attack, and retaliated so fiercely that we all, including myself, were wounded, and obliged to beat a retreat.

This vast difference in circumstances must of necessity be reflected in our reports on the country, but I think the comparison renders all the more striking the fact that Mr. Stanley has confirmed in all its main features, so far as the scenes of our expeditions coincided, my narrative of twenty-five years ago.

I will, without further preface, proceed to give some account of this great central African forest.

As the mariner approaches the western coast of Africa above the river Campo, situated 2° north of the equator, and sails southward along the land as far as the Gaboon estuary or river, the southern shores of which run in a parallel line with the equator and only a few miles north of it, he beholds all the way, reaching down to the water's edge, a dense unbroken forest, and far inland, several mountain ranges covered with trees to their very top. These mountains are known under the name of Sierra del Crystal. They are gradually lost to sight as one nears the Gaboon.

This immense wooded country, in which I passed several years (1856-1859) when but a lad, and which I again visited in 1863-65, forms the outskirts of the gigantic equatorial forest which I was the first to explore and which has been entered, and in part traversed further inland by the heroic Stanley. The outer or western limit of this belt of forest-clad region is the very sea itself, for the roots of its trees spread to the beach.

A grand and magnificent sight greets

the traveller as he finds himself in this woody wilderness. I was awed by the majesty of the scene and lost in admiration of the wonderful vegetation which is exhibited.

The silence of this forest, as one travels through it, is sometimes appalling. Mile after mile is traversed without even hearing the chatter of a monkey, the shrill cry of a parrot, the footstep of a gazelle or antelope. The falling of a leaf, the murmur of some hidden rivulet, the humming of insects, and here and there the solitary note of a bird, only come to give life and bring relief in the gloom of the vast solitude that surrounds you. The feeling which seizes you as you move along in the silent path is undescribable.

Once in a while the silence is broken by the heavy footstep of the elephant, the grunt of some wild boar, or the light footsteps of some other wild animals. Gigantic trees, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet and even more, tower over this sea of everlasting foliage like giants of the forest, ready to give the first warning of the coming tornado or tempest which is to break the tranquillity of their domain. Under these enormous trees other trees of less size grow, under these again others still smaller, of all sizes and shapes, and finally a thick jungle. What a jungle it is! Often the eye tries in vain to pierce through it even a yard or two. Lianas, like gigantic snakes, stretch in profusion from tree to tree, and twine themselves round the stems, or hang from their branches; thorny creepers, malacca-like canes, with their hook-like thorns resting on the edge of the leaves; grass with edges as sharp as razors cling to your clothes, or cut deep into the flesh if they chance to touch any exposed parts; or at times pineapples run wild are seen by the ten thousand—or aloes—while on the bark of trees hang in large festoons vast masses of orchids.

Trees covered with flowers, often of brilliant color and beautiful shape, relieve at certain seasons of the year the monotony of the dark green. Other trees and plants bear a bountiful crop of nuts, fruits and berries of various sizes, colors and shapes. The number of these fruit-bearing trees is very great; one of them specially presents a most beautiful sight when bearing; from its trunk hang large bunches of olive-shape fruits of the most

gorgeous red color, delicious to eat, though somewhat acid.

Ebony, bar-wood, and the india-rubber vine are found in abundance, specially the india-rubber; but unfortunately the latter is becoming rarer every day, owing to the reckless waste which takes place in tapping them. The native, in fact, says to himself, "If I do not take all I can, another will do it;" the vine dies from exhaustion. Ivory, beeswax, a little gum copal, bar-wood, ebony, a little palm oil, are the natural products found.

South of the equator the monotony of the forest is broken along the sea-shore, and sometimes inland, by open prairies, till they again give place to the vast unbroken jungle. Several rivers water the land; their banks by the sea-shore are low and swampy, and covered with mangrove trees as far as the brackish water goes.

I said in *Equatorial Africa* :—

"The explorer finds here a region so densely wooded that the whole country may be described as an impenetrable jungle, through which man pushes on only by hewing his way with the axe. The forests, which have been resting for ages in their gloomy solitude, seem unfavorable for the increase of beasts, which are their chief denizens."

I wrote also :—

"Some of the slaves of the Apingi are brought from a distance to the eastward, which they counted as twenty days' journey, and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continued in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country."

I thought it probable that the impenetrable forests of this mountain range and its savage inhabitants formed an insurmountable barrier to the victorious southward advance of Mohammedan conquerors. South of the equator, at any rate in West Africa, they never penetrated.

Hunger and starvation were continually before me, but when young and enthusiastic these privations count for little. I had to feed on nuts and berries often for a long time together—once for eleven days—and the starvation ended by eating part of a leopard I had shot. Here I may observe that we had to depend for our food on our guns and the natural products of the forest. I carried no supplies of European provisions with me, but lived as the natives do from hand to mouth, for porters to carry provisions were generally

not obtainable. Besides starvation there was often a still greater impediment to my advance. I had more than fifty attacks of fever, taking more than fourteen ounces of quinine besides arsenic, to cure myself, and many a time I lay in the forest helpless under a tree with but a kind providence watching over me. When well again, all the past starvation, diseases, hardship, home-sickness, were forgotten—the African forest and its hidden treasure of natural history not yet discovered were once more smiling before me.

This forest, so rich in berries, nuts, and fruits, is well adapted for the home of the ape. There lives the most powerful of all apes—the gorilla—a giant of strength, who roams to and fro in the great solitude as the king of the forest. The male comes and attacks man fiercely and without fear when disturbed in its haunts. One of my hunters was killed by one of these monsters, which, in its rage, bent the barrel of his gun, and then left him in his gore.

Besides the gorilla there are other varieties of apes, or chimpanzees; among them the kooloo-kamba, the nshiego-mbouve, or bald-headed ape, the nshiego-kengo, and the nshiego, the latter being the well-known chimpanzee. One may form an idea of the age and continuity of this great forest when one reflects that such apes as are found there are only the survivors of numerous species of a far past age.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the sound of distant thunder along the sky, and fills the forest with its reverberations.

Neither the lion, zebra, gnu, rhinoceros, giraffe, nor ostrich, nor the great number and varieties of antelopes so common in other parts of the continent, are known here. There are no tame cattle, no horses, no donkeys; in fact, the only domesticated animals are goats and fowls and a species of sheep.

The insect world is very abundant, scorpions and centipedes, mosquitoes without number, and also a species of gnat, perhaps more troublesome than the mosquitoes. Among the terrible flies are the *ibolai*, twice as large as our common fly; the *nchouna*, which inserts its proboscis so gently that often it gets its fill of blood

before you know you are bitten. Presently, however, the itching begins, and lasts for several hours, varied at intervals by sudden sharp stabs of pain which often last the whole day. The *iboca*,—its bite is the most severe of all, and clothing is no protection from it; often the blood has run from my face or arm, so that one would think that a leech had been at work. The most dreaded of all is the *elomay*, a kind of wasp.

The butterflies are at times extremely numerous, flitting along the path; their flight is as still as the forest itself.

Of snakes there is great abundance; a few are harmless, but the bite of most of the species is deadly. There are tree, land and water snakes. I have often seen the latter coiled up and resting on the branches of trees under water. These vary in size and in poisonous venom. There are cases where the man bitten dies in a short time.

There are a great many species of ants, some of which are found in vast numbers. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the *bashikouay*, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot. It is the dread of all living animals of the forest,—the elephant, the leopard, the gorilla, and all the insect world—and man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders or to protect himself by fire and boiling water. It is the habit of the *bashikouay* to march through the forest in a long regular line—about two inches broad or more, and often miles in length. All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they cannot bear, they immediately burrow underground and form tunnels. It takes often more than twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

When they grow hungry, at a certain command which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. All the other living inhabitants of the forest flee before it. I myself have had to run for my life. Their advent is known beforehand: the still forest be-

comes alive, the trampling of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

I remember well the first time I met these *bashikouays* in their attacking raid. I knew not then what was in store for me. I was hunting by myself all alone, when suddenly the forest became alive in the manner I have described above; a sudden dread seized me; I did not know what all this meant. Some convulsion of nature was perhaps going to take place. I stood still in the hunting path, resting on my gun, when all at once, as if by magic, I was covered with them and bitten everywhere. I fled in haste for dear life in the same direction the animals had taken, and the middle of a stream became my refuge. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap, instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. They even ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury, which causes it entirely to disregard its own safety and seek only the conquest of its prey. Sometimes men condemned to death on account of witchcraft are made fast to a tree, and if an army of hungry *bashikouays* passes, in a short time only his bare skeleton remains to tell the tale.

The power and the knowledge of the white man extended but a few miles from the coast, and the interior was a *terra incognita*. To ascend the rivers, to acquaint myself with the superstitious customs and mode of life of the black tribes who had not hitherto been visited by white men, to hunt in the Great Forest, make natural history collections, to explore the country, were among the chief objects I had in view. In that Great Forest I travelled, always on foot, and in every direction, and unaccompanied by any white man, more than ten thousand miles; I shot, preserved, and brought home more than two thousand birds, many of which were new species; and more than two hundred quadrupeds—twenty of these were also new species; and more than eighty skeletons, and some hundred and twenty skulls. All these had to be carried on the backs of my followers and carefully packed and protected from the heavy rain.

What terrific weather and dangers often

attended us in our marches may be seen from the fact that the rainy season near the sea-shore lasted nearly nine months, and the mountains actually seemed to have been the home of rain. In October the fierce tornado began, making the mighty forest tremble to its base; and often the old giant trees, unable to stand its force, fell, carrying everything before them. The loud crash of a hundred trees upon which it fell filled the forest. The tornado is followed by terrific thunder and most vivid lightning, and many a time, for several consecutive hours, there was no cessation even of a few seconds, and torrents of rain incessantly descended till morning.

In the morning, at the dawn of daylight, we all got up, food was cooked, we took a scanty breakfast, walked or travelled till noon, rested or cooked our food for about an hour, and then on the march again until nearly sunset. When we halted for the night the first thing to be done was for the men and women to gather firewood, large leaves to roof our sheds, and cut sticks for the building of these sheds, for I had no tent with me, it being impossible to carry heavy baggage through the forest. All these were so plentiful in the forest, that all were generally collected in less than half an hour. Some running little rivulets were close by, so that we could get our water. Then we built great fires and made ourselves comfortable, and were always careful to build the fires in such a manner that the rains of the night would not extinguish them. A long part of the evening was generally spent by me in preparing the skins of birds and animals I had shot.

In order to explore the country my duty was first to make friends with the chief and people of the sea-coast, and to learn their language. Then after a while these people would take me to the people of the next tribe; here I would make friends again and try my way further and get new porters; one language or a dialect would carry me through three or four tribes, then I had to stop and learn another dialect. There are no beasts of burden; man, or woman rather, is the only beast of burden. Paths lead from one village to another, consequently from one tribe to another; sometimes some of these are little used on account of war and enmity between villages or tribes; then

they can hardly be seen and are almost at times quite lost in the jungle, so the utmost caution and all the skill of my men was necessary in order that we should not lose our way. In addition to these there are paths leading to plantations—which come to a sudden termination—and hunting tracks. Woe to the man who loses his way! Many of the villages are small and they are often far apart, so that no party of several hundred men could traverse the country without bringing famine, and finding themselves famished for want of procuring sufficient food; hence they would have to take the food by force, and their advance would be heralded by the war cries and the hostility of the natives as they made their appearance, and one bloody conflict after another would be sure to happen.

The advice of my old friend King Quengueza, of which I often proved the truth, ran thus:—

“Now listen to what I say—you will visit many strange tribes. If you see on the road or in the streets of a village a fine bunch of plantains with ground nuts lying by its side, do not touch them, leave the village at once; this is a tricky village, for the people are on the watch to see what you will do with them. If the people of any village tell you to go and catch fowls or goats, or cut plantains for yourself, say to them, ‘Strangers do not help themselves: it is the duty of the host to catch the goat or fowl and to cut the plantains, and bring the present to the house that has been given to the guest.’ When a house is given to you in any village, keep to that house, and go into no other; and if you see a seat do not sit upon it, for there are seats which none but the owners can sit upon. But, above all, beware of women! I tell you these things that you may journey in safety.”

The food of the country is maize, sweet potatoes, plantains, yams, cassava (manioc), pumpkins, and ground nuts. The two first do not go far inland. Man is comparatively scarce in this great wilderness; the population is divided into a great number of tribes; I have myself been among thirty-five of them. The tribes are subdivided into clans. The people in many parts of the country live in an almost permanent state of war.

Polygamy and slavery are well-established institutions; most men own slaves, but the slaves must belong to some other tribe; no raids are made upon villages for the single purpose of procuring slaves. The children of slaves are not slaves, but form a class of their own. Parents in

many cases, with the consent of their respective families, can sell their children.

The more powerful a man is, the more slaves and wives he possesses. Idol worship, the belief in good and evil spirits, in the power of fetiches, and of incantation, are prevalent everywhere. But there is a curse probably greater than slavery itself; it is the belief of the people in the power of witchcraft. Woe to the man who is believed to be a wizard, or to the woman who is supposed to be a witch; nothing but the ordeal of drinking the mboundou can expiate the crime, and fortunate indeed are those who pass safely through this ordeal, for this mboundou is a most powerful poison.

The most characteristic point about the negro tribes I have met is their great eagerness and love for trade. The fortunate or unfortunate man who kills an elephant and lives far inland has to wait a long time, often several years, before he gets goods in exchange for his ivory. The tusk either comes down the river or by the paths which lead from one village or tribe to another, and the journey takes a long time.

Trade is carried on by barter in the following manner:—The tribes along the sea-shore are succeeded by one tribe after another in the interior. Each of the tribes claims the right of way, and assumes to itself the privilege of acting as go-between or middle-man to those next to it, and charges a heavy commission for this office, and no infraction of this rule is permitted. The lucky owner of a tusk is obliged by the laws of trade to intrust it to some man he knows in the next tribe nearer the coast. This one in turn forwards or takes it to the next chief or friend. So the ivory often passes through a dozen hands or more before it reaches the coast. But this is only half the evil. Although the producer trusts his ivory, this trade is carried on entirely on credit, and no securities are given.

The ivory of the coast is said to be the finest obtained in Western Africa, and is or was very plentiful in the days I speak of, about 100,000 pounds coming from the Gaboon alone yearly. Many of the ivory tusks find their way from the interior to the sea-shore from a long distance.

Now when the last black fellow disposes of his tusk of ivory to the white merchant,

he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the return for his *valuable* services, and transfers the remainder of the goods to the next man or tribe in the series. He, in turn, takes a commission for his trouble in the transaction and passes on what is left, and so, finally, a very small remainder is handed to the fellow who killed the elephant, and the amount he receives is a very small one, compared with the goods received on the coast. Slaves are sold in the same manner. Each man generally waits for the proceeds. The creditor in such case lives with the debtor; he is an honored guest, and while waiting, the host gives him one of his own wives—a hospitable custom in this part of Africa, which a man is always expected to observe toward his visitors. Whenever I entered a village, the chief always made haste to place a part, often all his wives, at my service. Time is literally of no account to an African. A friend's village is as jolly a place as any village of his own country, and perhaps in a few months his goods would come. So the days go on pleasantly.

Among the most curious tribes or people I discovered in that great forest were the cannibals and the dwarfs.

The cannibal tribes with which I came in contact were the Fans and the Oshebas. They are the finest, bravest-looking negroes I saw in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them, though I afterward saw other Fan tribes whose members had not the fine air of these mountaineers.

The strangest thing about the Fans is their constant encroachments upon the land westward. They were much lighter in color than any of the coast tribes, strong, tall, and well-made, and evidently active. The men were almost naked, and wore no cloth about the middle, but instead, the soft inside bark of a tree, over which in front was suspended the skin of some wild-cat or other animal. They had their teeth filed, which gives the face a ghastly and ferocious look, and some had their teeth blackened besides. All the Fans wore queues. Their hair or "wool" was drawn out into long, thin plaits; on the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads, or copper or iron rings. Some wore feather caps, but others wore long queues made of their own wool and a kind of tow, dyed black and mixed with

it, and giving the wearer a strange appearance.

The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were much smaller than they, and, with the exception of the inhabitants of Fernando Po, who are called Boobies, I never saw such ugly women as these. These, too, had their teeth filed, and most had their bodies, like those of the men, painted red, by means of a dye obtained from the bar-wood. They carried their babies on their backs in a sling or rest made of some kind of tree-bark and fastened to the neck of the mother.

The king was a ferocious-looking fellow whose body was painted red, and whose face, chest, stomach, and back were tattooed in a rude but very effective manner.

The queen of *Ndiayai*, the king, was the biggest of all, and terminated in two tails, in which were strung brass rings, while the top was ornamented with white beads. Brass anklets jingled as he walked. The front of his middle-cloth was a fine piece of genetia-skin. His beard was plaited in several plaits, which also contained white beads, and stuck out stiffly from the face.

The queen was nearly naked, her only article of dress being a strip of the Fan cloth, dyed red, and about four inches wide. Her entire body was tattooed in the most fanciful manner; her skin, from long exposure, had become rough and knotty. She wore two enormous iron anklets—iron being a very precious metal with the Fan—and had in her ears a pair of copper ear-rings two inches in diameter, and very heavy. These had so weighed down the lobes of her ears that I could have put my little finger easily into the holes through which the rings were run.

All the Fan villages are strongly fenced or palisaded, and by night a careful watch is kept. They have also a little native dog, whose sharp bark is the signal of some one approaching from without. The villages are as a rule neat and clean, the streets being swept, and all garbage—except, indeed, the well-picked bones of their human victims—is thrown out.

Signs of cannibalism, in piles of human bones, mixed up with other offal, thrown at the sides of several houses, were seen everywhere.

The villages consisted mostly of a single street from 600 to 800 yards long, on each side of which were built the houses.

The latter were small, being only eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and four or five in height, with slanting roofs. They were made of bark, and the roofs were of a kind of matting made of the leaves of a palm-tree. The doors run up to the eaves, about four feet high, and there were no windows.

As blacksmiths they very far surpass all the tribes of this region who have not come in contact with the whites. Their warlike habits have made iron a most necessary article to them; and though their tools are very simple, their patience is great, and they produce some very neat workmanship.

These cannibals have a great diversity of arms. I saw men armed with cross-bows, from which are shot either iron-headed arrows, or the little, but really most deadly, poisoned-tipped arrows. These are so light that they would blow away if simply laid in the groove of the bow. To prevent this they use a kind of sticky gum, a lump of which is kept on the under side of the bow, and with which a small spot in the groove is lightly rubbed. The handle of the bow is ingeniously split, and by a little peg, which acts as a trigger, the bow-string is disengaged, and, as the spring is very strong, sends the arrow to a great distance, and, light as it is, with great force. They are good marksmen with their bows, which require great strength to bend. They have to sit on their haunches, and apply both feet to the middle of the bow, while they pull with all their strength on the string to bend it back.

The larger arrows have an iron head, something like the sharp barbs of a harpoon. These are used for hunting wild beasts, and are about two feet long. But the more deadly weapon is the little insignificant stick, not more than twelve inches long, and simply sharpened at one end. This is the famed poison-arrow—a missile which bears death wherever it touches, if only it pricks a pin's-point of blood. The poison is made of the juices of a plant which was not shown me. They dip the sharp ends of the arrows several times in this sap, and let it get thoroughly dried into the wood. It gives the point a red color. The arrows are very carefully kept in a little bag, made neatly of the skin of some wild animal. They are much dreaded among the neigh-

boring tribes, as they can be thrown or projected with such power as to take effect at a distance of fifteen yards, and with such velocity that you cannot see them at all till they are spent.

Over their shoulders was suspended the huge country knife, and in their hands were spears and the great shield of elephant-hide, and about the necks and bodies of all was hung a variety of fetiches and greegrees, which rattled as they walked.

The Fan shield is made of the hide of an old elephant, and only of that part which lies across the back. This, when dried and smoked, is hard and almost as impenetrable as iron. The shield is about three feet long by two and a half wide.

Some bore on their shoulders the terrible war axe, one blow of which quite suffices to split a human skull. Some of these axes, as well as their spears and other iron-work, were beautifully ornamented with scroll-work, and wrought in graceful lines and curves which spoke well for their artisans.

The war-knife, which hangs by the side, is a terrible weapon for a hand-to-hand conflict, and, as they explained to me, is designed to thrust through the enemy's body; they are about three feet long. There is another huge knife also worn by some of the men. This is over a foot long, by about eight inches wide, and is used to cut down through the shoulders of an adversary.

Then there is a very singular pointed axe, which is thrown from a distance. When thrown it strikes with the *point* down, and inflicts a terrible wound. The object aimed at with this axe is the head, and they use it with great dexterity. The point penetrates to the brain, and kills the victim immediately; and then the round edge of the axe is employed to cut off the head, which is borne away by the victor as a trophy.

Many of the men wore a smaller knife—but also rather unwieldy—which served the various offices of a jack-knife, a hatchet and a table-knife.

The spears, which are six to seven feet in length, are thrown with great force and great accuracy of aim. They make the long slender rod fairly whistle through the air. Most of them can throw a spear effectively to the distance of from twenty to thirty yards.

In the midst of this Great Forest I discovered, in the year 1865, some of the dwarf or pigmy tribes. I had heard of these people for the first time in the Apingi country, under the name of Ashoungas; among the Ashangos they are called, however, Obongos. From the loose and exaggerated descriptions I had heard, I had given no more credence to the report of the existence of these dwarf tribes than to that of men with tails, who had stools with a hole in them for their tails to be put through, or to the stories of the Sapadi, or cloven-footed men.

The first positive proof I had of the veracity of the natives in this part occurred in the following manner:—While I was traversing the wild forest of the Ashango country we came suddenly upon a cluster of most extraordinary diminutive huts, which I should have passed by, thinking them to be some kind of fetich-houses, if I had not been told by my guides that we might meet in this district with villages of a tribe of dwarf negroes, who are scattered about the Ishogo and Ashango countries and other parts further east. The huts were of a low oval shape; the highest part—that nearest the entrance—was about four feet from the ground; the greatest breadth was about four feet also. On each side were three or four sticks for the man and woman to sleep upon. The huts were made of flexible branches of trees, bent almost into a circle with both ends fixed in the ground, the longest branches being in the middle, and the others successively shorter, the whole being covered with large leaves.

So far as my experience goes they are scattered through the Great Forest. At times several of these villages are situated near each other. Sometimes I could see that a village had just been abandoned, while others were inhabited, but the people were all out on hunting or fishing expeditions or excursions.

These dwarfs were afterward seen by the German explorer Schweinfurth—who kindly mentioned me as their discoverer—subsequently also by Dr. Junker, and lastly by Mr. Stanley.

The dwarfs were very shy with me, and I had great difficulty in approaching them; but on one occasion we suddenly came upon twelve huts of this strange tribe, in a retired nook in the forest, scattered without order, and covering alto-

gether only a very small space of ground. When we approached them no sign of a living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted.

Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came on another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed shelters. The dwellings had been newly made, for the branches of trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates, my Ashango guides holding up a bunch of beads in a friendly way, and shouting, "Do not run away, the Spirit has come with us to give you beads;" but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. Their flight was very hurried. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

The little holes which serve as doors to the huts were closed by fresh-gathered branches of trees stuck in the ground, showing that the owners were absent, and no one was permitted to enter.

The color of these people was a dirty yellow, much lighter than the Ashangos who surround them, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and color, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos or other tribes among whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are very anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves, sisters with brothers, doing this to keep the families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which the wretched creatures live, must necessitate close interbreeding. Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheekbones; but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms to the rest of their bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair

of their heads grows in very short curly tufts, like that of the bushmen of South Africa, to whom they seem closely related; this is the more remarkable as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long and thick hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways; with the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of home-made cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite a custom of the Ashangos to give their own worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The Ashangos and other tribes like the presence of this curious people near their villages because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants, they sell to their neighbors in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jugs, and all manufactured articles of which they stand in need.

The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them; I always took care not to walk back from their village by night.

The Obongos never remain long in one place. They are eminently a migratory people, moving from place to place whenever game becomes scarce. But they do not wander very far; that is, the Obongos who live within the Ashango territory do not go out of that territory—they are called the Obongos of the Ashangos—those who live among the Njavi are called Obongo-Njavi—and the same with other tribes. Obongos are said to exist very far to the east, as far, in fact, as the Ashangos or their slaves have any knowledge. I was surprised at the kindness, almost the tenderness, shown by the Ashangos to their diminutive neighbors. The Obongo language is a mixture of what was their own original language and the languages of the various tribes among whom they have resided for many years or generations past. The tallest dwarf I saw was 5 feet and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in height. The others varied from 4 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to 4 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. I measured a woman 3 feet 9 inches, but this was a great exception. —*Fortnightly Review*.

A SKETCH IN FIVE PHASES.

BY GARTH GIBBON.

PHASE THE FIRST.

SHE never cared about him, but then she cared about no one else, except her own people and her father's house. She adored her father, who was a weak, unlucky, but adorable man, full of wit and humor and kindness—unembittered by failure, unrelaxed by success.

So she married her lover—for he was good-natured enough, and fond of her in his aimless limp way. A country gentleman of large property, and beautiful to look at—a credit to any one to go about with. But, oh! so weak, so self-indulgent, so soulless, so hopelessly, so ineffably dull.

She was as bright as possible,—not pretty, but full of charm and *chic* and innocence all tumbled up together.

She thought how nice it would be to have a jolly home for the boys to come to, and a place of happy rest for the ruined father. It seemed just the best thing to do all round, and so she did it; for she had great confidence in her own judgment, and a certain sort of wish and determination to act wisely and without self-consideration at all times.

Well! Twenty-four hours after the marriage she began to feel what she had done. She had no one to talk to, nothing to do. She came of a bright, clever, active, merry family, and the quiet was awful. No jokes. No laughter. He understood nothing she thought, very little she said—in fact, she was bored to death.

It was better for a while when they got home, for then she was among her friends and her kindred again, and the new life and interest that surround a young married girl closed her eyes for a time.

I think she never felt like a girl again after she first saw him drunk. That shut the door on her youth, and filled her with a bitter sense of disgrace and humiliation that never left her.

It grew and grew and ate into her soul. Her tremendous spirits and good health, with her keen capacity for enjoyment, however, concealed well the mine that

was always ready to explode—the fox that was gnawing at her heart; and no human being guessed that the merry, laughing, amusing girl—the life and soul of every social gathering—was rapidly changing into a reckless, callous woman, chafing under the bondage that she felt was killing all that was good in her, and making impossible the fulfilment of all that she had longed and hoped to do with her life.

PHASE THE SECOND.

Then came the baby, and brought with it the torrent of love that had been latent and unsuspected,—passionate, uncompromising love for the fine, healthy, commonplace child, growing stronger every day, till all disappointment, all sense of want, was lost or forgotten in the overwhelming enjoyment of the fulness of this love. His wants and wishes of all kinds filled every moment of her life, absorbed her thoughts, blinded her to every deficiency and to every other duty, and left no blank—for every aching void was filled.

Of course, as he grew older he occupied her more and more, as it became more and more possible to have him constantly with her. He slept in her room, and was rarely an hour away from her.

There was nothing particularly engaging about the child. He was a good, strong, upright, steady boy,—certainly for the first ten years of his life thinking his mother the most perfect creature in the world, enjoying her high spirits and her energy, confident in her love of him, and in his power to do just as he liked with the imperious, self-reliant little woman, of whom other people stood rather in awe.

She had long ceased to be anything but housekeeper and caretaker to her husband, and he just sank into a lazy, animal, self-indulgent life;—good-tempered, or rather easy-going, as long as no one interfered with him; but violent and insolent if she or any one else attempted to remonstrate with him.

He always spoke kindly to little Frank when he saw him, but certainly never gave himself either trouble or anxiety

about him, and was only cross and irritable if he were ill or in any way disturbed the arrangements of the house. Still, I think, down in his heart there was a jealousy of her passionate adoration of, and absorption in, the child.

So passed away ten years, till the time came for the boy to go to school.

She never hesitated where his good was concerned, and he was sent off—she smiling to the last. But, oh! that long lonely night, as she lay and thought of the small and great anxieties this separation meant. Was he warm? No one had kissed him "Good night." Was he happy? Would he love her as much when he came home? One thing was certain—it would never be quite the same again. God only knows what she suffered that night,—ay, and many a night after! I fancy she got restless alone without the boy, and her contempt for her husband and his habits and associates made the home-life almost unbearable.

Her father had died; the brothers had drifted off into houses and interests of their own. She was not happy in the choice of her friends at that time, and she read exciting novels, both French and English; but had no fixed habits—did and read nothing to develop the good side of what might have been a noble character. The dreams of a useful life had certainly passed away, and she just lived to kill the time till Frank's holidays came round. Her whole nature was hardening and deteriorating with a rapidity which perhaps any one who only saw the respectable, every-day, outside life of her home would have thought impossible.

Well, the holidays came, and with them the bright sunny-faced schoolboy, exuberant in his delight at being at home again; shouting with pride and joy at the bigger pony provided for him by her loving care; fondling the dog; shaking hands with the butler and gamekeeper, and all the men-servants, but very "stand-offish" with the women, for fear they should kiss him as they used to do; but glad, oh! very glad, to be cuddled and kissed by the proud and happy mother when they were quite alone. She put him to bed, "just like a little chap, you know, mummie dear."

Those first holidays were glorious,—not a drawback, except every now and then the anxiety to get him up to bed before

his father came in, or to get him out of the way, lest he should see or suspect the shame and sorrow of her life and of his home. It was a happy time, however, in spite of this; but, oh! how short. Then came the wrench of parting again, and the boy went back to school, taking all her softness and sunlight with him, and leaving only coldness, loneliness, bitterness, and the growing callousness behind.

PHASE THE THIRD.

Of course as the boy grew older it became impossible to conceal from him the state of things at home. He said little—very little even to his mother—nothing to any one else; but he became quieter, and went more readily away from home to stay with friends. One day she said to him: "Frank, you might ask any one you like to stay here or come for the shooting; indeed I think you ought to ask those with whom you have been staying."

"No, mummie; I can't do that. I can't have fellows staying here, you know: it wouldn't do."

She turned as white and cold as marble, and not a word more was said; but that night the last remnant of softness left her heart forever, and she cried aloud bitterly in her lonely chamber: "Shall he spoil and darken my boy's life too, as he has darkened mine? Now God forbid. If God there be, where would His justice be in this?"

From that time, I think, the idea never ceased to recur: "How different our lives would be if he were not here, dragging us down—shaming my boy before his fellows, taking the brightness out of my darling's face. It shall not be." She drilled herself to think that her boy's happiness ought to be her first care—her first duty.

The contempt for her husband turned to hatred. She grew to see in him only an obstruction between her boy and happiness,—a shadow over her son's life, a cumberer of the ground,—and her heart became as stone toward him.

Little by little, as Frank grew older, he too became contemptuous of his father; and although the good sturdy boy never spoke of him to any one but with respect, he was certainly anything but affectionate or conciliatory in his behavior or manner toward him. A mutual constraint and coolness grew up between them,—the son

in his heart despising and disliking his father; the father guessing but too truly the feelings of the son. She, who observed everything, soon saw how this feeling was growing—how the father, who only avoided Frank when he was sober, looked sullenly and even vindictively at him when he was otherwise; and a terror came into her heart, lest in some shape he should injure the lad, whose presence and demeanor were evidently becoming intolerable to him.

Alas! alas! everything was tending to strengthen the hard bitterness of her heart, and to ripen into action the love and the hate so strangely combined in her passionate, undisciplined nature.

At last one evening the father came home, very late, after much searching for, and anxiety, shared unfortunately by the lad, now fifteen years old. Came home, violent and unaccountable, a sad, degrading spectacle.

All but mother and son were asleep in the house, and there ensued one of those scenes which should never be described, but must and ought to be left to the imagination of those who do not know, fortunately for themselves. Frank remonstrated, not too respectfully, and in his anger the father said: "Not one sixpence of my money shall you have. I'll make a will leaving you without a penny, and so teach you who you are really dependent on." The mother heard the words, and all the fury of her pent-up anger broke forth within her. "Shall he indeed make my boy miserable in his life to leave him a beggar at his death?" she thought. "Nay, then, if God will not give him happiness and relief, I will seize them from him,—so shall my son have enjoyment and rest, and our home become like the home of others, where the sun shines, and who fear not daylight." When the anger died away, she recognized what had really been in her thoughts for years,—the resolution that had been growing slowly but surely for so long,—the wish that had been budding in her heart, but that the heat of this storm and threat had ripened suddenly into blossom, and which bore such deadly fruit.

A few months later the strong man lay sleeping in the vault,—quiet reigned in the home, and hope sprung again in the mother's heart.

She sat watching for her boy's return

from school, and thinking of the free happy time they would have together. No fear now of asking "the fellows"—nothing to prevent any in-coming or out-going; nothing to bring a cloud over her bonny boy's face. "Truly I have done wisely and well," she thought; "now will my son know the true nature of home, a place of peace."

PHASE THE FOURTH.

Did it all come to pass just as she expected and planned? I fancy not. True, the boy returned, but instead of bringing back with him the sunny face of his childhood, as she hoped and expected, she saw a graver, quieter expression there than had ever been there before. The shadow of Death had passed over him, and not all her love could take it away.

The child had left him and her forever! It seemed as if the darkness of the sin had left its shadow on the boy who knew nothing of it, and passed by the woman who had sinned, but whose natural spirits and callousness to all but one rode triumphantly over the cloud, and who seemed and felt just as quiet and calm as though Death had entered their house in his usual masterful way, against the prayers and wishes of the family, instead of being summoned there by her impatient and imperious hand.

The lad was self-reliant and self-willed, kind and respectful to her after his nature, but hardly confidential, more "grown up" than a boy of sixteen ought to be, and colder and more reserved than most boys are. He always spoke of his father with respect and affection when he spoke of him at all, which was very rarely. He showed himself quite conscious of the fact that he was now master. He took his pleasures for himself,—it was no longer her eager loving hand that provided them. In fact, he ruled and made his own life. He had passed from her guidance and planning into a world and a life of his own making.

Unconsciously she resented his self-reliance and his independence. He acted so discreetly, so wisely in all things, that there was nothing to find fault with. But, oh! how sore and disappointed she was.

He did not care about being petted: he was a reserved, manly lad, very much afraid of showing any feelings he had, and

I think particularly afraid of showing them to his mother, who was so demonstrative and excitable. He didn't like her high spirits, which were constitutional, and quite unaltered by circumstances. He didn't think they were dignified. Her active step and perfect health aggravated him. He fancied, somehow, that widows ought to be quiet, rather delicate women, who smiled kindly but sadly. He didn't approve of his mother joking and saying smart bright things, and making people laugh, "as if nothing had happened." He disliked her expression of unorthodox or peculiar opinions, and even went so far as to ask her not to express them, "even if she had the misfortune to feel them."

But not for a moment did she regret what she had done. On the contrary, she felt sometimes how wisely she had acted in putting power in the hands of this able, right-thinking young man.

It is not difficult to understand how two such opposite natures should drift further and further apart. Though neither could have told you why, there was no warmth of intercourse between them, and each lived the life they made for themselves. He with his friends, his duties, and his pleasures. His friends shallow, his duties narrow, and his pleasures discreet. She, in her loneliness and disappointment, reading, more wisely than earlier in her life, and philosophically accepting the results of her own act and character.

So the old house was dull and quiet enough, till he brought home a bright good English girl as his wife,—one of a large, happy, prosperous, commonplace family of boys and girls, who quite accepted Frank as one of themselves, and who laughed him out of his gravity, and chaffed him out of his priggishness, and the old place rang with the noise of innocent, healthy youth.

Frank himself whistled as he went about, and sang again as he used to do when he was a merry little boy, and when the sound of his laughter warmed the cold aching heart of his lonely desolate mother.

Only somehow the laughter was hushed and the whistling ceased when she came into the room, or joined the party out of doors. And the silence caused by her presence went like a knife into her heart; and though she never regretted nor repented having lifted the burden from her well-beloved's life, her soul writhed within her as she saw that she only brought cloud

and chill where others brought him light and warmth and happiness.

PHASE THE LAST.

Alone, always alone. Perhaps in her loneliness growing away from the sin—perhaps her unrepining, unselfish life expiating to a certain degree the fearful crime which in her wrong-headedness and cold-heartedness and self-confidence she had committed.

She soon left the Hall and the young people to themselves; and though a friendly interchange of hospitality was continued between the two houses, it was of a straggling intermittent kind, and had no real vitality in it. She spent her life in what is called "active well-doing," and brought into everything she undertook considerable talent, perfect unselfishness, and a vast deal of energy.

She lived much alone, but was cheerful and amusing in society, liked by many, feared by some, and respected by all. The people who really loved her were those who were quite dependent on her, and to those in suffering or distress her tenderness was irresistible, and her gentleness and softness complete.

But it was with babies and children that she altered entirely. Her love and sympathy with them was unbounded, her tenderness and patience inexhaustible, and their adoration of her complete. In every baby face she seemed to see the face of her own lost baby, in every sorrow and suffering of theirs the sorrow and suffering that might have been his, and she yearned and struggled for the happiness of the little street children with the same yearning and longing as she had done for his.

Indeed my own impression is that she was full of sympathy with all helplessness and pain of all kinds.

She worshipped happiness as the unattainable, the unknown Good, the thing most to be striven after—hopeless as the quest of the Holy Grail, but none the less for that, the only end worth working for. And if at times there came into her human heart a doubt or feeling that she had killed the happiness of one fellow-creature by destroying his life, she put it away from her, saying, "How much better every duty is performed by the living than ever it would have been by the dead."

In the midst of a life of usefulness, of complete unselfishness, and of the most

bitter disappointment—but with no trace of repentance, nor regret for a cruel crime, but believing to the end that this wrong was right—untouched by remorse, respected and loved, she passed quietly and peacefully away.

Mourned and regretted by all who were dependent on her, and who lived in close contact with her—but estranged from the child of her passionate love, and alone, always alone.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"DISTINCTION."

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

I HAVE been taken to task at great length and with great severity by the *Spectator* for having identified the "elect" with the "select;" and the *Guardian* has charged me, in terms not less profuse and energetic, with entertaining "flunkey" notions, not only of this life, but of the next. The *Spectator*, furthermore, denounces me as a person of singularly "savage" and "scornful" disposition. Now, as these are moral rather than literary censures, and as any one may, if he likes, consider that he is under obligation to defend his character publicly when it has been publicly impugned, I desire to say a few words in explanation of expressions and sentiments which I think that my judges have misinterpreted.

I confess frankly to a general preference for persons of "distinction," and even to believing that they are likely to have a better time of it hereafter than the undistinguished, but I humbly and sincerely protest to my monitors that I do not, as they assume, identify "distinction" with wealth, culture, and modern Conservative politics, though I do hold that in the absence of culture "distinction" rarely becomes apparent, just as, in the absence of polish, the tints and veins of a fine wood or marble, though they may be there, are little evident. In this world, at least, "de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio."

If we could see the soul of every man—as, indeed, we can, more or less, in his face, which is never much like the face of any other—we should see that every one is in some degree "distinguished." He is born "unique," and does not make himself so, though, by fidelity to himself and by walking steadily and persistently on his own line, his distinction can be indefinitely increased, as it can be indefinitely diminished by the contrary process,

until he may end in extinction; for, interiorly, man lives by contrast and harmonious opposition to others, and the communion of men upon earth as of saints in heaven abhors identity more than nature does a vacuum. Nothing so shocks and repels the living soul as a row of exactly similar things, whether it consists of modern houses or of modern people, and nothing so delights and edifies as "distinction."

It was said of a celebrated female saint that she did nothing but what was done by everybody else, but that she did all things as no one else did them. In manners and art, as in life, it signifies far less *what* is done or said than *how* it is done and said; for the unique personality, the alone truly interesting and excellent thing, the "distinction," comes out in the latter only.

I am old enough, and have been lucky enough—no doubt, through favor rather than through the manifestation of any distinction of my own—to have been occasionally present at small private gatherings of eminent statesmen and literary men, in times when such eminence usually savored of distinction; and I confess that I have had few experiences which so helped me to understand how pleasant a thing life might become under supernaturally favorable circumstances.

My friendly monitors of the *Guardian* and *Spectator* may, perhaps, discover further confirmation, in these words, of their impression that I am at once a "flunkey" and a "savage," and my confession may recall to their minds that other savage to whom the missionary sought in vain to convey any idea of Heaven until he compared it with a perpetual feast of buffalo-beef well masticated by a squaw. Well, difference, though it may not amount to distinction, is better

than dull uniformity; and I will go on my own way without nourishing ill-will toward my critics, and, I hope, without provoking it in them. There is so little distinction now, that I will not quarrel with anybody for not understanding me when I praise it. In English letters, for example, now that Matthew Arnold and William Barnes are gone, and Dr. Newman is silent, and Lord Tennyson's fascinating genius is taking a well-earned repose, distinction has nearly vanished. The few writers who have now a touch of it have been before the world for a quarter of a century or more.

The verse of Mr. William Morris, always masterly, is sometimes really distinguished, as in the prelude and some of the lyrics of *Love is Enough*. The distinction, too, of Mr. Swinburne's writing is occasionally unquestionable; but he allows himself to be troubled about many things, and would, I fancy, write more poetically, if less forcibly, were his patriotism not so feverish and his horror of the errors and wickedness of Popery more abstract, disinterested, and impersonal. He is wanting, I venture to think, in what Catholic moralists call "holy indifference." Distinction is also manifest in the prose of Mr. George Meredith when the cleverness is not too overwhelming to allow us to think of anything else; but, when the nose of epigram after epigram has no sooner reached the visual nerve than the tail has whisked away from it, so that we have had no time to take in the body, our wonder and bedazement make it sometimes impossible for us to distinguish the distinction, if it be there.

Democracy hates distinction, though it has a humble and pathetic regard for eminence and rank; and eminence and rank, by the way, never paid a more charming and delicate compliment to Democracy than when Lord Rosebery affirmed that the test of true literature, and its only justifiable *Imprimatur*, is "the thumb-mark of the artisan."

The ten or so superior and inexhaustibly fertile periodical writers who (with three or four fairly good novelists) now represent English literature, and are the arbiters and, for the most part, the monopolists of fame, share the dislike of their *clientèle* to "distinction," suppressing it, when it ventures to appear, with a "conspiracy of silence" more effective than the

guillotine, while they exalt the merit which they delight to honor by voices more overwhelming than the *plébiscite*. Witness the fate of William Barnes, who, though far from being the deepest or most powerful, was by far the most uniformly "distinguished" poet of our time. Mr. G. S. Venables said, perhaps, no more than the truth when he declared, as he did in my hearing, that there had been no poet of such peculiar perfection since Horace. Mr. F. T. Palgrave has also done him generous and courageous justice. But what effect have these voices had against the solid silence of non-recognition by our actual arbiters of fame? He is never named in the authentic schedules of modern English poets. I do not suppose that any one nearer to a Countess than his friend Mrs. Norton ever asked him to dinner, and there was not so much as an enthusiastic Dean to decree (upon his own respectable responsibility) the national honor of burial in Westminster Abbey to the poor classic. On the other hand, the approving voices of our literary and democratic Council of Ten or so are as tremendously effective as their silence. No such power of rewarding humble excellence ever before existed in the world. Mrs. Lynn Lynton, of her own knowledge, writes thus:—"Of a work, lately published, one man alone wrote sixteen reviews. The author was his friend, and in sixteen 'vehicles' he carried the flag of his friend's triumph." To compare good things with bad, this beneficent ventriloquism reminds one of Milton's description of the devil, in the persons of the priests of Baal, as "a liar in four hundred mouths."

I hope that I may further exonerate myself from the charge of a proclivity to "plush"—this, if I remember rightly, was the word used by the *Guardian*—and also from that of a "savage" disrespect for modern enlightenment, as authenticated by "the thumb-mark of the artisan," when I go on to say that, to my mind, there can be no "distinction," in life, art, or manners, worth speaking of, which is not the outcome of singular courage, integrity, and generosity, and, I need scarcely add, of intellectual vigor, which is usually the companion of those qualities habitually exercised. An accomplished distinction, as the sight of it gives the greatest delight to those who have it,

or are on the way to the attainment of it, so it is the greatest of terrors to the vulgar, whether of the gutter or in gilded chambers. Their assertion of their sordid selves it rebukes with a silence or a look of benevolent wonder, which they can never forgive, and which they always take for indications of intolerable pride, though it is nothing other than the fitting and inevitable demeanor, under the circumstances, of the "good man, in whose eyes," King David says, "a vile person is despised;" or that recommended by St. Augustine, who tells us that, if a man does not love the living truth of things, you should "let him be as dirt" to you; or by a still higher Authority, who directs you to treat such an one as a "sinner and a publican," or, in modern phrase, a "cad." Naturally, the average democrat—who has not yet learned to love the living truth of things—resents "distinction," and pathetically turns to Lord Rosebery and other such highly certificated judges of what is really excellent for consolation and reassurance; and naturally the leaders of democracy, in the House of Commons, or in the newspapers and magazines, are as jealous of distinction as the Roman democrats were of the man who presumed to roof his house with a pediment—which, perhaps, reminded them too disagreeably of a Temple.

The finest use of intercourse, whether personal or through books, with the minds of others is not so much to acquire their thoughts, feelings, and characters as to corroborate our own, by compelling these to "take aspect," and to derive fresh consciousness, form, and power to our proper and peculiar selves. Such intercourse not only brings latent "distinction" into life, but it increases it more and more; a beautiful and beloved opposition acting as the scientific toy called the "electric doubler," by which the opposite forces in the two juxtaposed disks may be accumulated almost without limit, and splendid effusions of contrasting life evoked, where there apparently was mere inertness before. The best use of the supremely useful intercourse of man and woman is not the begetting of children, but the increase of contrasted personal consciousnesses.

All attraction and life are due to magnetic opposition, and a great individuality, appearing in any company, acts as a thun-

der-cloud, which brightens the circumjacent air by alluring to or repelling from itself all the dusty and inert particles which float so thickly in the air of ordinary companies. The Catholic Church, whose *forte*, I think, is psychological insight, is peculiarly sensible in this, that, instead of encouraging uniformity of thought and feeling, as all other churches do, she does her best, in the direction of souls, to develop as wide a distinction as is consistent with formal assent to her singularly few articles of obligatory faith. She requires consent to the letter of the doctrine, but welcomes as many and seemingly conflicting ways of viewing it as there are idiosyncrasies of character in men, recommending each not to force his inclination, but to seek such good in the doctrine as best suits him. Thus does she encourage the immense diversity with which the final vision of Truth shall be reflected in prismatic glories from the "Communion of the Saints."

In the world, as I have said, distinction can scarcely be manifested without a certain amount of culture, especially that part of culture which consists in simplicity, modesty, and veracity. But culture in the democracy is usually deficient in these characteristics, and is also wanting in that purity of manner and phraseology without which delicate distinctions of nature are, more or less, indecipherable. Plain speaking—sometimes very unpleasantly plain speaking—may be consistent with distinction; but, until Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Gladstone, for example, learn to leave off calling Tory spades sanguinary shovels, their eminent personalities must lack one fundamental condition of true self-manifestation. Persons who habitually express themselves so loosely must rest content, in this world, with something short of true distinction, though when they shall have attained to the Communion of Saints it may become unexpectedly conspicuous in them. So in art. In poetry, for instance, good and simple manners and language are not distinction, but distinction nowhere appears without them. The ordinary laws of language must be observed, or those small inflections of customary phrase, that "continual slight novelty," which is, as Aristotle, I think, says, the essential character of poetic language, and which is so because it is the true and nat-

nal expression of individuality, will be wanting. Even the genius and ardor of Dr. Furnivall must fail to disinter the soft pearl of distinction from the heaped potsherds and broken brickbats of a violent and self-imposed originality of diction, however great the natural and acquired faculties of the poet may be; yes, even though such faculties be far greater than those of others who may have added to their generally inferior abilities the art of "expressing themselves." Self must, however, be eliminated from a man's consciousness before the "how," which is the first essential in art, can make itself heard above the voice of the comparatively insignificant "what." To many persons this setting of the manner before the matter must appear almost immoral. Shall the virtues of eagerness and earnestness in pursuit of one's own true good and that of mankind be put after such a trifle as the mode of professing them? The truth, however, is that such eagerness and earnestness are not virtues, but rather proofs that virtue is not yet attained, just as the desire for praise is a proof that praise is not fully deserved. Repose "marks the manners of the great," for it is the expression of a degree of attainment which makes all further attainment that is desired easy, sure, and unexciting, and of a modesty which refuses to regard self as the "hub of the universe," without which it cannot revolve, or indeed as in any way necessary to its existence and well-being, however much it may concern a man's own well-being that he should take his share, to the best of his abilities, in doing the good which will otherwise be done without him. The worst hindrance to distinction in nearly all the poetry of our generation is the warm interest and responsibility which the poets have felt in the improvement of mankind; as if—

"Whether a man serve God or his own whim,
Much matters, in the end to any one but
him!"

But, to recur again from Art to Life, the virtuous Democrat is always a little Atlas who goes stumbling along with his eye-balls bursting from his head under his self-assumed burden. Another obstacle to his distinction is his abhorrence of irrationality of all sorts. He dreams of no beauty or excellence beyond the colossal rationality of a Washington or a Franklin; whereas distinction has its root in

the irrational. The more lofty, living and spiritual the intellect and character become, the more is the need perceived for the sap of life which can only be sucked from the inscrutable and, to the wholly rational mind, repulsive ultimates of nature and instinct. The ideal nation of rational Democrats, so far from exemplifying the glory of distinctions, would find its similitude in a great library consisting entirely of duplicates, digests, and popular epitomes of the works of John Stuart Mill.

I confess, therefore, to a joyful satisfaction in my conviction that a real Democracy, such as ours, in which the voice of every untaught ninny or petty knave is as potential as that of the wisest and most cultivated, is so contrary to nature and order that it is necessarily self-destructive. In America there are already signs of the rise of an aristocracy which promises to be more exclusive, and may, in the end, make itself more predominant than any of the aristocracies of Europe; and our own Democracy, being entirely without bridle, can scarcely fail to come to an early, and probably a violent end. There are, however, uses for all things, and those who love justice enough not to care much should disaster to themselves be involved in its execution will look, not without complacency, on the formal and final ruin of superiorities which have not had sufficient care for their honor and their rights to induce them to make even a sincere parliamentary stand for their maintenance. "Superiorities," when they have reached this stage of decay, are only fit to nourish the fields of future civilization, as ancient civilizations, gone to rot, have so richly nourished ours; and when Democracy shall have done its temporary work of reducing them to available "mixin," Democracy, too, will disappear, and—after how many "dark ages" of mere anarchy and war and petty fluctuating tyrannies, who can tell?—there will come another period of ordered life and another harvest of "distinguished" men.

In the mean time, "genius" and "distinction" will become more and more identified with loudness; floods of vehement verbiage, without any sincere conviction, or indications of the character capable of arriving at one; inhuman humanitarianism; profanity, the poisoner of the roots of life; tolerance and even open

profession and adoption of ideas which Rochester and Little would have been ashamed even remotely to suggest; praise of any view of morals, provided it be an unprecedented one; faith in any foolish doctrine that sufficiently disclaims authority.

That such a writer as Walt Whitman should have attained to be thought a distinguished poet by many persons generally believed to have themselves claims to distinction surely more than justifies my forecast of what is coming. That amazing consummation is already come.

Being well satisfied that the world can get on in this, its destined course, without my help, I should not have broken my customary habit, in order to trouble it and myself with the expression of my views of "distinction" and its condition, culture, had it not been for the moral obligation, under which, as I have said, any one may, if he likes, consider himself, to write an *Apologia pro moribus suis*, when these have been publicly attacked. I do not trouble the public often, and have never done so about myself. I take silent and real comfort in the fatalism which teaches me to believe that, if, in spite of my best endeavors, I cannot write poetry, it is because poetry is not the thing which is wanted from me, and that, when wanted, it will come from somebody else. But to be stigmatized as a "flunkey" and a "savage," by writers eminent for gentleness and orthodox manners, is a different thing. Flunkeyism and savagery, though, as times go, they should be considered as vices condoned by custom, yet are vices; and for this and no other reason have I thought it right to explain the views, feelings, and expressions upon the misconception of which these charges have been founded.

But I have also to complain that there has been a certain amount of carelessness on the part of my accusers. I do not think that when the *Guardian* charges me with the sin of having said nothing in the *Angel in the House*, about the "Poor," the writer should have remembered the one famous line I have ever succeeded in writing, namely, that in which Mrs. Vaughan is represented as conveying

"A gift of wine to Widow Neale."

I put it in on purpose to show that my thoughts were not wholly occupied with

cultivated people, though I knew quite well when I did so that it must evoke from the Olympians—as a candid friend, who has access to the sacred Hill, assures me has been the case—thunders of inextinguishable laughter. Again, I am surprised and grieved that a journal, which so well represents and protects an Establishment in which primitive graces and doctrines have, of late, been revived in so gratifying a manner, should have accused me of carrying my flunkey notions into a future state, with no other proof alleged than my affirmation of the doctrine of the Intercession of Saints, when I say that sinners, through them, approach Divinity—

"With a reward and grace
Unguess'd by the unwash'd boor who hails
Him to his face."

Was it just to assume that by the "unwash'd boor" I meant only the artisan who had not put aside, for the Sunday, the materials with which he is accustomed to affix his *Imprimatur* to sound literature?

Again, I must say that the writer in the *Spectator*—whose hand is not easily to be mistaken for any but that of the kindest and most conscientious of editors—should not have denounced me as a person of eminently savage disposition, when he must, I think, have remembered that, the very last time I saw him, I protested to him how completely my feelings were in unison with the mild amenity of Dr. Newman, adding, by way of confirmation, from a poem of my own—

"O, that I were so gentle and so sweet,
So I might deal fair Sion's foolish foes
Such blows!"

He also neglects, I think, to put a fair interpretation upon what he calls my "hatred" and "scorn" of the People. Sir Thomas Browne, in a time when the People were much less disagreeable than they are become in this the day of their predominance, declared that they constituted the only entity which he could say with truth that he sincerely hated. Now Sir Thomas Browne was, as we know from his own assurance, among the sweetest tempered and least savage of men—as, indeed, I believe that I myself am. Neither Sir Thomas nor I ever meant the least unkindness or affront to any individual. I have examined my conscience carefully, and I find myself in a state of universal charity. I condemn no one to

perdition; I am willing to believe that, were we admitted to the secret recesses of their souls, we might discover some apprehension of the living truth of things in Mr. Gladstone, some conscience in Lord Rosebery of the limits which should be put to party complaisance, some candor in the editor of *Truth*; and I am so far from "hating" these or any, in a wicked sense, that, though I cannot love them with the "love of complacency"—as I believe the schoolmen call it, in distinction to the "love of benevolence"—I love them so much with the latter kind of love that I desire heartily the very best that could happen for them, which would be that, for a moment, they should see themselves as they truly are. I cannot help adding—though I think the *tu quoque* rather vulgar—that, when this really excellent politician and critic said that I confounded the select with the elect, he himself was more or less confounding the elect with the electors.

Finally, had I really been a "flunkey"—I cannot get the sting of that word out of me—had I departed from my Darby and Joan notions to please the dainty with descriptions of abnormal forms of affection; had I sought to conciliate the philosophic by insisting that no son can reasonably regard the chastity of his mother

as other than an open question; had I endeavored to allure laughter by such easy combinations of profanity and *patois* as have won for so many a reputation for being vastly humorous; had I, in compliment to abstainers from what is strong, diluted my modicum of spirit with ten times its bulk of the pure element; had I paid even proper attention to the arbiters of fame, how much "earthlier happy" might I now have been! As it is, whether my thoughts are "pinnacled dim in the intense inane" of the "Unknown Eros," or I proffer, in the *Angel in the House*, "a gift of wine to Widow Neale," the Council of Ten or so are alike unsympathetic; in my declining years I have scarcely a Countess on whom I can rely for a dinner; when I die there will be no discerning Dean to bury me, upon his own responsibility, in Westminster Abbey; and on my obscure tombstone some virtuous and thoughtful democrat may very likely scribble, "Here lies the last of the Savages and Flunkeys,"—notwithstanding all I have now said to prove that I am an unpretentious and sweet-tempered old gentleman, who is harmlessly and respectably preparing for a future state, in which he trusts that there will be neither tomahawk nor "plush."—*Fortnightly Review*.

MR. GLADSTONE'S DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE GREEK PANTHEON.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

OXFORD undergraduates must have felt a strong thrill of interest when Mr. Gladstone at the ripe age of eighty recently paid a visit, like a student, to his old University town, appearing before the audience in his doctor's gown for an address on "The Points of Contact between Assyrian Discovery and the Homeric Text." The object of his discourse was a startling one. From the reports given,* we see that he exerted himself to disestablish the Homeric Pantheon and to lend its chief deities into Babylonian captivity.

"Plato," said Mr. Gladstone, "was

unjust in blaming Homer for misrepresenting the Gods. *They were not his Gods. They were the foreign intruding Gods. Homer evidently recoiled in disgust from the character of the corrupting goddess Aphrodité.* No doubt she was lovely, but she was not the Goddess of Beauty. See the speech of Penelope in *Odyssey* (20), where beauty and sense were given [to the orphan daughters of Pandareos] by Herè, while Aphrodité served them with cheese, honey, and wine. Where did he get his model for this deity whom he did not respect? He found it in Ishtar. Now, of Ishtar, if he were to say that she was not better than she should be, he would describe her feebly."

The rule being "Ladies first!" we must begin by dealing with the strange sugges-

* Those of the *Oxford Review*, the *Times*, and the *Daily News* have been compared.

tion that Aphrodité, in the Homeric conception, was not a Goddess of Beauty, but rather a kind of superior, if not inferior, waitress. It is not for the first time we have heard this.* But with all due deference to Mr. Gladstone and his studies, I make bold to express a hope that English undergraduates understand their *Iliad* and their *Odyssey* a little better.

There is in ancient Hellenic mythology a most charming tale, though not specially recorded in the poems that pass under "Homer's" name; an omission perhaps to be accounted for from the fact of that myth being too well known. It is the tale of the wave-risen, foam-born Goddess, who first came up from the deep near the island of Kythera, and then stepped on shore in Cyprus. Roses and myrtles sprouted up under her feet. Eros and Himeros, representatives of the creative power and of longing love, accompanied her to the divine circle. The whole world uttered a rapt cry of delight when she rose from the sea. Now, can it be that Homer, or rather those who gradually wrought the floating and somewhat discordant ballads into an epic, have so utterly traduced the Hellenic Venns as Mr. Gladstone would make us believe?

Far from it! The Scripture texts of Greek heroic poetry show more chivalrous sentiments. Aphrodité Kypria, in Homer, is the ideal of female charms, the very Queen of Beauty. Her radiant eyes, her splendid neck and heaving bosom; her beautiful skin, her winning smile, her wondrous girdle of enchantment, in which all the fascinations of love are concentrated,† are dwelt upon by the singer in enthusiastic terms. Have we ever heard that such qualities go without beauty? The possessor of these magic charms is the darling child, the daughter dear, of Zeus and Dioné. She is the "golden Aphrodité" of the heavenly pair. Winsome works of wedding ("deeds of love and tender marriage ties," in Lord Derby's translation) are entrusted to her by the Hellenic Allfather,‡ who softly smiles upon his daughter when appointing her the presiding deity of the union of hearts.

Heré, the artful, when wishing to ensnare Zeus for her own purposes, goes to

the Goddess, from whom Homer is said by Mr. Gladstone to recoil in disgust, and entreats her thus:—

Give me the loveliness and power to charm,
Whereby thou reign'st o'er Gods and men supreme!

Moved by this appeal, and by filial piety toward the high-throning Kronion, the Goddess of Beauty hands to Heré the girdle of universal enchantment, which enables the consort of Zeus to ensnare even the Ruler of Heaven. In Lord Derby's translation:—

Thus Venns spoke; and from her bosom loosed
Her broidered cestus, wrought with many charms

To win the heart. There Love; there young
Desire;

There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion
dwelt,

Which oft enthralles the mind of wisest men.
"Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide,
This broidered cestus; and whate'er thy wish,
Thou shalt not here ungratified return!"

Then, as a sign of the renewed union of hearts, a scene is enacted like the one at Aphrodité's rising from the waves. Zeus spreads a golden cloud around himself and his consort:—

Nor god, nor mortal, shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom
pours

Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers;
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountains glow.
Three golden clouds conceal the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfused with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia
round.*

What a remarkable result of the Queen of Beauty's magic gift! These are some of the descriptions contained in Homer, who is alleged to have "recoiled in disgust" from what to him were "foreign intruding Gods." It is incomprehensible that Mr. Gladstone should quietly ignore such verses of supreme attractiveness. It is equally extraordinary that, going by a single passage in the *Odyssey*, he should have misunderstood even that one. In the *Odyssey*, too, it need scarcely be said, Aphrodité is described as the golden, the beauteous, the charming deity with the winsome smile, who makes Gods and men

* Compare Mr. Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi*, p. 311.

† *Iliad*, xiv., 215.

‡ *Iliad*, v., 429.

* *Iliad*, xiv.; Pope's translation.

captives with her powerful fetters.* The passage quoted by Mr. Gladstone does not in the least detract from her high position. When Pandareos' daughters are helpless and orphaned, Aphroditê "fosters them well with cheese-cake and wine, and with aromatic honey." That was noble fare in the heroic age when Gods and men freely intermingled.

Mr. Gladstone renders τυρῶν by "cheese;" and it does not matter. In that "incomparable book," as he calls it, *Liddell and Scott*, he will, however, find the word translated as: "cheese-bread, a cheese cake, or cheese." For the sake of a lady who easily took the cake in heaven and on earth, he might have given her the benefit of *Liddell and Scott*. Still, goat-cheese, wine—even with an onion (oy your leave!) as a previous relish and stimulant for the drink—honey, and the meal of "sacred wheat," were held, in Homeric times, to be kingly, almost heavenly, food.† It is wrong, therefore, for Mr. Gladstone to speak disrespectfully of Aphroditê because she helped to bring up Pandareos' daughters in that way. It was rather kind and thoughtful of her.

Let it be noted, also, that the Hellenic bard, in mentioning the several female deities who formed and fashioned those orphaned girls into proper accomplishment, names the Goddess of Beauty first; and that then he makes her "ascend the high Olympos, where she prays Zeus to grant them the day of sweet nuptials." Here, again, Aphroditê is the presiding deity of marriage—the heaven-appointed match-maker, to put it shortly; no mean status, in truth.

The Goddess of Beauty may have had a deal to answer for in her mischievous life. But so have a number of other members of the Greek divine circle and of the mythology of various nations. Those creeds symbolize the forces of Nature. We have, therefore, not to look in them for an elaborate system of morality. That which is true of Aphroditê, is true also of the character of Goddesses of Beauty and Love from Hindustan to the Germanic North. Astoreth, Ishtar, Mylitta do not stand alone in this respect. There are fickle water-born deities of love everywhere. Lakshmi Sri, the Indian God-

dess of Beauty and Good Luck, rises from the Milky Ocean, even as Aphroditê Kypris did. Kama, the attendant Cupid of Lakshmi, who has a fish on a red ground for his symbol, is wave-risen too. Those countless Aphroditean nymphs in Indra's Heaven, the Apsaras, who are beaming with youth and beauty, show in their name their origin from water. What a long Leporello's list would have to be unfolded if the love-born adventures of those amorous deities, or of Krishna who is *facile princeps* and worst among them, had to be described!

If we turn to the ancient Teutonic creed, which resulted from a compromise between two cosmogonic systems—the Vanic and the Asic one—symbolizing respectively the origin of the world from Water or from Fire, we again come upon a Love Goddess connected with the fluid and fickle element. She is a Sea-God's daughter, Freyja by name. Shall her wayward character be given from the Eddic Banquet of Oegir, where the evil-tongued Loki did not mince matters? Or from the Song of Hyndla in the same Norse Scripture, where Freyja's giant sister spöke to her with the extraordinary freedom of an irate, and perhaps rival, lady?

II.

Had Mr. Gladstone gone a little deeper into comparative mythology, he would have found that his Babylonian parallel, or parallels, can be found everywhere. No doubt Cyprus, where Aphroditê finally landed, had Phœnikian, Semitic settlements before the Hellenes arrived there. Nor is Babylonian influence wanting in that island. Aphroditê's Amathusian name, I may even add, apparently points to a Cyprian Hamath, corresponding to the Hamath of the opposite coast of Asia Minor, where Phœnikians dwelt. Recent research has, however, shown that the Phœnikians, on their part, were preceded in Cyprus by a Thracian race, kindred to the Teutonic stock.

This is the strongly expressed opinion of Mr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, who for ten years has made excavations in the island. It fully fits in with what Herodotos reports as to the vast Thracian race having been, according to the statement of Egyptian priests, the oldest and earliest in those regions—earlier even than the Egyptians themselves. Now, who will contend that

* *Odyssey*, viii., 336.

† *Iliad*, xi., 680-641.

the Thracians had not a Love Goddess of their own, which may afterward have become merged in a later imported Astoreth!

More than this: let it be kept in mind that, in Homer's statement, Aphroditê was the offspring of Zeus and of Dionê,* the Epirote goddess. With Epirus, where the Dodonean Zeus had his temple, we at once come upon northern, upon Thracian, ground. Rheia, the Kretan mother of Zeus, is herself connected with the same Thracian stock, even as Kybele, into whose figure Rheia gradually slid. From Krete there was a migration to Asia Minor, which resulted in the foundation of Troy; and Troy, we know, was a settlement of Thracians of the great Phrygian tribe.

Here, then, we have, in Homer himself, an Aphroditê, daughter of an Epirote, i.e., non-Semitic, Aryan, Thracian Goddess—a Goddess of a race which, from classic passages, as well as from the Gothic historian Jornandes (not to speak of the views and the researches of men like Fischart, Thurmayr, Lessing, Voss, Pinkerton, Grimm, Wirth, and George Rawlinson†), can be shown to have been of Getic, Gothic, Germanic kinship.

Let it further be noted that the journey of the wave-risen Aphroditê to Cyprus is, according to the Greek tale, one *from the West to the East*—not from East to West. Kythera was her first, Cyprus her second, station. This, if brought into connection with the Homeric statement of Aphroditê being the daughter of an Epirote mother, clearly shows that there is no exclusive Phœnikian or Babylonian origin of the Greek Goddess of Beauty. Again, where is there any indication, from the complexion, or from the color of the hair, of the Homeric Aphroditê, that she was looked upon as a dark daughter of the East? Was the golden darling of Zeus not presumably fair, even as some other gods and heroes of ancient Greece were?

The Hellenic Pantheon is certainly of a composite character. Thracians, of yore an aboriginal race in Greece; Phœnikians, Egyptians, and other nations, have furnished their contingents to it, or helped in moulding its figures. The ancients themselves readily acknowledged that. From

Herodotos, from Aeschylus, from Platon, from Demosthenes, from Strabon, and not a few others, we have the plain and unvarnished confession. We see, in Herodotus,* Hyperborean virgins from the North arriving at Delos with the images of Gods—with the Gods themselves (αὐτοὶ τοῖσι θεοῖσι), as he puts it. He mentions Thracian and Paconian (Paconian is only a subdivision of Thracian) sacrificial customs, and hymns composed for them by the Lyko-Thracian bard, Olen. We have Strabon averring that Phrygians and other Thracians, both of Europe and of Asia Minor, had the most powerful influence upon Greek religion and the cult of the Muses—that, in fact, the latter cult arose with the Thracians who anciently held possession of Pieria, Olympos, Pimpla, and Leibethron. Strabon† adds that the Athenians adopted many foreign rites, especially those of European Thrace and of race-kindred Phrygia. Grote‡ dwells on this modification of the religious cult of the Asiatic Greeks, and, through them, of the Greek world in general, by the Phrygian and Lydian Thracians.

All this sufficiently shows that there is strong ground for the belief that the figure of Aphroditê is not of an exclusively non-Aryan origin, but that manifestly the West and the East have contributed to her formation; nay, that, at first, she was an exclusively Aryan Goddess of Beauty and Love.

In his *Juventus Mundi*, Mr. Gladstone himself had written, years ago:—

"Her (Aphroditê's) relation to Paris (*Ilias*, iii., 400-402) proves that she was in some manner acknowledged in Troas; and the taunt of Helen, respecting her supposed favorites in Maconia and Phrygia, is to be taken as showing that she was also recognized as a deity in those regions. In effect she was an Asiatic deity."

Quite so. But were the Trojan, Maconian, Phrygian Thracians of Asia Minor perchance Semites? No; they were Aryan immigrants from the European East, kinsmen of the Germanic race! The very name of Asia (originally confined to Asia Minor) is provable, from Herodotos, to be a Thracian one. It has manifest connection with the many Asiatic names on

* *Iliad*, v., 370.

† Professor George Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, vol. i., p. 689; vol. iii., p. 213.

* Book iv., 33-37.

† Book x., c. iii., 17-18.

‡ *History of Greece*, iii. 39.

Teutonic ground, and with the Asa-Gods of the Germans and the Scandinavians. Hence the relation of Aphrodité, the daughter of Dioné, to Paris, clearly shows that this Aryan deity was worshipped from Epirus to Asia Minor by tribes which all belonged to the same vast Thrakian stock, kindred to Scandinavians and to Teutons in general.

III.

In his Oxford lecture, Mr. Gladstone further says :—

"Then, as regarded the cosmogony in the Babylonian legend, water was the origin of the world. As Homer had the same conception, it could only have come to him from a foreign source. That was probably the case, for Homer exhibited great respect for Oceanus."

This is an opinion which will truly fill the students of comparative mythology with the utmost astonishment. Why, such origin of the Universe is traceable not only in Babylonian, but also in Vedic, Italian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Germanic, and other creation-tales. All of them generally mention water, or a vast Ocean, as the original element, the generative fluid ; or, in enumerating the things that came out of the abyssal Void, they at any rate placed Water first.

Who that has studied this subject at all has not heard of that grand Vedic hymn (*Rig Veda*, x. 129*) which speaks of a Time, or rather No-Time, when "Nor aught, nor nought existed—not Death, hence also nought Immortal," and when at last, from the darkness of Water's fathomless abyss, from an Ocean without light, this Universe arose, through a ray of Desire or Love shooting across it and bringing forth a germ. "The Gods themselves came later into being," says the hymn ; being in harmony, in this respect also, with many other cosmogonies, Greek as well as Germanic—to give but two instances. Similar passages are to be found in the *Khandogya Upanishad* and in the philosopher Kapila, who was a kind of Darwin of Hindoo antiquity.

Into dim Aryan antiquity the idea of an Aboriginal Sea can be traced, from which an Aboriginal Steer comes up as the pro-

totype of all Life. In Norse mythology, the Universe arises from a junction of Ice (Water) and Fire. So we learn from the Edda, in which the Odinic creed appears already as a compromise between the Neptunistic and the Plutonic theories of cosmogony. These contending creeds were held of yore by the Vana (Water) and the Asa (Fire) worshippers, who at one time fought out their differences in a tremendous battle.*

Out of the junction of Ice and Fire, there arises, in the composite Eddic cosmogony, a sea-giant, Ymir, the representative of the Aboriginal Flood and of the elementary Chaos. His surname Brimir (the Brimming or Surging One) also connects him with the Ocean. Ymir was said to be the father of Oegir (the Ocean deity), of Logi (the Flame), and of Kari (the Wind). In this threefold Titanic offspring the later divine Trinity of Odin, Hönir, and Lodur is already foreshadowed ; for these three Gods also represent the Air or Wind, the Water, and the Flame.

Freyja and her brother Freyr, the children of the sea-God Niörd, occupy the largest possible place in the Odinic creed, though they were received into Asgard as representatives of the Vanic or Water religion. Freyr, in the Edda, is even said to be the best of all the Gods,† One of the strongest oaths once used in Scandinavia and Iceland was : "So help me Freyr and Niörd, and the almighty As !" (Odin, or Thor). Two deities, representing an ancient water-religion, are here put in the divine trinity ; and they are put first.

There is a perfectly bewildering mass of divine, semi-divine, and animal figures connected with the sea, the rivers, and the lakes among the Teutonic race, showing what a deep imprint the Vanic creed had made upon the Asiatic one. Odin himself, as Nikar, becomes a sea-god and a father of the Nixes. There is a Germanic flood-tale, too—even as there is a Hindoo one—which in Titanic times, before even the earth had arisen, makes Bergelmir and his wife save themselves in a boat.‡ Must we go to the blessed region of Mesopotamia to explain Bergelmir's or the Hindoo Manu Waiwaswata's adventures ?

The persistent strength of the Germanic

* Comp. *Original Sanskrit Texts*, by John Mair (iv. 4) ; and Max Müller's *Sanskrit Literature*, p. 564.

* *Völuspá*, 28.

† *Oegisdrecca*, 35, 37.

‡ *Vafthrúdnismál*, 35 ; *Gylfaginning*, 7.

Vana or Water creed, which lies dimly in the background of the Asa or Fire religion, is shown in the Eddic Song of the Prophetess, in which the Teutonic Sibyl, after having announced the coming conflagration and downfall of the world, thus foretells its renewal from water :—

Then I see arise, a second time,
Earth from Ocean in beauteous growth.

Intermixed with Thrakians from the earliest times, the Greeks were surrounded by them to the north and to the east. From the Babylonians the Greeks were shut off by the Thrakians of Asia Minor. Yet, Mr. Gladstone tries to account for Okeanos, in Homer, by a reference to the Babylonian creation-tale, in which Tiamat, the aboriginal Chaos or Water, is declared to be the producing mother of all. But is he not aware that Okeanos has his full counterpart in the world-encircling Teutonic Midgard Serpent which is the Ocean?

There is classic evidence from which we gather that an earth-embracing Ocean—a notion at which Herodotos still smiled, but which to us is a clear geographical fact—was an early Skythian notion. Kinsmen of the Thrakians, and hence of the Teutons, the Skyths (whose very name, in Norse and German speech, marks them as that which they pre-eminently were, namely, as “shooters” with the bow) once dwelt from farther Asia to the north of Europe.* From Asia the Skyths, in their stormy course, overran the countries as far as the Mediterranean, including Egypt.* Might we not give them the benefit of the knowledge of an all-surrounding Ocean?

It is over a great water, at the Fountain of the Past, that the Norse Yggdrasil, the Tree of Existence, which symbolizes the Universe, stands evergreen, according to the Edda (*staendr æ yfir groenn Urdhar brunni*). That water-born Tree of Existence has its counterpart in Persian and Indian creeds. In the Iranian account we hear of the tree All-Seed, which has grown up in the sea.† In Hindoo belief there is a vast tree standing near a lake, at an ageless stream—a Tree of Continuous Rejuvenescence, that bears all the fruits of the world. But these instances of water being

conceived as the source of things might be multiplied endlessly. Does not Thrakian philosophy, too, which so largely influenced Greek thought, explain the rise of the All from water, and from the elementary Hyle connected with it?

What need, then, is there to go to Babylonia, in order to understand the similar idea in Greek poems, some of the chief heroes of which, such as Agamemnon, were themselves of Thrakian, or Phrygian, descent, their grandfathers being foreigners, barbarians, to the Hellenes?

The whole west and south of Asia Minor were once filled with the Thrakian race, which gave to Greece many warriors, poets, and philosophers. With a feeling of awe the Greeks pointed to the great houses, or graves, of the Phrygians who, as followers of Pelops, had preceded them in the Peloponnesus. Do we not know how much the Greeks owed to these Phrygians (whose name, according to classic testimony, signified “freemen,” a name explainable from the German word, *fri* or *frig*, *frei*) in religion as well as in various arts? A large substratum of the later Hellenic population of Greece was Phrygo-Thrakian. Why, then, not take any heed of the Skytho-Thrakian and Germanic idea of the world-encircling sea, or Midgard serpent, the Thrakians having issued from the Skythian stem?

IV.

Mr. Gladstone further endeavors to trace the Homeric idea of a divine Triad, Zeus, Poseidon, Aidoneus, to Babylonia. Is he not aware that such triads, trilogies, or Trinities, occur in quite a number of religions—that of the Germanic race included, as has already been shown above?

A trilogy of Gods shapes, in the Edda, the first human pair from figures standing with wood-like immobility on the seashore, into whom the Aesir instilled life. Three Vanic deities are received into the Asic circle, when the compromise before alluded to was concluded between contending religions or cosmogonic theories. Three is a sacred number, of which, from the Edda alone, a mass of remarkable instances might be given, not to speak of Germanic folklore which is the survival of the heathen creed. There are three Asa

* Comp. *Die Skythen-Sagen die Urväter der Germanen*. Von Johannes Fressl. München, 1886.

† *Bundeshesh*, ix., xviii.

* Sophokles' *Ajas*, act v., scene ii.; and Thukydides, i., 9.

Gods, who occur over and over again ; three Heavens ; three Giants, as well as a three-headed one ; three Norns, or Weird Sisters ; a triad of Valkyrs, or Battle Virgins ; three monster children of Loki ; three roots of Yggdrasil, the Tree of Existence ; three wells, or seas, placed near the roots of Yggdrasil, the oldest of those seas being the very Source of Being ; and so forth. Almost everything in the Edda goes by threes—if not by nines, twelves, or sevens, or sometimes by fours and fives.

It would truly lead too far to show how many religions contain a Trinity, and how widely distributed the sacred character of number Seven is, which Mr. Gladstone also wishes to derive from Babylonia into the Homeric poems. Has not India a "Trimurti" of Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu ! Are not Teutonic mythology and folklore brimful of sacred sevens !*

Mr. Gladstone, in speaking of the Hellenic triad of Gods, says that Zeus had the air as his realm, "which, at the first blush, seemed a poor department." This casual remark shows a strange want of acquaintance with the ideas of early races. In truth, the rain-giving Air-Ocean was to the observant mind of primitive nations the most important department. More than this, the heavenly Air-Ocean and the waters of the earth were, to them, no contrasts. Hence water-nymphs dwell in the Indian Heaven. So also Freyja and Freyr, together with their father, Niörd, the Teutonic Neptune, dwelt high up in Asgard. Though residing in that Asic welkin castle, Frigg, the consort of Odin, has a Water Hall there as her abode. No wonder ; the sky being the great reservoir of water. So also Freia-Holda, the heavenly Goddess of Beauty among the Germans, resides in a lake, or bourn, as guardian deity of the Unborn, on a flowery meadow lying on the bottom of the water. This idea of a watery abode in celestial regions, from where mankind is ever renewed, is still contained in a Christianized German children's rhyme of heathen origin, in which the Virgin Mary is substituted for the Teutonic Goddess of Beauty.

Indra, the Ruler of the Air, once formed a trinity with Varuna and Agni, the Sun and Fire God. Zeus, Poseidaon, and

Hephaistos on the one hand ; Odin (Air), Hoenir (Water), and Loki (Fire), on the other, are Greek and Germanic counterparts. Odin, as ruler of the air, breathes the soul into the first pair of mankind. Is that, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, a very "poor department" ?

Again, why should Babylonia be requisitioned, as Mr. Gladstone does, for the explanation of Aidoneus-Pluton as the "Pylartes," the keeper or fastener of the Gate of the Nether World ! Do we not know of other creeds in which the dwelling-place of the dead is fastened with gates ? Let us only look into the Younger Edda, that catechism of the Norse religion. There we have Hel's realm described as very large, with walls of strange height, and closed by huge gates.* These gates are repeatedly mentioned in the Older Eddic poems.† When Thor quarrels with Loki, he says to him :—

Silence ! thou unclean wight, or else my hammer,
Mjölnir, shall stop thy mouth.
Hrungnir's Destroyer shall send thee down to Hel
Behind the trellised Gate of the Dead.
(*Hrungnis bani mun hér í Hel koma
Fyr nágrindr nedhan.*)

When Brynhild orders her own and Sigurd's splendid fire-burial, she so provides for their common descent to the Nether World that "the ring-adorned Gates of the Hall of the Dead shall not clang against the heel of her beloved," but that with stately pomp they should both enter the realm of Hel.‡

I have shown on other occasions how many divine and heroic forms, as well as myths, which those not conversant with the details of ancient Greek tradition look upon as purely Hellenic, are in reality taken over from that vast Thracian race—a race of Scandinavian and German kinship—which in early times became intermixed with the Hellenic stock, and which for a long time afterward shut off the Greeks from the interior of Asia Minor. It is to this Thracian connection I would, with all respect, direct Mr. Gladstone's attention, when he once more approaches a subject which requires extensive study.

Of the difficulties lying in that way, I humbly confess myself fully aware. At

* Comp. the Index of Simrock's *Edda*, and of Mannhardt's *Germanische Mythen*.

* *Gylfaginning*, 34, 49.

† *Skirnismál*, 28 ; *Oegisdrecca*, 63.

‡ *Sigurdharkvidha Rúnisbana*, III., 66.

the same time, I trust that enough has been said and proved in these few pages to show that Mr. Gladstone's references to the easily accessible Homeric texts are, as regards the Greek Goddess of Beauty, most incomplete and incorrect, and that in his Babylonian comparisons he is strangely one sided, leaving out the most obvious parallels from Aryan creeds, with the

holders of which the Greeks had close and most intimate race contact. It is certainly not in such cursory way that important questions of the Science of Religion can be treated. And it is to be hoped that University undergraduates who mean to study these things will drink a little deeper at the Well of Knowledge.—*National Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HEGEL ON RELIGION.

STUDIES IN HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

With a chapter on Christian Unity in America. By Y. McBride Sterrett, D.D., Professor of Ethics and Apologetics in the Seabury Divinity School. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The name of Hegel stands honored in German philosophy as second only to Kant in profundity of thinking, if, indeed, he is second to any. In deep influence on modern belief and on the great vital questions which agitate the public mind, Hegel is scarcely less a potent force than his direct antithesis, Schopenhauer, the philosopher of pessimism. The value of Hegel as a teacher and guide in the grave problems of religion and society has impressed itself more and more on men, and of recent years a recognition of his greatness has grown rapidly in countries outside of his own, where his philosophical genius has always been held in the deepest reverence.

It was for a long time customary for those who had not made a thorough study of his works to consider him as a Pantheist, as a most dangerous enemy of Christianity under the insidious garb of the advocate and supporter. This misapprehension has now pretty well disappeared, and such digests as that of Dr. Sterrett, now before us, have played a useful part in establishing the true position of the thinker, who contributes some of the most trenchant weapons to the armory of the large-minded, liberal, and progressive Christian. Dr. William Harris and the little school of philosophical students associated with him have also done much to make Hegel better understood in the United States. The difficulty of reading and understanding Hegel makes the work of the interpreter, such as Harris and Sterrett in this country and Dr. Caird in Scotland, of great use. Our own editor, whose

studies of the Hegelian philosophy as applied to religion are before us, says: "Hegel's own work is heavy, formal, scholastic, and removed from ordinary, unscientific conceptions of the revealed mysteries of the relations of God and man. But it contains the philosophical key to the heart of the matter. His whole work is to reconcile reason with religion, by finding reason in religion and religion in reason. It explicates in the form of the thought the content of religion which is ordinarily held in the form of feeling or metaphor, or at least in the form of faith or abbreviated knowledge."

Hegel defines the true field of religion in its relation to philosophy as follows:

"It is the realm where all enigmatical problems of the world are solved; where all contradictions of deep, musing thought are unveiled and all pangs of feeling soothed. It is the region of eternal truth, rest, and peace. . . . The whole manifold of human relations—activities, joys, everything that man values and esteems, wherein he seeks his happiness, his glory, and his pride—all find their final middle point in religion, in the thought, consciousness, and feeling of God. God is therefore the beginning and the end of everything. He is the centre, which animates, maintains, and inspires everything. By means of religion man is placed in relation to this centre, in which all his other relations converge, and is elevated to the realm of highest freedom, which is its own end and aim. This relation of freedom on the side of feeling is the joy which we call beatitude; . . . on the side of activity its sole office is to manifest the honor and to reveal the glory of God, so that man in this relation is no longer chiefly concerned with himself, his own interests and vanity, but rather with the absolute end and aim. All nations know that it is in their religious consciousness they possess truth, and they have always looked on re-

ligion as their chief worth and as the *Sunday* of their lives. Whatever causes us doubt and anxiety, all our sorrows and cares, all the narrow interests of temporal life, we leave behind us on the sands of time; and as, when we are standing on the highest point of a mountain, removed beyond all narrow, earthly sights, we may quietly view all the limits of the landscape and the world, so man, lifted above the hard actualities of life, looks upon it as a mere image, which this pure region mirrors in the beams of its spiritual sun, softening all its shades, contrasts, and lights. Here the dark shadows of life are softened into the image of a dream and transfigured into a mere frame for the radiance of the Eternal to fill. . . . This is the general view, sentiment, or consciousness of religion, whose nature it is the object of these lectures to observe, examine, and understand."

In this passage Hegel is almost poetical, and were all his writings like this, he would not need interpretation. But when he begins the serious task of transforming the terms of feeling and sentiment into terms of exact thinking, he is acute, logical, and sometimes transcendently obscure. The editor and commentator, in his digest of Hegel's views, shows great skill in elucidating complex and difficult statement, and makes a sufficiently plain exposition as to suffice for the man of ordinary intelligence, who may be interested in such discussion, if the man of ordinary intelligence ever is interested. It would be utterly impracticable to condense, within the possible limits of a notice in this department, even the dryest abstract of Hegel's views of religion as formulated abstractly. Those who are drawn to the book, however, will be well rewarded in its strong exegesis. Dr. Sterrett closes with a chapter on Christian Unity in America, in which he applies the Hegelian principles to religious development in this country.

HOW TO BE AN AUTHOR.

THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP. LITERARY REMINISCENCES, METHODS OF WORK, AND ADVICE TO YOUNG BEGINNERS. Personally contributed by leading authors of the day. Compiled and edited by George Bainton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The editor of this entertaining and instructive book has compiled the confessions and statements of many of the leading writers of the language, and many more who are second-

class as to their own literary development, involving, of course, their notions of what constitutes good style and true art in composition. The responses quoted in the book are evidently answers to letters written by the editor, as they have too much freshness and genuineness for second hand, and certainly they are full of suggestiveness, as well as interesting for their own sake. All of the more judicious of these correspondents emphasize the great central truth, that the art of literary expression must be the outgrowth of some marked natural gift, and is infinitely differentiated by temperament even more than by intellect, by emotional force rather than by mere thinking power. Yet there is another fact no less salient, which is brought into prominence by these expert witnesses. Before any man can write well, he must have something worth saying which he has thought out lucidly to an end. Foggy thinking always means obscure writing, and possibly more than one author of repute can be explained on this theory as relates to those things in his books which are hard to understand. He does not himself know, but is chasing his own ideas through jungly paths. Lucid thinkers always write clearly and strongly. The first advice, then, to the would-be author is to be a master of his own thoughts. But mere simplicity and clearness of expression do not make a great style. A certain subtle sense of harmony, an insight into the hidden force of words, a gift for that exquisite fitness of sense and form which marries them into a perfect union—this is a natural dower, and no teaching or practice can bestow it.

Professor Huxley's contribution to the book expresses the whole thing admirably—"The business of a young writer is not to ape Addison or Defoe, Hobbes or Gibbon, but to make his style himself, as they made their style themselves. They were great writers, in the first place, because by dint of learning and thinking they had acquired clear and vivid conceptions about one or other of the many aspects of men and things. In the second place, because they took infinite pains to embody these conceptions in language exactly adapted to convey them to other minds. In the third place, because they possessed that purely artistic sense of rhythm and proportion which enabled them to add grace to force, and while loyal to truth, made exactness subservient to beauty. . . . If there is any merit in my English now it is due to the fact

that I have by degrees come awake to the importance of the three conditions of good writing which I have mentioned. I have learned to spare no labor on the process of acquiring clear ideas—to think nothing of writing a page four or five times over, if nothing less will bring the words which express all that I mean and nothing more than I mean; and to regard rhetorical verbosity as the deadliest and most degrading of literary sins. Any one who possesses a tolerably clear head and a decent conscience should be able, if he will give himself the necessary trouble, thus to fulfil the first two conditions of a good style. The carrying out of the third depends neither on labor nor honesty, but in that sense which is inborn in the literary artist, and can by no means be given to one who has it not as his birth-right."

We think in these words Professor Huxley sums up the whole question, and his brother authors sing the same song in variations. It may, therefore, be accepted as the result of the best criticism and experience. The young writer will find this book one of value for the richness and wisdom of its hints, and it is scarcely needful to say thoroughly readable.

A ROMAN TRAGEDY.

MESSALINA. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Algernon Sydney Logan, author of "Saul," "A Feather from the World's Wing," "Jesus in Modern Life," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This closet tragedy, for it is scarcely adapted for the stage, deals with the much-worn subject of the imperial adulteress whose name has become a type of sensual infamy and wickedness. Of course the background of the theme is dramatic, but it has been shorn of much of its literary attractiveness by the fact that it has become threadbare. It might be objected, too, that a personality so repulsive, a character which historically has little or no good even in its most crude and incipient form to modify its monstrous depravity, is not one to yield the best results to the poet. Vice and wickedness may often be picturesque in the highest sense, but only when they exist in contrast with elements of good, either moral or intellectual, in the character composite. For example, Caesar Borgia was probably one of the most wicked and unscrupulous men that ever lived. But with his colossal wickedness were conjoined a brilliant intellectuality hardly less startling, large-minded statesman-

ship, and the power of magnanimity. In a personality which is marked only by a tremendous appetite for physical pleasure, when the brain lies entirely behind the ears, a maximum of appetite yoked with a minimum of mind, we detect but little more to appeal to the imagination than in some sleek and graceful beast. Agrippina, the successor to Messalina as the imperial consort of Claudius, a woman scarcely less wicked, is far more attractive as a theme for the dramatic poet, by virtue of a more complex and powerful nature.

Mr. Logan has painted the excesses and final ruin of Messalina with some imaginative vigor and sense of dramatic fitness, and in his use of blank verse displays traces of trained skill. There is, however, nothing in the poem which one is tempted to commend as making it salient among a score of similar efforts. The best features of the work are the pictures of Claudius the Emperor and of Narcissus the freedman. These are sketched with a firm grasp, and stand forth with characteristic quality. We can hardly fancy the literary reputation of Mr. Logan as materially benefited by this last effort.

A STRONG NOVEL.

JOOST AVELINGH. A Dutch Story. (Town and Country Library.) By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This issue of the Town and Country Library is one of the best of its recent numbers. The story is powerfully conceived, the conditions under which the story is made to evolve singularly fresh, the motive a noble appeal to all that is best and most aspiring in the reader's nature. Joost Avelingh, an unworldly and high-minded youth, has been the ward of his uncle, the master of high rank and great estate, but has been treated by the latter with a certain acerbity and harshness growing out of the memory of the *mésalliance* of his sister, the mother of Joost. The uncle dies under peculiar circumstances, and though there is nothing at the time to direct the suspicion of guilt to Joost, who becomes the heir, he is finally tried for murder at the instigation of another relative of his uncle, who is prompted by the discovery that the old baron had been on the eve of making a will in his favor instead of that of Joost Avelingh. Joost is acquitted, but a passionate remorse, bred in his soul by the memory of the fact that he might have saved his uncle's life had he loosened his cravat during that fatal fit of apoplexy, coupled

with the revelation of the old baron's purpose of endowing the rival with the estate, causes him to deed over the great property to the other and retire, with his lovely young wife, to another city on a meagre pittance. His self-abnegation is fully abetted by the devoted woman, and the moral elevation and dignity of the act are powerfully emphasized by the manifold conditions which lead up to it. The story is told in a style of great simplicity and strength, and the different people that figure in this strong drama, where so many conflicting emotions are made to clash and strike fire on lines genuinely true to nature, are sketched with great breadth and skill of insight. The novel departs widely from the conventional story, and distinctly appeals to the better class of readers. It has also that merit common to portraits of the highest order. One may never have seen the subject, but says instinctively, "Here are life and truth." This picture of life in Holland among the better classes of Dutch society impresses the reader in the same fashion as a representation no less truthful than vivid.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. FRANCIS RIVINGTON—who, since the withdrawal of his brother last year, has been the sole representative of the well known publishing firm of Rivingtons—has now himself resolved to retire. The business has been purchased, as from July 1st, by Messrs. Longmans, who will supply all the books in Messrs. Rivingtons' catalogue at their house in Paternoster Row. An historic interest attaches to this transfer, for the names of Rivington and Longman may be found side by side on a large proportion of the books that were published in London during the last century. Rivingtons is slightly the older firm of the two, having been founded as early as 1719, whereas Thomas Longman first commenced business seven years later.

MR. H. M. STANLEY spent his last evening before leaving London for the relief of Emin Pasha with Sir John Pender, and on parting the latter gave Mr. Stanley a miniature edition of Burns's poems published by Messrs. Bryce, of Glasgow. This the great explorer said he would carry wherever he went. Sir John Pender, in recently writing to Mr. Bryce, says :

"When I met Stanley in Egypt in the spring

I had not been in conversation with him many minutes before he reminded me of the little copy of Burns's poems, and he said it had been a great source of comfort to him ; he had read it many times over, and he believed there was no better thumbed book in existence than that little volume. He said that Burns was such a child of nature, and that he was so much in sympathy with him, that many times he was not only deeply touched but greatly encouraged by the perusal of the poems."

THE first two volumes of "Lothar Bucher's *Leben und Werke*," edited by Ritter von Poschinger, are expected to be published very shortly. Herr Bucher, who was called "the right hand of Bismarck," had a remarkable career, and very few German journalists equalled him in elegance of style. The time of his political exile he mostly spent in London. Later on he became a member of the Bismarck ministry, from which he retired in 1886.

THE correspondence between Maximilian II. of Bavaria and the philosopher Schelling will shortly be issued under the editorship of the learned archivists Leist and Trost. The work is intended to form part of a documentary history of the king's reign, written by the editors of the correspondence.

A MOVEMENT has been started to buy Dove Cottage and the orchard garden where Wordsworth lived, and which remain almost untouched as they were in his time. It is proposed to put the place in trust, and to keep it as a memorial of Wordsworth's work. The whole may be acquired for 650*l*., and an additional sum would set up a museum. A full account and other reasons for the purchase are given in a little book by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, called "Dove Cottage," and published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., to whom communications and subscriptions may be addressed.

"OPPOSITES," the volume which Messrs. Blackwood are going to publish, by an author who assumes the pseudonym of Lewis Thornton, consists of essays dealing to a considerable extent with theological subjects. Such titles as "Philosophy, Religious Thought, and the Bible," "Evolution," "Atheistic Christianity," "The Christ of Scripture," and "Theology," indicate the nature of the subjects discussed. The author, who by his own confession is far from orthodox, remarks : "Theology and religion may often be quite separate ; and if history shows anything, I

think it shows that they have usually been so. Therefore any remarks which may be felt obnoxious to theology, need not on that account be thought injurious to religion." He professes to take the unpopular side on popular questions, and prefixes as his motto the lines of La Fontaine :

L'homme est de feu pour le mensonge,
Il est de glace aux vérités.

A STATUTE has been proposed at Oxford admitting women to the examinations in law and in music. Theology, medicine, and Oriental languages will then be the only schools confined to men.

MR. EDWARD T. COOK—author of "A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery," of which an enlarged edition will shortly be issued by Messrs. Macmillan—has just finished a new work, entitled "Studies in Ruskin." The first part will expound "the gospel according to Ruskin," applying his principles of art to practical life; the second part will describe some aspects of his work—at Oxford and the drawing school he founded there, at the Workingmen's College, in connection with the St. George's Guild, May Queens, and various industrial experiments—with a special chapter on his relations with the booksellers. In an Appendix will be given notes on Mr. Ruskin's Oxford lectures in 1877 and 1884. The volume will contain twelve wood cuts, including Sir J. E. Boehm's portrait-bust. There will also be a large-paper edition, extra illustrated with fifteen autotypes of original drawings by Mr. Ruskin, presented by him to the Drawing School at Oxford, and now reproduced for the first time.

THE report on public instruction in Bengal for the year 1888-89 shows a very marked expansion of higher education, but little or no progress in the diffusion of elementary knowledge. The total number of pupils under instruction in the province was 1,482,150, being about thirty thousand more than in the previous year. The spread of education among the upper classes is said to be due not so much to any increase of Government expenditure as to the efforts of the people themselves. It is estimated that only one boy in four is on the rolls of some school, and one girl in fifty-seven. The system of controlling public instruction by district boards, which has been in force now for two years, is reported to be working favorably.

THE demand for university education is to a marked extent on the increase in the North-western Provinces of India. During the last five years the number of pupils in the college classes has increased by nearly forty per cent, and close on the whole increase is contributed by students who are independent of Government support. This class of students has doubled during the last four years. The superior popularity of the literary as compared with the scientific course for the B.A. degree is remarkable. In the last year 81 students presented themselves for the former, and only 17 for the latter.

THE report on public instruction in Bombay for the year 1888-89 is a record of continued progress throughout the year in almost every branch of education. There are now in the presidency 582,853 pupils under instruction in 11,732 institutions, public and private.

Public institutions number 8642, with 507,752 pupils; private institutions, 3090, with 75,101 pupils. Out of the total number of those who are of an age to go to school 28 per cent of the boys and 3 per cent of the girls are under instruction. The total expenditure of the Bombay educational department during the year was 5,453,328 rupees.

THE collected works of the distinguished theologian, Dr. Karl Hase, whose death was recently announced, will be issued at Leipzig in twelve volumes. The collection will contain several posthumous writings, chiefly relating to ecclesiastical history and to the author's own life. The publication of them is expected to be completed in three years.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN, of Orpington, has published the posthumous poems of Charles Mackay, LL.D., under the title of "Gossamer and Snowdrift." An introduction by his son, Mr. Eric Mackay, will be prefixed.

It is reported that Mr. Stanley's forthcoming book has for preface an open letter addressed to "Dear Sir William" (Mackinnon), in which Mr. Stanley repeats his determination to testify to the hand of God before the eyes of men. He speaks, it is said, in somewhat contemptuous terms of Emin Pasha's vacillation.

"THE defeat of the Copyright Bill in the United States Congress," says the *Athenæum*, "will not cause much stir in this country, as it was generally expected that it would be

thrown out. Its warmest supporters were far from sanguine. It is obvious that no measures of the kind can be expected to pass until a change comes over the ideas of the American people as to rights of foreign authors."

MR. JOSEPH HATTON, the English novelist, writes to the *Athenæum* complaining of Mr. Lovell's publication in America of the novel, "By Order of the Czar," without his authorization, and stating that this piracy had prevented him from selling to another American publisher. Whereupon a Mr. Balestier, speaking for Mr. Lovell, reminds the irate novelist that the latter had granted to Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton (presumably for pounds, shillings and pence), several years since full authority to negotiate the American sale of his novels in book form. Lovell & Co., it seems, purchased of Mr. Bolton. It would be curious to discover, if possible, how many of the English complaints of a similar sort would simmer down into just such causeless vaporing, if fully investigated.

MISCELLANY.

HYPNOTISM AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.—The *British Medical Journal* prints a long account of proceedings the other day at the rooms of Messrs. Carter Brothers & Turner, dental surgeons, Leeds, where upward of sixty of the leading medical men and dentists of the district witnessed a series of surgical and dental operations performed under hypnotic influence induced by Dr. Milne Bramwell, of Goole, Yorkshire, who is described as quite a master of the art of hypnotism as applied to medicine and surgery, and is shortly to publish a work of considerable importance on the subject. The object of the meeting (says a local correspondent of our contemporary) was to show the power of hypnotism to produce absolute anæsthesia in very painful and severe operations. A woman, aged twenty-five, was hypnotized at a word by Dr. Bramwell. She was told she was to submit to three teeth being extracted, without pain, at the hands of Mr. Thomas Carter; and further, that she was to do anything that Mr. Carter asked her to do. This was perfectly successful. There was no expression of pain in the face, no cry, and when told to awake she said she had not the least pain in the gums, nor had she felt the operation. Dr. Bramwell then hypnotized her, and ordered her to leave the room and go upstairs to the waiting-room. This she did as

a complete somnambulist. The next case was that of a servant-girl, M. A. W., aged nineteen, on whom, under the hypnotic influence induced by Dr. Bramwell, Mr. Hewetson had a fortnight previously opened and scraped freely, without knowledge or pain, a large lachrymal abscess extending into the cheek. Furthermore, the dressing had been daily performed and the cavity freely syringed under hypnotic anæsthesia, the "healing suggestions" being daily given to the patient, to which Dr. Bramwell in a great measure attributes the very rapid healing, which took place in ten days—a remarkably short space of time in a girl by no means in a good state of health. She was put to sleep by the following letter from Dr. Bramwell addressed to Mr. Turner:—"Burlington Crescent, Goole, Yorks.—Dear Mr. Turner,—I send you a patient with enclosed order. When you give it her she will fall asleep at once and obey your commands.—J. MILNE BRAMWELL." "Order.—Go to sleep at once, by order of Dr. Bramwell, and obey Mr. Turner's commands.—J. MILNE BRAMWELL." This experiment answered perfectly. Sleep was induced at once by reading the note, and was so profound that, at the end of a lengthy operation in which sixteen stamps were removed, she awoke smiling, and insisted that she had felt no pain, and, what was remarkable, there was no pain in her mouth. She was found after some time, when unobserved, reading the *Graphic* in the waiting-room as if nothing had happened. During the whole time she did everything which Mr. Turner suggested, but it was observed that there was a diminished flow of saliva, and that the corneal reflexes were absent, the breathing more noisy than ordinarily, and the pulse slower. Dr. Bramwell took occasion to explain that the next case, a boy aged eight, was a severe test, and would probably not succeed, partly because the patient was so young, and chiefly because he had not attempted to produce hypnotic anæsthesia earlier than two days before. He also explained that patients require training in this form of anæsthesia, the time of training, or preparation, varying with each individual. However, he was so far hypnotized that he allowed Mr. Mayo Robson to operate on the great toe, removing a bony growth and part of the first phalanx with no more than a few cries toward the close of the operation, and with the result that, when questioned afterward, he appeared to know very little of what had been done.



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MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.—The most remarkable of mind-reading exploits, known as the wire test, was given by J. Randolph Brown to-night in the presence of a large party of Congressmen and others. An insulated copper wire was used. One end of it was held by Brown across his forehead. The other end was taken possession of by a gentleman selected from the party, and a stranger to Brown. At a signal this gentleman placed the end of the wire upon his forehead. He opened his watch and looked at the number engraved upon it. Brown, at the other end of the wire, and with his eyes blindfolded, wrote the number, figure by figure, upon a blackboard. The test was performed under such conditions as to make fraud or trickery impossible. The gentleman who opened his watch frankly admitted that he did not know what the number was until then. The figures were small. He made a mistake in one figure, thinking a six was a five. The mental telegraph was true to the blunder. The figures which Brown traced upon the blackboard were exactly as the gentleman thought he saw them in the watch. There was absolutely no possibility of communication between the two men except by the wire. It was a clear case of mind telegraphing to mind. Brown has been experimenting on distances. Ex-Governor James Pollock, of Pennsylvania, who died yesterday, held the wire at Wilmington, Del., not long ago, while Brown, at the Philadelphia end, twenty-eight miles away, successfully wrote numbers upon which Pollock fixed his mind. This wire feat of Brown's is far in advance of anything which has hitherto been performed in the way of mind reading.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

LOOKING BACKWARD.—The pleasing statement is made that if the copies of "Looking Backward" which have been sold were laid end to end, they would make a continuous line thirty miles long; or if placed one upon the other, they would make a column four miles high. In other words, the book has reached its three hundred and thirty-third thousand.

THAT WHICH MADE WOLFE FAMOUS.—The City of Schiedam, of the Netherlands, is in the province of South Holland, and is noted for its distilleries and its fine liquors. In this place, nearly fifty years ago, Udolpho Wolfe manufactured a pure medicinal beverage which he named Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps. Once introduced, it became a general favorite, and as it proved to be a superlative tonic, and invigorating cordial, it grew in favor with dyspeptics. Since that time its use has extended over the world, and noted physicians prescribe it in cases of gout, gravel, chronic rheumatism, and all derangements of the liver and kidneys. In cases of general debility, inadequate assimilation of food, and exhausted vital energy, its effect is wonderful. It is warranted to be not only pure and free from any injurious property and ingredient, but those of the best possible quality. Travellers find it invaluable for preventing the unpleasant consequences of the change of water, and visits to malarial districts. Invalids find the Aromatic Schnapps an agreeable beverage, which does not dull and stupefy the brain like those compounds of inferior merit based on alcoholic mixtures. Nearly fifty years of constant use testify to its remarkable merits, and the yearly sales at this country extends its area. Like every article of merit, Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps has been counterfeited by unscrupulous villains, who force upon our unsuspecting public base imitations. The attention of purchasers is invited to the address of the sole dealers, and to the trade-mark, "W. A. S." Be not imposed upon, but deal only with reputable druggists and grocers.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN MEXICO.—The Mexican Post-Office authorities have taken up the phonograph and placed it at the disposal of the public at a charge of six to twelve centimes the 1000 words. The intending user, having paid the fee, speaks into the machine, after which the cylinder is packed in a case and forwarded to the person addressed, who receives, besides, from the post-office, a phonograph which repeats the message, and is then returned to the office. As a large proportion of

Mexicans have not yet solved the mystery of reading and writing, this method of corresponding is found very serviceable.—*Electrical Review*.

THERMAL VALUE OF MOONLIGHT.—Trustworthy evidence has at last been obtained as to the thermal value of moonlight. Mr. C. V. Boys, one of the professors of South Kensington, by means of his well-known quartz filaments, has produced a thermopile of almost incredible delicacy. By this remarkable apparatus he can render sensible the heat of a candle up to the distance of a mile and three-quarters, and by directing the minute disk of the instrument to the moon he has shown that the warmth received from its reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance. Observation seems to show that, although the moon's face is under the blaze of an unclouded sun for fourteen days, it remains comparatively cool, and that whatever heating it does ultimately receive is rapidly gained and as rapidly lost.—*Court Journal*.

THE LARGEST NICKEL MINE IN THE WORLD.—On a little branch of the Canadian Pacific road near Sudbury, Canada, is a nickel mine that produces more nickel, it is said, than the entire market of the world calls for. It is found at a depth of about three hundred feet below the surface, in a layer of oxidized Laurentian rock characteristic of that region. Immediately the mineral is hoisted from the mine, it is broken up and calcined, or roasted, for the purpose of eliminating the sulphur it contains. When this process is completed the residuum is conveyed to the smelter. After the dross of the molten metal flows off, the nearly pure nickel and copper is blended together, forming an alloy, 70 per cent of which is nickel and 30 per cent copper, which is drawn off at the base of the furnace and allowed to cool. When cold, the product is shipped to Swansea, Wales, and Germany, where the constituent metals are separated and refined by secret processes, known only to the manufacturers, and jealously guarded. The present output of the mine is stated at 4000 tons of nickel annually.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

PEARL FISHING IN CEYLON.—The last pearl-fishing season in Ceylon could not have been more successful than it was. The season only lasts twenty-two days, and during that period 11,000,000 oysters were brought to the surface by fifty divers. They are paid by one-fourth

of the number. This season the whole produce was sold at the rate of 24s. for 1000 shells. The Government received £20,000 as their share, and the divers £6400. The largest pearls are worth in Ceylon from £40 to £60, and in Europe they fetch three times the price or more.—*Indian Union*.

A NEW LIGHT.—The invention of Mr. W. J. Norton is likely to be a dangerous rival of the electric light. He has invented what is alleged to be the cheapest light ever known, and yet "a light as intense and as accurate in its illumination of colors as the sun at noon-day." It is claimed that a 500 candle-power light of the kind in question can be run at the nominal cost of a halfpenny an hour. The light in question is essentially a chemical discovery rather than a mechanical idea, and consists of a peculiar tape that is fed by a simple clockwork. While it is peculiarly adapted to street or other stationary purposes of illumination, yet it is said to be also applicable to portable or hand lamps; and in point of intensity it is not surpassed by electricity, its light is much softer, and far easier to the eyes. It feeds itself, requires neither pipes, wires, nor other connections, and in size may be produced from 300 to 7000 candle-power. It is absolutely non-explosive, emits no smoke or objectionable vapor, is applicable to any purpose, and can be handled with equal safety by a child as by an adult.—*Court Journal*.

ABOUT PEARLINE.—Every one knows about Pearline, almost every one uses Pearline, but we wonder if all the housekeepers who use it know half that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the bright ones have discovered, that those mountains of dishwashing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to mole hills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearline. Fill the roasting pan, as soon as the gravy is poured from it, with cold water, shake in a little Pearline and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed, all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and beside clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearline rendering it safe to pour such dishwater into it. Sinks regularly treated to a bath of Pearline and scalding water will seldom need the services of a plumber.

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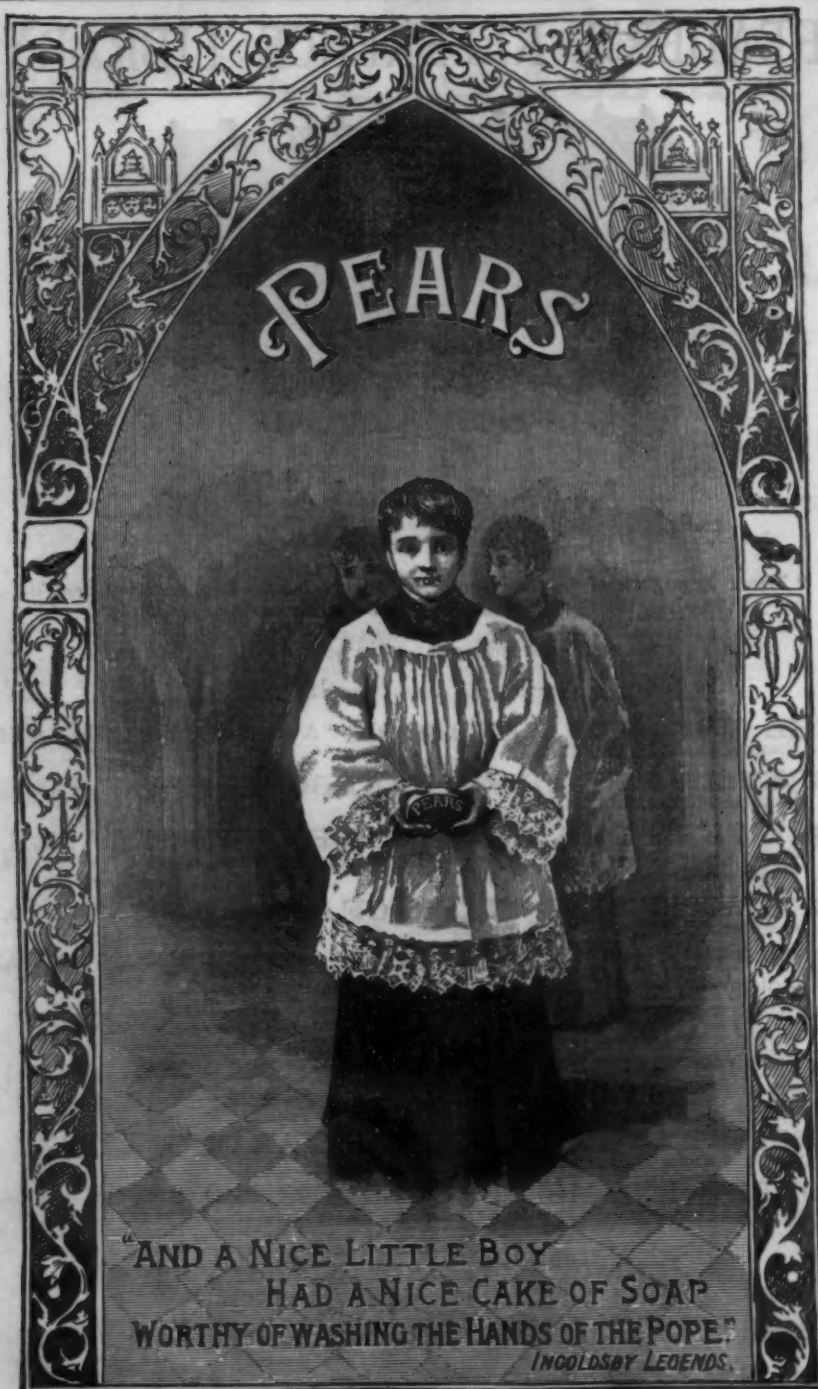
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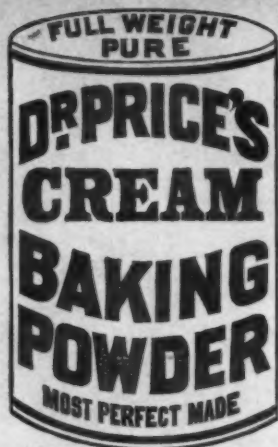
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